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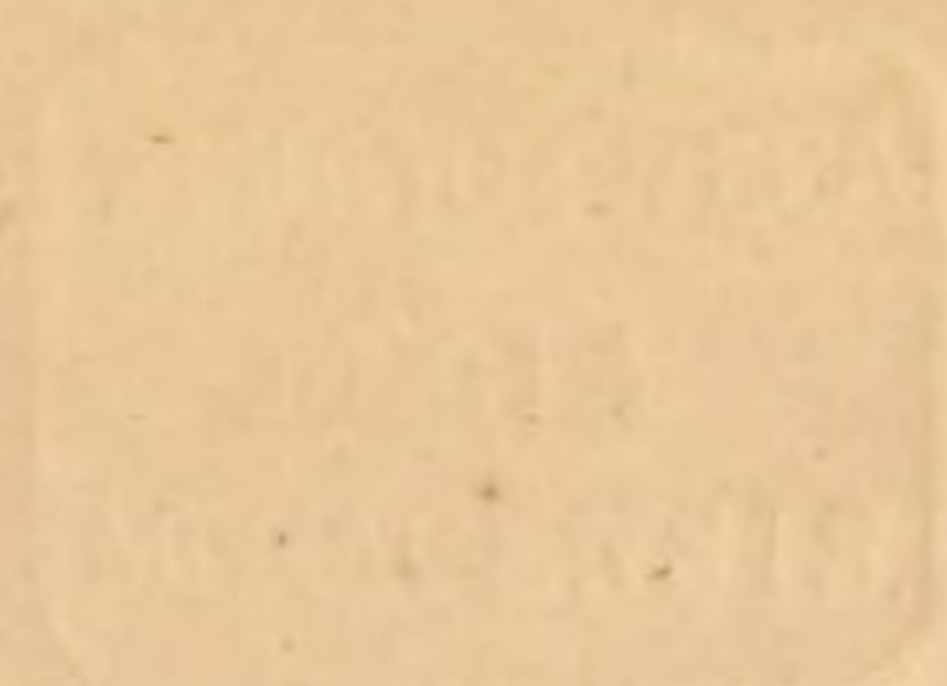
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THE

ROMANCE OF THE ARISTOCRACY:

OR,

Anecdotes and Records

OF

DISTINGUISHED FAMILIES.

BY

SIR BERNARD BURKE,

Ulster King of Arms.

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IN THREE VOLS.

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# ROMANTIC RECORDS

OF

## THE ARISTOCRACY.

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THYNNE OF LONGLEATE

AND THE HEIRESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

---

IN the lawless and licentious times that followed the Restoration of Charles II., human life weighed lightly in the balance when poised against the evil passions of men. The angry feelings engendered by the great Civil War had not yet subsided, the din of battle was scarcely hushed, and the public—long accustomed to party conflict and party strife—had become familiarized with bloodshed and death. Nevertheless, the terrible transaction we are about to narrate, excited, even at that gloomy and violent period, a deep sensation throughout the country. The high position and princely fortune of the victim of the crime, the illustrious birth of the innocent cause, and the European reputation of its presumed instigator, combined to invest the tragic tale with no ordinary interest. All England was roused by the event, and perhaps no episode in family history has ever obtained greater notoriety.

It is far from our intention to encumber with pedigree



details the strange and stirring incidents that in the course of this undertaking it will be our task to relate. Our purpose is rather to shun the dreary route of genealogical research—to pass unheeded by the rugged paths attractive to the antiquary alone, and to confine our steps to those verdant and seductive by-ways of history where marvellous adventure and romantic incident spring up, as sparkling flowers, beneath our feet. Still, in some instances,—and the story of this murder is one,—we are compelled, for the elucidation of the subject, to interweave with it such particulars of the descent and career of the chief actors as will enable the reader the more readily and clearly to follow the thread of the story.

About twelve years before the period of which we are writing, Josceline, eleventh Earl of Northumberland, died at Turin, aged only twenty-six, leaving by his countess—the youngest daughter of Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, the lord high treasurer,—an only child Elizabeth, heiress of all the immense estates of her family, and sole inheritrix of the hereditary glory of the Percys. Her mother, sister of the incomparable Lady Russell, and herself a distinguished ornament, for beauty and excellence, of the elevated circles in which she moved, continued, in her widowhood, to reside in Paris, where she met and received marked attention from the accomplished Ralph Montagu, then English ambassador at the court of France. De Grammont describes him as “*peu dangereux pour sa figure*,” but almost irresistible from his fascinating manners, his wit, and his vivacity; and Madame de Sévigné frequently alludes in her correspondence to his courtship of the beautiful widowed countess. Montagu’s devotion was at length rewarded. In the year 1673, her ladyship



came privately to England, and bestowed on him her hand, at Titchfield, in Hampshire, the family seat of the Wriothesleys. Immediately after the nuptials, her mother-in-law, the Dowager Countess of Northumberland, who appears to have been a meddling, jealous old woman, claimed to have the entire charge and disposal of the young heiress of the Percys. This demand was keenly felt and resisted by the mother; but the pertinacious dowager contrived at length to gain entire possession of the Lady Elizabeth, and made her the subject of constant intrigues with men of power who wished for wealth, and rich men who wished for power. Thus it was the youthful heiress's peculiar fate to be three times a wife and twice a widow before she was sixteen. In her thirteenth year she was married to Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, (only son of the Duke of Newcastle), who assumed, thereupon, the name and arms of Percy. The marriage, however, was one of mere form. The young lord, a boy of great promise, was about the same age as his bride, but he survived the marriage ceremony a few months only. At his death "unnumbered suitors came" to bid for so brilliant a prize as the youthful widow. Among them were Thomas Thynne, Esq., of Longleate, and the celebrated adventurer, Count Königsmark. The personal advantages of the foreign suitor possibly attracted the notice of the inexperienced girl; but her relations hastened to prevent the effects of his assiduities by contracting her to Mr. Thynne. Her marriage with Thynne took place in 1681, a wedding again of form only; the bride separated from the bridegroom at the altar. Pursuant to previous arrangement, she went on a continental tour of a year's duration.

Thomas Thynne, Esq., of Longleate, in Wiltshire, who thus won the much-sought-for heiress, stood foremost in



the ranks of fashion. The descendant of an ancient house, and the inheritor of the broad lands of his wealthy uncle, Sir Thomas Thynne, he moved in the highest society in the land, courted and flattered by all. His great income conferred on him the sobriquet of "Tom of Ten Thousand;" and, when the relative value of money is taken into account, that designation indicated a fortune fully equivalent to one five times as large in our days.

Early in life he enjoyed the particular regard of the Duke of York. A subsequent misunderstanding with his royal highness caused Thynne to join the rival party in politics, and become the friend and ally of the Duke of Monmouth, the man of the people, who frequently visited him at Longleate, and shared in its princely hospitality. Dryden refers to Thynne, under the name of Issacher, in his poem of Absalom and Achitophel, and styles him Monmouth's

. . . . . wealthy, western friend.

Thynne sat in four parliaments as one of the knights of his native shire of Wilts, and took some lead in the politics of the day. In 1679, he formed part of the deputation which prayed the king to speedily recal the great council of the nation, and on that occasion received a severe rebuke from his majesty: "I cannot but wonder," exclaimed Charles, "that persons of estates such as yours should animate the people to mutiny and rebellion; and I devoutly wish you would mind your own affairs, and leave me to attend to mine." It was, however, in the circles of fashion that Tom of Ten Thousand shone conspicuous, though, in truth, he seems to have been a weak man, and a heartless libertine to boot.

A few words regarding Königsmark will complete the description of the chief actors of the *dramatis personæ*.

The Count, a native of Sweden, came of an ancient



family, originally German, which gained great military renown in the service of Sweden during the seventeenth century. Of striking personal advantages and considerable mental accomplishments, he made a distinguished figure at the Courts of England and France, which he visited under the patronage of his uncle, Count Otho William Königsmark, and where he remained for a few years. He subsequently gained some fame by valiantly aiding the Knights of Malta in one of their military expeditions; and this military reputation, enhanced by further warlike deeds, made him a man of note in various continental capitals. In 1681 Königsmark came again to England, and at once aspired to the most brilliant alliance in Europe—the hand of the heiress of Northumberland. How the prospect was destroyed by her contract with Thynne, we have already shown. Deep, indeed, seems to have been Königsmark's disappointment, and firm his resolution to strain every nerve still to gain the object of his wishes. He flattered himself, from the encouragement the lady had given him, and from his own vanity, that if once he could remove the legal hindrance of a husband, the richly-portioned maiden might still be his own.

On the 12th of February, 1682, the night of a Sunday, Thynne was assassinated in his carriage, near St. Alban's-street, just about where the new Junior United Service Club is now being erected. No account of the proceedings we could give would possess the same degree of interest as that afforded by a contemporary: Sir John Reresby, who has left a full statement of the details, so truthful and minute that it is as well to let the worthy knight relate the facts in his own words:—

“The unhappy gentleman, Mr. Thynne, being much engaged in the Duke of Monmouth's cause, it was feared



that party might put some violent construction on this accident, the actors therein making their escape just for the time, and being unknown. I happened to be at Court that evening, when the king, hearing the news, seemed greatly concerned at it, not only for the horror of the action itself (which was shocking to his natural disposition), but also for fear the turn the anti-court party might give thereto. I left the Court, and was just stepping into bed, when Mr. Thynne's gentleman came to me to grant him an *Hue and Cry*, and immediately at his heels comes the Duke of Monmouth's page, to desire me to come to him at Mr. Thynne's lodging, sending his coach for me, which I made use of accordingly. I there found his Grace surrounded with several lords and gentlemen, Mr. Thynne's friends, and Mr. Thynne\* himself, mortally wounded with five shot from a blunderbuss. I, on the spot, granted several warrants against persons supposed to have had a hand therein, and that night got some intelligence concerning the actors themselves. At length, by the information of a chairman, who had carried one of the ruffians from his lodgings at Westminster to the "Black Bull," there to take horse, and by means of a woman, who used to visit the same person, the constables found out the place of his abode, and there took his man, by nation a Swede, who, being brought before me, confessed himself a servant to a

\* Mr. Thynne lies buried at the west end of the south aisle of Westminster Abbey, under a marble monument, erected at the cost of his brother-in-law and executor, John Hall, Esq. On the base appears a representation of the murder, with a few lines in English recording the event. A long Latin inscription, allusive to Königsmark's participation in the crime, was written for the tomb, but rejected by Bishop Sprat, the Dean, on the ground that one who had been acquitted by a legal tribunal should not thus be held up to public odium.



German captain, who had told him he had a quarrel with Mr. Thynne, and had ordered him to watch his coach; and that particularly that day the captain no sooner understood the coach to be gone by than he booted himself, and, with two others, a Swedish lieutenant and a Pole, went on horseback, as he supposed, in quest of Mr. Thynne. By the same servant I also understood where possibly the captain and his two companions were to be found; and having, with the Duke of Monmouth, Lord Mordaunt, and others, searched several houses, as he directed us, till six in the morning, and having been in close pursuit all night, I personally took the captain in the house of a Swedish doctor in Leicester Fields. I went first into his room, followed by Lord Mordaunt, where I found him in bed, with his sword at some distance from him on the table; his weapon I in the first place secured, and then his person, committing him to two constables. I wondered he should make so tame a submission, for he was certainly a man of great courage, and appeared quite unconcerned from the very beginning, though he was very certain he should be found the chief actor in the tragedy. This gentleman had not long before commanded the forlorn hope at the siege of Mons, when but two besides himself, of fifty under his command, escaped with life; and, in consideration of this service, the Prince of Orange made him a lieutenant of his guards; and, in reward for the same, the King of Sweden gave him a troop of horse. But to insist no further on this, his two accomplices also were taken, and brought to my house; where, before I could finish the several examinations I had to go through, the King sent for me to attend him in council, for that purpose, with the prisoners and papers. His majesty ordered me to give him an account of the



proceedings hitherto, as well with regard to the apprehending of the prisoners, as their examination, and then examined them himself; and, when the council rose, ordered me to put everything in writing, and in form, against the trial; which took me up a great part of the day, though I had got one of the clerks of the council and another justice of the peace to assist me, both for the sake of despatch and my own security, the nicety of the affair requiring it, as will, in the sequel, appear.

“The council met again, among other things, to examine the governor of a junior Count Königsmark, a young gentleman then in Mr. Faubert’s academy in London, and supposed to be privy to the murder. Upon this occasion, the King sent for me to attend in council, where the said governor, confessing that the eldest Count Königsmark (who had been in England some months before, and made his addresses to the lady who so unfortunately married Mr. Thynne) arrived *incognito* ten days before the said murder, and lay disguised till it was committed, gave great cause to suspect that the Count was at the bottom of this bloody affair; and his majesty ordered me thereupon to go and search his lodgings, which I did with two constables, but the bird was flown; he went away betimes in the morning of the day after the deed was perpetrated; of which I immediately gave the King an account.

“I several times afterwards attended on the King, both in private and in council, from time to time, to give him information, as fresh matter occurred or appeared; and upon the whole it was discovered, partly by the confession of the parties concerned, and partly by the information of others, that the German Captain had been for eight years an intimate with Count Königsmark, one of



the greatest men in the kingdom of Sweden, his uncle being at that time Governor of Pomerania, and near upon marrying the King's aunt; and, moreover, that during the time he was in England before, he had made his addresses to Lady Ogle, the only daughter and heiress of the Earl of Northumberland, who had been married to the deceased Mr. Thynne, and that the said Count had resented something as an affront from Mr. Thynne: that the Captain, moved thereto out of pure friendship to the Count (though not at all with his privacy, as pretended), had determined within himself to revenge his cause, and that in consequence of such his resolution the murder happened. It appeared also that such his cruel design was furthered by the assistance of the Swedish Lieutenant and the Pole, who had been by him obliged to discharge the blunderbuss into the coach. I was extremely glad that in this whole business there was no English person directly or indirectly concerned; for the fanatics had buzzed it about that the design was chiefly against the Duke of Monmouth; so that I had the King's thanks more than once, the thanks of my Lord Halifax, and several others, for my diligence in tracing out the true springs and motives of this horrid action, as well as the actors themselves. The Duke of Monmouth had been out of the coach above an hour; and, by the confession of the criminals, I found they were not to have made the attempt if his grace had been with Mr. Thynne."

Borosky, a Pole, and Stern, a Swedish Lieutenant, were arrested; and on examination before the magistrates, confessed their participation in the murder: the former affirmed that it was at the instigation of Count Königsmark, by whose desire he had come to England; the latter seems to have been kept in ignorance of the



name of the principal, and to have acted under the direction of Captain Vratz. Königsmark was taken at Gravesend; and being had before an extraordinary Council, he was personally examined by King Charles II. himself.

Königsmark strenuously denied all knowledge of the crime, though his guilt was obvious to all. The King, however, felt interested that the Count should escape, and some of Königsmark's friends endeavoured, by the offers of bribes, to gain the desired end.

The trial came on at the Old Bailey, on Monday, the 27th February, 1682, before Chief Justice Pemberton, Chief Justice North, and Chief Baron Montagu. The evidence adduced, and indeed their own confessions, clearly proved the fact of Borosky's shooting Mr. Thynne, and Vratz and Stern's being present, assisting him. With respect to Königsmark, it was shown that he lived concealed in a humble lodging, and held communication with the murderers before, and almost at the time of the murder. He had also on several occasions, as deposed to by the witnesses, given vent to strong expressions of anger against Mr. Thynne, for having stood between him and the rich prize to which he aspired; and, finally, it appeared that he had fled, in disguise, immediately after the murder was perpetrated. All this the Count endeavoured to rebut, by showing that the men accused were his followers and servants, and that, of necessity, he had frequent communion with them, but never about this murder: that, when he arrived in London, he was seized with a distemper, which obliged him to live privately till he was cured; and, lastly, that he never even saw, or had any quarrel with Mr. Thynne. The testimony of the accomplices, which implicated Königsmark, went of course for nothing against him; and the absence of



direct legal proof, connecting him with the assassination, was strongly urged by Chief Justice Pemberton, who summed up pointedly in his favour. The result was, that Königsmark obtained an acquittal, while the three other prisoners were found guilty, and hanged in Pall Mall, on the 10th of March following. The body of Borosky, who fired the blunderbuss, was suspended in chains near Mile End.

The escape, however, of him whom the public deemed the chief instigator of the foul deed, seems to have raised the popular anger, and Königsmark deemed it prudent to leave England as quickly as he could. His subsequent career was honourable enough. In command of a French regiment, he served with great gallantry at the sieges of Cambray and Gerona, and, by permission of the French King, was allowed to accompany his uncle, Otho William, to the Morea, where he was slain at the siege of Argos, 29th August, 1686, at the early age of twenty-seven, and within little more than four years after the tragedy of which poor Thynne was the victim.

One chivalrous incident connected with the affair we must not omit. The high-spirited Lord Cavendish, the friend and companion of the murdered Thynne, indignant at what he deemed a shameful evasion of justice, offered to meet Königsmark in any part of the world, charge the guilt of blood upon him, and prove it with his sword. Granger records that the challenge was accepted, and that "the parties agreed to fight on the sands of Calais;" but before the appointed time arrived, Königsmark declined the encounter.

Of the heiress of the Percys, and her subsequent history, we will add a few brief details, before we close our narrative of this eventful story. Her return to England followed immediately on the execution of the



murderers, and her marriage to Charles Seymour, sixth Duke of Somerset, was solemnized in less than two months after. His Grace, then in his twentieth year, possessed a fine commanding person, dark complexioned, and regularly handsome: he was generous, brave, and magnificent, but so inordinately arrogant in his manners, and vain of his illustrious rank, that he has always been known in history as "the Proud Duke of Somerset."\*

\* The first peer of the realm being a Roman Catholic, his Grace of Somerset took precedence on all great occasions. He attended the funerals of Charles II., Queen Mary, and William III., and at the coronation of James II., William and Mary, Anne, George I., and George II. He seemed little less in his conduct than if vested with regal honours. His servants obeyed by signs. The country roads were cleared, that he might pass without obstruction or observation. His second Duchess was Charlotte, daughter of Daniel, Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham. He made a vast distinction between a Percy and a Finch. The Duchess once familiarly tapped him on the shoulder with her fan; he turned round, and, with an indignant, sour countenance, said, "My first Duchess was a Percy, and she never dared to take such a liberty." His children obeyed his mandates with profound respect. The two youngest daughters had used to stand alternately whilst he slept of an afternoon; Lady Charlotte, being tired, sat down; the Duke awaked, and being displeased, declared he would make her remember her want of decorum. By his will, he left her 20,000*l.* less than her sister. The pleasant Sir James Delaval laid a wager of 1000*l.*, that he would make the Duke give him precedence; but that was judged impossible, as his Grace was all eyes and ears on such an occasion. Delaval, however, having one day obtained information of the precise time when the Duke was to pass a narrow part of the road on his way to town, stationed himself there in a coach emblazoned for the day with the arms, and surrounded by many servants in livery of the head of the house of Howard, who called out when Somerset appeared, "The Duke of Norfolk!" The former, fearful of committing a breach of etiquette, hurried his postillion under a hedge, where he was no sooner safely fixed, than Delaval passed, who, leaning out of the carriage, bowed with a familiar air, and wished his Grace a good morning. He indignantly exclaimed, "Is it you, Sir James? I thought it had been



His high-born bride appears to have enjoyed in their union a fair share of domestic happiness. At Court she made a distinguished figure, and on the disgrace of the Duchess of Marlborough, succeeded her, in 1710, as Groom of the Stole to Queen Anne. Her chequered life, which opened with all the brilliant promise that the possession of every earthly blessing could bestow, did not, as we have seen, escape its share of human sorrow. She died on the 23rd of November, 1722, aged fifty-five. Of the thirteen children she had presented to her husband, two only survived her. Her eldest son, Algernon, Earl of Hertford, a gallant participator in Marlborough's wars, was, in every respect, one of the most accomplished noblemen of his time. He succeeded to the Dukedom of Somerset at the decease of his father, but enjoyed the dignity for barely two years. By an odd fatality, he married a daughter of the family of Thynne, and left an only daughter and heiress, whose marriage with Sir Hugh Smithson has vested the representation and broad domains of her illustrious race in the line that now enjoys them—that of the present Duke of Northumberland.

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the Duke of Norfolk!" The wager, thus fairly won, was paid, and the town made merry with the stratagem to gain it. His Grace died in 1748, at the advanced age of eighty-seven, having filled high offices in the courts of Charles II., William III., and Queen Anne.



SARAH, COUNTESS OF EXETER.

---

THERE is scarcely an episode of real life so romantic as the story of the second nuptials of Henry Cecil, the late Lord Exeter. Early in life, and long before his accession to the title, he married the rich heiress of the Vernons of Hanbury, but experienced little happiness in the union, which at length terminated in a divorce. Shortly after the separation, Mr. Cecil, distrustful of the courtly circles in which he moved, resolved on laying aside the artificial attractions of his rank, and seeking some country maiden who would wed him from disinterested motives of affection. In furtherance of the plan, he bent his course into Shropshire, and fixed his residence at a humble hostelrie in a remote part of that county. His possession of ample riches, and the obscurity which hung around him, excited village suspicion, and caused his company to be shunned. Some maintained that he was connected with smugglers or gamblers, others suggested means equally discreditable by which "he came by his money," and all agreed that dishonesty or fraud was the cause of the mystery of "the London gentleman's" proceedings. At length, tired out by these surmises, he left the inn, and domiciled himself at a farm-house in the neighbourhood, where he continued to reside for about two years, going



to London every sixth month, and returning with such money as he had occasion for. To occupy his time, he purchased some land, and prepared to build himself a residence. The same suspicions, however, again arose, and it was only by offering to pay beforehand that the tradesmen would undertake the work.

It so happened that the worthy farmer, Mr. Hoggins, of Bolas, at whose cottage Mr. Cecil resided, had a beautiful daughter, about seventeen years of age, whose exquisite loveliness and many virtues were the universal theme of rustic admiration. Nor were her attractions lost on the courtly recluse. Mr. Cecil fell deeply in love, and felt that, though humble was the birth of the maiden, and simple her education, her qualifications of mind and person would shed a lustre in the most elevated situation. He resolved, then, to make her his wife, and took an early opportunity of informing his hosts that he liked their daughter Sarah, and would marry her, if they would give their consent. "Marry our daughter!" exclaimed Mrs. Hoggins, "what, to a fine gentleman! No, indeed!" "Yes, marry her," said the husband; "he shall marry her, for she likes him; has he not house and land, too, and plenty of money to keep her?" In fine, the matter was arranged, and Mr. Cecil wedded the rustic beauty. Masters of every kind were procured, and, in twelve months, Mrs. Cecil became an accomplished woman.

It was not long before news reached the bridegroom of his uncle, the Earl of Exeter's death, when he found it necessary to repair to town. He accordingly set out, taking his wife with him, as on a tour of pleasure. During the journey, he called at the seats of several noblemen, where, to the lady's utter astonishment, he was welcomed in the most friendly manner. At last, he



came to Burleigh, in Northamptonshire, the magnificent mansion of the Cecils; and, in approaching the house, his lordship asked his companion, with an air of unconcern, whether she would like to be at home there? "Oh, yes," exclaimed his wife; "it is indeed a lovely spot, exceeding all I have seen, and making me almost envy its possessors." "Then," said the Earl, "it is yours." It would be impossible to describe, in words, the surprise of the bewildered lady, or the feeling she experienced at the acclamations of joy and welcome which awaited her in her new abode. As soon as Lord Exeter had settled his affairs he returned into Shropshire, discovered his rank to his wife's father and mother, assigned them the house he had built there, and settled on them an income of £700 per annum.

The story of Lord Exeter's rural courtship has been elegantly told in one of Moore's Irish melodies:—

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,  
How meekly she bless'd her humble lot,  
When the stranger, William, had made her his bride,  
And love was the light of their lowly cot.  
Together they toil'd through winds and rains,  
Till William at length, in sadness, said,  
"We must seek our fortunes on other plains;"  
Then sighing she left her lowly shed.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,  
Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,  
When now, at close of one stormy day,  
They see a proud castle among the trees.  
"To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there;  
The wind blows cold, the hour is late:"—  
So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,  
And the porter bow'd as they pass'd the gate.

"Now welcome, Lady!" exclaimed the youth,—  
"This castle is thine, and these dark woods all."  
She believed him wild, but his words were truth,  
For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!



And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves  
What William the stranger woo'd and wed:  
And the light of bliss in those lordly groves,  
Is pure as it shone in the lowly shed.

Would that the poet's closing lines were borne out by facts. But, alas! if report speak truly, the narrative must have a melancholy end. Her ladyship, unaccustomed to the exalted sphere in which she moved, chilled by its formalities, and depressed in her own esteem, survived a few years only her extraordinary elevation, and sank into an early grave,—a memorable example of the insufficiency of rank and fortune to secure happiness. She left two sons, Brownlow, present Marquess of Exeter, and Lord Thomas Cecil, beside one daughter, Sophia, who married the Right Hon. Henry Manvers Pierrepont, and died in 1823, leaving an only child, Augusta-Sophia-Anne, the wife of Lord Charles Wellesley.

“The Lord of Burghley,” a recent drama, of great force and interest, is founded on the romantic events which we have endeavoured to describe; and, from the same materials, Alfred Tennyson has produced a ballad of taste and beauty.



THE ABDUCTION OF THE HON. MARY KING.

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FEW houses are more widely or honourably connected than that of King. By a succession of fortunate marriages, contracted at various periods, it had attained, towards the end of the preceding century, to much consideration among the higher classes, not only of Ireland, but also of England. We must not, however, pursue this subject any farther, for, pleasing as such things may be to the genealogist, it would little gratify others were we to track the family stream through its various windings till we reached the fountain-head, where it oozes, pure, indeed, but small and humble, and first bursts into daylight from out the green moss of antiquity. For our present purpose it will be fully sufficient to begin about 1768, when the first Earl of Kingston resided at Mitchelstown, in the county of Cork, upon the demesne lands which his ancestors had obtained by a marriage with the daughter of Sir William Fenton. A fair and pleasant spot are these same lands, lying at the foot of the Galtees, a chain of mountains rising precipitately from their base, and lending fresh charms to the romantic landscape below, through the middle of which flows the river Funcheon. The eldest son of their fortunate proprietor, Robert, Viscount Kingsborough, who was born in 1754, represented the county of Cork in parliament, and when only fifteen years of age was



married to Caroline, sole daughter and heiress of Richard Fitzgerald, Esq., of Mount Ophaly, in Kildare. In every respect this match seems to have been desirable; if the bridegroom was young at the time of the marriage, the bride was still younger, so that a few years were alone wanting to cure whatever there was of preposterous in so early an union. On the other hand, its advantages were sufficiently manifest: the lady was own cousin to Lord Kingsborough, her mother having been daughter and heiress of James, fourth Lord Kingston; and thus the family estates became reunited. Her brother died without any legitimate issue, but left a natural son, Henry Gerald Fitzgerald, who, to a handsome face and a tall manly figure, joined all those fiercer passions, which, like fire, warm or consume, according to the more or less restraint they may be kept under. In the early part of his career, if they did not advance, they certainly did not injure him. Lady Kingsborough brought him up with as much care and liberality as if he had been her son; and, when he entered the army, the same influence came in aid of his own determined spirit to promote him in a very short time to the rank of colonel. Similar good fortune attended him in his domestic concerns: the lady he had married was young, handsome, and amiable; and, at the time our narrative commences, he was living with her in great apparent harmony at Bishopgate, upon the Thames. This slight prefatory sketch will enable the reader to enter into the spirit of what follows.

The family of Lord and Lady Kingsborough was numerous; and, for the better education of the children, they spent the greatest part of the year in the vicinity of London. Amongst the various governesses employed by them was the celebrated Mary Woolstonecroft, after-



wards Mrs. Godwin, whom we thus particularize because it was to her care and questionable instruction the heroine of our tale was entrusted, the Honourable Mary King, one of the younger daughters of the house. The honest chroniclers have left it on record that the pupil had no pretensions to that extraordinary degree of loveliness which poets and painters are so fond of imagining; still her features had a soft and pleasing expression, her figure was graceful, her manners artless, and she was far from being deficient in intellect. In one personal characteristic she was even remarkable, and that was the extreme length and beauty of her hair, which grew so luxuriantly as to attract the notice of all who saw her.

It was upon this simple and innocent creature that Colonel Fitzgerald had fixed a licentious eye, unmindful of his near relationship to herself, and of his deep obligations to her family; so, at least, it began to be whispered among the musicians, who, hired to attend many of the balls at which she was present, had better opportunities of judging than those more busily employed in the scene. These rumours, gently as they were circulated, came ere long to the ears of her parents; but, with the confidence belonging to all high and noble natures, they refused to give ear to them. "It was impossible," they said, "that a man so benefited as the Colonel had been, should commit a crime which, detestable enough in any one, would, in his particular case, imply a degree of villany almost beyond example." Unfortunately, when they argued thus, they did not take into account that the passions of a man like Fitzgerald would snap the strongest ties of duty and reason, as easily as the sea, when roused by a storm, rends asunder the cable which in a state of calm held the ship safely to her moorings.



We are not told by what means Fitzgerald subdued the poor girl's mind to his purposes, and, disliking to mar a true tale by any inventions of our own, we leave it to the reader to fill up the blank in any way his fancy pleases. But in the summer of 1797, Miss King, on the sudden, disappeared; and, greatly to the surprise as well as horror of her friends, a note left behind upon the dressing-table, informed them that she had fled from home with the intention of drowning herself in the Thames. No time was lost in dragging the river near the house, and though the search proved unsuccessful, still, as her bonnet and shawl were found on the bank, the family in general was convinced that she had committed suicide. Not so her father. He could see no grounds for such an act; and, with this conviction, persisted in the search after his lost child, till at length he stumbled upon something that, if followed up, might afford a clue to the mystery. A postboy informed him that, while driving a gentleman on the road to London, his attention was caught by the appearance of a young lady, who was walking alone, and who, from what followed, could hardly have been there without a previous understanding between herself and the traveller. The latter, having ordered the chaise to stop, invited the lady to take a seat beside him; the offer was accepted without hesitation, they rode together to London, and, upon getting out, walked together arm-in-arm, though to what part they went next was more than he, the informant, knew; however great might have been his curiosity, he had not thought it worth his while to follow them.

Lord Kingsborough came at once to the conclusion, as most others in his place would have done, that the subject of this strange story could be no one but his



daughter. If so, it was clear that she had eloped. The next question was, with whom? and here he found himself completely at fault. Advertisements and placards were issued, with promises of high reward to whomsoever could furnish a clue to the discovery; but, for some time, without any result. In the meanwhile, there were many friends of the family who suspected Fitzgerald, and their insinuations at length so far prevailed upon his lordship, that he one day could not help taxing him with being privy to the affair. The Colonel heard this charge with so natural a show of surprise and honest indignation, that it was scarcely possible to disbelieve his denial of knowing anything at all about it. With matchless effrontery, he affected to join in the search after the young lady; and, when all had proved fruitless, no one was louder in lamentation than himself. "He would not rest," he said, "till she was found, for in no other way could his innocence of the deed be sufficiently established." These protestations and the apparent zeal of his research, silenced the most suspicious; and, when day after day he called upon the family to learn how they had succeeded, none for a moment imagined that he had the lady all the time in his own safe keeping. He was admitted to their councils, proposed plans, sympathized with their vain regrets, and acted his part of a loving relation so admirably, that, had he been on the mimic stage, his performance would have secured for him a high rank in his profession.

It might have been supposed that the busy stir of politics prevailing at the time of this abduction, would have made it a matter of little interest beyond the immediate circle of the family. Such, however, was far from being the case. Satiated as the public mind was with the recent horrors of the French Revolution, which



must have made all other atrocities seem tame in comparison; still this affair attracted the general notice in the highest degree. It mingled in the scandal of the tea-table, it supplied a theme for the curious, and was debated in taverns with no less warmth of argument than if it had been a public instead of a private question. Who had been the seducer? Where could he have concealed his victim? Was the lady a consenting party to the abduction, or had she been carried off by violence? These were questions which every one asked a hundred times a day; and, as none could answer them, doubt and curiosity kept alive the general attention far beyond the time when such things are usually found to interest.

It is often wonderful to see by what simple means chance brings about what has baffled the utmost efforts of human sagacity. One day, a girl of the lower class waited on Lady Kingsborough with an intimation that she thought herself able to supply a clue by which the missing young lady might be recovered. Stripped of all unnecessary appendages, her account ran thus:—She was a servant at a lodging-house in Clayton-street, Kennington, to which place a gentleman had brought a female, about the time when, according to the numerous placards and advertisements, Miss Mary King had disappeared from home. The gentleman, she said, was a constant visitor, but what had most struck her was the young lady's profusion of beautiful long hair, so exactly agreeing with one of the most remarkable points in the description of the absentee. Scarcely had the girl concluded her tale, when in walked Colonel Fitzgerald upon his daily mission of condolence. She recognised him at once, and exclaimed, "Why, that's the very gentleman who visits the strange lady."

Boundless as was the usual assurance of the Colonel,



it forsook him on this occasion. So completely was he taken by surprise, that he dashed from the room as one who felt the game of deception was all up, and thus effectually made it so; for no confession from his lips could have revealed the truth with greater clearness than did this abrupt evasion. The wrath of the Kingsboroughs blazed forth, as might have been expected, at such an outrage; in any case, they would have felt this was an insult to be washed out by blood alone; in that of Colonel Fitzgerald, who owed all that made life valuable to their bounty; who, but for their kindness, would probably have been no better than a serf or mendicant, a fellow condemned to subsist on charity, or the most menial service—for such an one to have wronged them in so tender a point—it drove the spirit of vengeance well nigh to madness amongst them. The moment the offender was thus substantiated, Colonel King (since Lord Lorton) lost no time in calling him out, having previously selected Major Wood for his second. To this challenge Fitzgerald gave a ready assent, observing, however, with much frankness, or with a total indifference to the world's opinion, that his character was so blasted by the late affair, he had no chance of finding a friend to go out with him. “But,” he added, “come what may, I will be at the place at the time appointed. Should I fail in procuring a second, you, Major Wood, will, I am sure, see that justice is done to either party.”

It was in consequence of this arrangement that, on Sunday morning, the 1st of October, 1797, the duellists met, at an early hour, near the Magazine in Hyde Park. Fitzgerald, as he had predicted, could find no second, but expressed himself quite willing to fight without one. The Major, objecting strongly to this unusual way of conducting such matters, would fain have persuaded the



surgeon, brought by Fitzgerald, to undertake the office. The surgeon gave a positive refusal; and the most he could be brought to was a promise to remain within sight while the affair was going on. Under these circumstances, the whole of the awful responsibility devolved upon Major Wood—neither of the principals being in the least inclined to listen to his suggestions of an adjournment. He accordingly placed them on the ground, at the distance of ten paces from each other—with the hope, as he afterwards explained, that, if both parties were alive after the first shot, Fitzgerald would throw himself upon Colonel King's mercy. They fired, and without effect; but Fitzgerald, according to the Major—let us hope he was mistaken—"seemed bent on blood," and four shots, in consequence, were exchanged. Still they both remained on their feet uninjured; and it was now that the guilty party said something to Major Wood about giving him advice "as a friend." To this the Major replied, he was not his friend, but he was a friend to humanity—and as such he did not mind saying, that if Fitzgerald could bring himself to acknowledge his own utter unworthiness, and would submit in silence to whatever language the Colonel might please to use, then, he thought, the affair need go no farther. The haughty spirit of Fitzgerald would not allow him to accept of terms like these; he would only consent to own that his conduct had been wrong, which not being deemed sufficient, it was agreed to go on with the duel. First, however—and perhaps from some lingering remains of better feeling—he made an effort to address Colonel King; but this was cut short by the Colonel's exclaiming, "You are a damned villain; I wont hear a word you have to offer."

It may seem strange to us, in these days of hair-



triggers and percussion-locks, but they actually exchanged three shots more without effect—and, Fitzgerald's supply of ball and powder being exhausted, he requested the use of one of Colonel King's pistols. This the Major positively refused, though his principal would gladly have persuaded him to consent. Here, therefore, of necessity, the affair terminated for the present; but such was the rancour of both the duellists, that they made another appointment for the next day. By some means, long before the time arrived, their intentions got wind, and they were put under temporary arrest, with the benevolent view of preventing a fatal catastrophe.

In the meanwhile, the young lady had been recovered from her seducer, and conveyed to the family residence at Mitchelstown, where it was supposed she would be quite secure against any farther attempts of the enemy. But again they miscalculated, as they had done in the first instance. What had passed served only to aggravate—if it were capable of aggravation—the violence of Fitzgerald's temper. He resolved to get Miss King again into his power, relying on the assistance of the maid-servant, who had accompanied her to Ireland, and was entirely in his interest. His first plans were frustrated, by the premature discovery of the girl's character, in consequence of which she was dismissed, though not before she had found means of opening a communication with her employer. Neither did this defeat of his ally make any change in his resolution to repossess himself of the prize, cost what it would. Disguised in a manner to set all suspicion at defiance, he flung himself boldly into the enemy's camp—for in no other light could the inn at Mitchelstown be considered, where he now set up his staff, though he well knew that the landlord, a



man of the name of Barry, was an old retainer of the Kings. Here he stayed for two days, never going abroad except at night, an excess of caution, which was the first thing to raise suspicion against him in the mind of his landlord. This man, who appears to have been equally shrewd and vigilant, conceived that such a marked aversion to daylight could only arise from evil designs of some sort, and resolved to lose no time in communicating his doubts to Lord Kingsborough. It so happened, that his lordship was absent from home at the time upon some public matters; but, as he was shortly expected at Fermoy, where an inspection of militia and yeomanry was to take place, thither did Barry repair, and he was fortunate enough to meet him. The innkeeper's intelligence alarmed his noble auditor for the safety of Miss King; he felt convinced that the mysterious stranger was some emissary of Fitzgerald's; and, to counteract any plots that might be forming, he set out immediately for Mitchelstown. With all his speed he was too late. The guest had left the place that morning in a post-chaise, a mode of conveyance which a second time afforded a clue to his detection. It was no difficult matter, in a small country place, to find out the postboy who had driven him,—and, when found, a handsome bribe, supported by the natural influence of Lord Kingsborough, speedily elicited the fact of the stranger having been set down at the Kilworth Hotel. Upon receiving this intelligence, his lordship, accompanied by Colonel King, retraced his steps without loss of time, and arrived that same evening at the place specified. From the people of the house, he soon learnt that a strange guest had arrived only a few hours before; and, never doubting that this must be the object of his search—though he did not, for a moment, suppose it



was the enemy himself, he sent up the waiter with a message, requesting to see the gentleman on business. The bed-room door was locked, and the person within refused to open it, roughly replying to the demand of the waiter, that he did not choose to be disturbed. What was the surprise of the pursuers when, in that voice, they recognised the tones of Fitzgerald! With a thrill of horror and indignation, they rushed upstairs, and, beating violently at the door, insisted that he should come forth. Fitzgerald, either from fear or stubbornness, as positively refused; whereupon they broke in the door, and forced an entrance. He was in the very act of handling his pistols; to prevent his using them, Colonel King made a sudden dash at him, and a violent struggle ensued, in which the former seemed likely to get the worst. Well nigh maddened by the imminent peril of his son, from the hands of one who had already done him such deep wrong, Lord Kingsborough unhesitatingly shot at Fitzgerald, and with so true an aim, that he fell dead upon the spot. All this had been the work of less than a single minute.

The affair, as may be imagined, made no little noise throughout the country; rumour, as usual, with her hundred mouths, sending forth many different versions of it, and some even with a favourable leaning to the deceased which he had by no means merited. The most popular story was, that the enemies of Fitzgerald had surprised him in bed; that he had begged and prayed for mercy, if it were only while he breathed a single prayer, but so bent were they on vengeance, they had stifled his cries of agony in his blood. All this was positively denied by the chief actors in the tragedy. Their account was precisely what we have just been



giving, and we have incontestable evidence, that on the evening of the same day, Lord Kingsborough, when relating what had happened to a friend, burst out into a passionate exclamation of, "God! I don't know how I did it, but most sincerely do I wish it had been by some other hand than mine." Considerations of this kind could hardly be expected to influence a grand jury. Accordingly, the grand jury of Cork found a true bill against both the principals in this transaction, as well as against a person named John Hartney, who bore some share in the matter—it does not appear what—and had been at one time a private in the militia. This man and Colonel King were, in consequence, tried at the Assizes held in April, 1798, when both were acquitted, there being, in fact, no prosecution. It now only remained for the oldest and most important of the accused to undergo the same ordeal. That he had not done so at the same time with the others, requires briefly to be explained.

Soon after Fitzgerald's decease—November 13th, 1797—the first Earl of Kingston died, and Lord Kingsborough succeeding to the title, demanded to be tried by his peers. Such a demand was too agreeable to law and custom to be disputed, had any one felt inclined to do so; but no objection of the kind was raised, and the indictment formerly found against him as a commoner was removed by writ of certiorari into the High Court of Parliament.

It was on the 18th of May, 1798, that the trial took place in the Irish House of Lords. Much interest was excited by the affair, as, since the case of Lord Byron, in England, nothing of the kind had been known; it was a tragedy new alike to the actors and the audience, and the imaginations of either were proportionably raised beyond the level of ordinary occasions. The usual place



of meeting, a small though handsome chamber, being too confined for the business on hand, the Peers marched in grand procession into the House of Commons. First came the Masters in Chancery, with the robed judges of the Courts of Justice; next came the minor orders of nobility, not entitled to vote, and the eldest sons of peers; lastly, the peers themselves advanced, two by two, all save the Lord Chancellor, John Fitzgibbon, the first and eminent Earl of Clare, who was to act as Lord High Steward on the occasion, and who closed the procession of nobles, he walking in solitary and stately dignity, without a companion. Reason, in her abstracted mood, may laugh at these or other ceremonies of the kind, but all the time there is a feeling in the heart of man that contradicts, and is more powerful than reason; above all, such things lose no interest from being the legacies of a time gone by. We will not, however, dwell upon the bowings and the bendings employed by the various subordinates in the preliminary discharge of their duties, neither will we stop to recount all the crossings to the right and to the left, and the reverences to his Grace, the Lord High Steward, on the woolsack. If they occupied much time, and to little purpose, we will not commit the same error by repeating them. It is enough for the present purpose to have noticed that such was the case.

When these ceremonies had been gone through, the royal commission was read aloud, appointing the Earl of Clare Lord High Steward, all the peers standing up the while, with their heads uncovered. To this succeeded the reading of the writ of certiorari, with the return to it, the indictment before the grand jury, and the finding of a true bill by Boyle and Fellowes. Finally, the Clerk of the Crown called upon the Serjeant-at-Arms



to do his duty, whereupon the latter came forward and cried :

“Oyez—oyez—oyez—Constable of Dublin castle, bring forth Robert, Earl of Kingston, your prisoner, to the bar, pursuant to the order of the House of Lords. God save the King !”

A profound silence followed this summons, every eye and ear being stretched in anxious expectation of the prisoner. After a delay that seemed more than long enough to the excited audience, though it could not have lasted many seconds, the earl was ushered in by the Constable and Deputy Constable of Dublin castle, the latter being on his left hand, and carrying an axe with the edge turned from him, in token that he had not as yet incurred the last fatal penalty of the law. He then bowed lowly to the High Steward, and again to the peers on either side, after which he knelt to the bar, a degree of humility that might have become guilt when soliciting for mercy, but hardly seems appropriate to a man facing his judges in the bold consciousness of innocence. The degradation, however, if it really were such, was short-lived ; he was directed by the High Steward to rise, whereupon he repeated the former ceremonial, which this time was acknowledged by all present, and Lord Clare, in majestic and eloquent tone, thus addressed him from the woolsack :

“ Robert, Earl of Kingston, you are brought here to answer one of the most serious charges that can be made against any man—the murder of a fellow-subject. The solemnity and awful appearance of this judicature must naturally discompose and embarrass your lordship. It may, therefore, not be improper for me to remind your lordship, that you are to be tried by the laws of a free country, framed for the protection of innocence, and the



punishment of guilt alone ; and it must be a great consolation to you to reflect that you are to receive a trial before the supreme judicature of the nation—that you are to be tried by your peers, upon whose unbiassed judgment and candour you can have the firmest reliance, more particularly as they are to pass judgment upon you under the solemn and inviolable obligation of their honour. It will also be a consolation to you to know, that the benignity of our law has distinguished the crime of homicide into different classes. If it arise from accident, from inevitable necessity, or without malice, it does not fall within the crime of murder ; and of these distinctions, warranted by evidence, you will be at liberty to take advantage. Before I conclude, I am commanded by the house to inform your lordship, and all others who may have occasion to address the court during the trial, that the address must be to the lords in general, and not to any lord in particular.”

The Clerk of the Crown next commenced the usual interrogatories.

“How say you, Robert, Earl of Kingston ; are you guilty, or not guilty, of this murder and felony for which you stand arraigned ?”

“Not guilty,” replied the noble prisoner.

“How,” resumed the clerk, “will your lordship be tried ?”

“By God and my peers.”

“God send you a good deliverance.”

Proclamation was then made by the Serjeant-at-Arms :  
“Oyez—oyez—oyez—All manner of persons who will give evidence upon oath before our Sovereign Lord the King against Robert, Earl of Kingston, the prisoner at the bar, let them come forth, and they shall be heard, for he now stands at the bar upon his deliverance.”



To this appeal there was no answer, and after a short delay, that the witnesses, if there were any, might have time to come forward, Lord Clare demanded of Curran, the counsel for the accused, whether due notices had been served of the removal of the indictment into the High Court of Parliament. This demand was met by evidence showing that such notices had been served on the widow and children of the deceased ; and again proclamation was made, requiring any witnesses for the Crown to come forward with their testimony. None replying to this second summons, the peers in succession pronounced their verdict of "Not guilty, upon my honour," when Lord Clare informed the accused of his unanimous acquittal, upon which, the latter made three low bows and retired. Not the least impressive part of this ceremony, if we look only to the imagination, was the symbolical form which now concluded it. The white staff being delivered to the High Steward, he held it in both hands, broke it asunder, and declared the commission was dissolved.

But what maiden—and it is her smile which is ever most grateful to poet or romancer—what maiden would think our tale complete if we did not show what eventually became of Mary King, the fair cause of all these broils? Death or marriage seems, by right of custom, to be the proper end of all chronicle or fable, the only point at which, with satisfaction to the reader, the hero and heroine may be abandoned. As one-half of this duty was fulfilled when Fitzgerald died by the hand of his enemy at the Kilworth Hotel, it now only remains to inquire whether the lady met with a happier conclusion to her adventures.

It was obvious that the late occurrences would, for a time, at least, make it painful for Mary to mingle in the



circle she had been accustomed to. If she escaped positive insult, which was, perhaps, more than ought to be expected, still she would be subject to many unpleasant scenes from the idle and the curious, who, in the obtuseness of their own feelings, might pay little respect to the delicacy of hers. Even did not these grounds for seclusion appear sufficient, still it could not be particularly agreeable for a young girl to feel, that, go where she would, every smile was at her expense, and every whisper had, in all probability, a reference to the adventures in which she had played a part so much more remarkable than pleasing. It was, therefore, decided by her friends to place her, under a feigned name, in the family of a Welsh clergyman, her host himself being kept in ignorance of her real quality and condition. With these simple-minded people she became in a short time a great favourite. Nor was this much to be wondered at: she was young and lively, and if not a positive beauty, was yet sufficiently endowed by nature, and that nature improved by the graces of education, to maintain a superior rank in her new circle. Above all, she had conversational powers of no common kind, narrating whatever she had seen, or only heard of, with a truth and vividness that in any society would have made her a welcome companion, but which, in the dull routine of a country life, where amusements were few, and the general intercourse extremely limited, proved as a loadstone to draw all hearts to her. It was upon this gift, moreover, that we shall find all her future fortunes hingeing. Carried on one day by the evident delight she gave her guests in the exercise of this faculty, and perhaps with some little secret pride that she could so move them, she plunged into the relation of her own recent adventures, with no other precaution than that of disguising the



principal actors in them under fictitious titles. If on other occasions her narratives had proved so singularly vivid and full of power, it may be imagined what fire and truth she flung into her words now, when recollections of the past were giving a fresh stimulus to the feelings of the present. Her young host could not refrain from tears as he listened, and, most unusual in a man of his gentle and kindly habits, burst out into exclamations of indignant horror at the barbarity of the betrayer. This warmth of sympathy on his part, so flattering to her conversational powers, and so grateful to her feelings as an injured woman, acted upon her like the sun in the fable upon the traveller, compelling him to lay aside his cloak; in the heat of the moment she no less hastily cast off all prudent reserve, exclaiming, "I myself am the person for whom you express so deep an interest." But the words had scarcely escaped her lips, when she became sensible of her folly, and before her auditor could recover from his astonishment, added, in a far different tone, "And now I suppose you will drive me from your roof?" Such would, indeed, have been a natural conclusion to this strange tale; but Fortune, in the case of Mary King, had written a romance of her own, and the final page was not the least wonderful in the volume: the gentleman married her.

And had the worthy bridegroom any occasion to regret his generous affection? Not the least. They lived long and happily together; and it is not many years ago that she died, universally respected, in the land where she had sought and found a refuge.



THE DUEL BETWEEN LORD BYRON  
AND  
WILLIAM CHAWORTH, ESQ., OF ANNESLEY HALL.

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THE fatal result of this celebrated duel engendered a bitter feud between the neighbouring families of Chaworth and Byron; and, in more than half a century after, cast a baneful influence over the fate of the immortal bard of Newstead. His lordship's early, unrequited love for the beautiful Mary Chaworth, and the hostility that had severed the friendship of their Houses, are thus pathetically lamented by him:—"Our union," writes the poet, "would have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers: it would have joined lands broad and rich; it would have joined at least *one* heart, and two persons not ill-matched in years; and, and—and—what has been the result?"

Singularly enough, there was the same degree of relationship between Lord Byron, the poet, and the nobleman who killed Mr. Chaworth, as existed between the latter unfortunate gentleman and the heiress of Annesley. The duel we are about to relate occurred on the 26th of January, 1765. On that day, Lord Byron, Mr. Chaworth, and several gentlemen of rank and fortune from the county of Nottingham met, as they usually did once a week, to dine together at the Star and Garter Tavern, Pall Mall. In the



course of the entertainment, everything went off good-humouredly; but, about seven at night, a dispute arose whether Lord Byron, who took no care of his game, or Mr. Chaworth, who was a strict preserver, had most on his manors. Mr. Chaworth remarked that he believed there was not a hare in that part of the country but what was preserved by himself or Sir Charles Sedley. On this, Lord Byron offered a wager of £100 that he had more game on his estate than Mr. Chaworth had on his. The wager was accepted, and the particulars reduced to writing. Shortly after, it happened that Sir Charles Sedley's manors were mentioned, upon which Byron exclaimed, with some degree of heat, "Sir Charles Sedley's manors!—where are they?" "Why, Hocknel and Nuttall," replied Mr. Chaworth; "the latter was purchased by his family from one of my ancestors; and, if your lordship require any further information, Sir Charles lives in Dean-street, and you know where to find me, in Berkeley-row." Whether this was a real dispute, or merely used as a means of giving vent to the angry feelings excited by the previous altercation, seems somewhat doubtful. However, the company apprehended no evil consequences, and the parties entered into general conversation with apparent freedom. After the lapse of about an hour, Mr. Chaworth went out of the room, and chancing to be followed by Mr. Dunston, one of the company, he asked that gentleman if he had gone far enough in his dispute with Lord Byron. "Too far," replied Mr. Dunston; "it was a silly business, and should be disregarded." Mr. Chaworth then proceeded down stairs, but immediately after Lord Byron came out of the dining-room, and following the unfortunate gentleman, requested a few minutes' private conversation. They accordingly retired into a small



room adjacent, which was lighted only by a little tallow candle and the dying embers of a dull fire. On entering, Byron asked Mr. Chaworth whether he was to have recourse to Sir Charles Sedley to account for the business of the game, or to him? "To me, my lord," was the reply; "and, if you have anything to say, it would be best to shut the door, lest we should be overheard." Mr. Chaworth went to effect this object, and then turning round, saw his opponent just behind him with his sword half drawn, and heard him at the instant call out "Draw." Mr. Chaworth immediately did so, and made a thrust, entangling his sword in the waistcoat of his antagonist, whereupon Lord Byron shortened his weapon, and inflicted a fatal wound. Mr. Chaworth survived a few hours, and was able to make a communication to his near relative, Mr. Levinz, which tended somewhat to impugn the honour of Byron. "Good God!" said the dying man, "that I should have been such a fool as to fight in the dark. His lordship did not intend fighting when we went into the room, but seeing me up by the door, he thought he had me at an advantage, and thus encountered me. I die as a man of honour, but Byron has done himself no good by it."

The trial took place before the Peers, in Westminster Hall, on the 16th and 17th of April following. The noble defendant made a plain and honourable defence, explanatory of the cause of quarrel, and of the encounter itself. His lordship detailed every circumstance of the sad history, and repelled with indignation the insinuations against his fairness and honour. On the conclusion of his address, the Peers present, including the High Steward, declared Lord Byron to be guilty of manslaughter only, whereupon his lordship claimed the benefit of the statute, the 1st of Edward VI., cap. 12—



a monstrous privilege (now abolished), which carried the protection of benefit of clergy so far in a peer's case, that he was to be relieved from the usual burning in the hand or any penal consequence whatsoever. Lord Byron was accordingly discharged on payment of his fees.

Lord Byron survived the trial thirty-three years, and died in 1798, when the family honours devolved on his grandnephew, George Gordon, late Peer. This distinguished nobleman, in a letter written shortly before he left Genoa for Greece, thus refers to the subject:—  
“As to the Lord Byron who killed Mr. Chaworth in a duel, so far from retiring from the world, he made the tour of Europe, and was appointed Master of the Stag Hounds after that event; and did not give up society until his son had offended him by marrying in a manner contrary to his duty. So far from feeling any remorse for having killed Mr. Chaworth, who was a ‘Spadassin,’ and celebrated for his quarrelsome disposition, he always kept the sword which he used upon that occasion in his bedchamber, and there it still was when he died.”

A contemporaneous description of the duel, sent by Horace Walpole to the Earl of Hertford, the day after its occurrence, may not be uninteresting:—

“The following,” writes Mr. Walpole, “is the account nearest the truth that I can learn of the fatal duel last night. A club of Nottinghamshire gentlemen had dined at the Star and Garter, and there had been a dispute between the combatants whether Lord Byron, who took no care of his game, or Mr. Chaworth, who was active in the association, had most game on their manor.

“The company, however, had apprehended no consequences, and parted at eight o'clock; but Lord Byron, stepping into an empty chamber, and sending the drawer for Mr. Chaworth, or calling him thither himself,



took the candle from the waiter, and, bidding Mr. Chaworth defend himself, drew his sword.

“Mr. Chaworth, who was an excellent fencer, ran Lord Byron through the sleeve of his coat, and then received a wound, fourteen inches deep, into his body. He was carried to his house in Berkeley-street, made his will with the greatest composure, and dictated a paper which, they say, allows it was a fair duel, and died at nine this morning.”



## DUEL BETWEEN THE DUKE OF YORK

AND

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL LENNOX,

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What seest thou in me, York? Why dost thou pause?  
 YORK.—With thy brave bearing should I be in love,  
 But that thou art fast mine enemy.—*Shakespeare.*

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THIS memorable incident occurred on the 26th of May, 1789. The Duke of York was then in his 26th year, and his opponent about the same age. The dispute originated in the following circumstance:—

At a dinner party, given by the Prince of Wales, Colonel Lennox, who happened to be one of the guests, proposed, in a moment of excitement, the health of Mr. Pitt, the great leader of the political party then arrayed against the heir-apparent. Angry words arose, but the good sense of the company so far prevailed, that the matter was immediately settled. The following day, however, a report circulated that the Duke of York had commented in the public room of his Club somewhat too harshly on the conduct of Colonel Lennox, and had asserted that terms had been applied to that officer to which no gentleman ought to submit. These observations being repeated to the Colonel, he took an opportunity, while the Duke of York was on the parade, to address him, “desiring to know what were the words which he, Colonel Lennox, had submitted to hear, and by



whom they were spoken?" To this his Royal Highness gave no other reply than ordering the lieutenant-colonel to his post. The parade being over, the Duke went into the orderly room, and sending for Colonel Lennox, intimated to him, in the presence of all the other officers, that he desired to receive no protection from his position as a prince, or his station as a commanding officer. "When not on duty," added his Royal Highness, "I wear a brown coat, and have none of the paraphernalia of rank. Neither the blood which is my boast, nor the position which I hold in the army, shall exempt me from any obligation which I may possibly owe as a private gentleman." After this declaration, on the 18th of May, Colonel Lennox sent a circular letter to the members of Daubigny's Club, to the effect that "A report having been spread that the Duke of York had said some words had been made use of to him (Colonel Lennox) in a political conversation, that no gentleman ought to submit to," Colonel Lennox took the first opportunity to speak to his Royal Highness before the officers of the Coldstream regiment, to which Colonel Lennox belongs; when he answered, "That he had heard them said to Colonel Lennox, at Daubigny's, but refused at the same time to tell the expression, or the person who had used it; that in this situation, being perfectly ignorant what his Royal Highness could allude to, and not being aware that any such expression ever passed, he (Colonel Lennox) knew not of any better mode of clearing up the matter, than by writing a letter to every member of Daubigny's club, desiring each of them to let him know if he could recollect any expression to have been used in his (Colonel Lennox's) presence, which could bear the construction put upon it by his



Royal Highness ; and, in such case, to whom the expression was used."

None of the members of the Club having given an affirmative answer to this request, and the Duke still declining to make any further explanation than he had done before the officers of the Coldstream regiment, Colonel Lennox thought it incumbent on him to call upon his Royal Highness for the satisfaction due from one gentleman to another. The Duke at once waived all personal distinctions, and consented to give Colonel Lennox the meeting required. Lord Rawdon accompanied the Duke of York, and Lord Winchilsea was the second of Colonel Lennox. Their published statement thus narrates the details of the duel:—

"In consequence of a dispute already known to the public, his Royal Highness the Duke of York, attended by Lord Rawdon, and Lieutenant-colonel Lennox, accompanied by the Earl of Winchilsea, met at Wimbledon-common. The ground was measured at twelve paces, and both parties were to fire at a signal agreed upon. The signal being given, Lieutenant-colonel Lennox fired, and the ball grazed his Royal Highness's curl; the Duke of York did not fire. Lieutenant-Colonel Lennox observed that his Royal Highness had not fired. Lord Rawdon said it was not the Duke's intention to fire; his Royal Highness had come out upon Lieutenant-colonel Lennox's desire to give him satisfaction, and had no animosity against him. Lieutenant-colonel Lennox pressed that the Duke of York should fire, which was declined, upon a repetition of the reason. Lord Winchilsea then went up to the Duke of York, and expressed his hope that his Royal Highness could have no objection to say he considered Lieutenant-colonel Lennox as a man of honour and



courage. His Royal Highness replied that he should say nothing—he had come out to give Lieutenant-colonel Lennox satisfaction, and did not mean to fire at him; if Lieutenant-colonel Lennox was not satisfied, he might fire again. Lieutenant-colonel Lennox said he could not possibly fire again at the Duke, as his Royal Highness did not mean to fire at him. On this, both parties left the ground. The seconds think it proper to add, that both parties behaved with the most perfect coolness and intrepidity.

“RAWDON,  
“WINCHILSEA.”

As soon as the affair of honour was concluded at Wimbledon, two letters were sent express to town, one to the Prince of Wales, and the other to the Duke of Cumberland, giving them an account of the proceedings; and at the instant of the Duke of York's return, the Prince of Wales, with filial attention to the anxiety of his royal parents, set off to Windsor, lest hasty rumour had made them acquainted with the business.

Such was the caution observed by the Duke of York to keep this meeting with Colonel Lennox a secret from the Prince of Wales, that he left his own hat at Carlton House, and took another, belonging to some of the household, with him.

During the whole of the affair, the Duke was so composed, that it is difficult to say whether his Royal Highness was aware of being so near the arm of death. One remarkable thing connected with this duel was, that the Earl of Winchilsea was one of the Lords of the Bedchamber to his Majesty; and his mother, Lady Winchilsea, had been employed in rearing his Royal Highness.



In three days after, the officers of the Coldstream regiment met, on the requisition of Colonel Lennox, to deliberate on a question which he had submitted: "Whether he had behaved in the late dispute as became a gentleman and an officer?" and, after a considerable discussion, adjourned to the 30th, came to the following resolution:—

"It is the opinion of the officers of the Coldstream regiment that subsequent to the 15th of May, the day of the meeting at the orderly-room, Lieutenant-Colonel Lennox has behaved with courage, but, from the peculiar difficulty of his situation, not with judgment."

This was the first instance of a Prince of the blood in England being challenged by a subject. The case, however, occurred in France, only a few years before, when the Prince de Condé fought an officer of his own regiment.

The King appeared to think it a matter of etiquette to overlook the offence. But the Prince of Wales was unable to restrain his feelings; and on the first meeting with Colonel Lennox at Court, he expressed his displeasure in the most pointed manner, consistent with the presence of Royalty. The newspapers of the day thus refer to the circumstance:—"Colonel Lennox, to the surprise of every one, had appeared at the ball given at St. James's, on the King's birthday (1789). The Colonel stood up in the country dance with Lady Catherine Barnard. The Prince, who danced with his sister, the Princess Royal, was so far down the set that the Colonel and Lady Catherine were the next couple. The Prince paused, looked at the Colonel, took his partner's hand, and led her to the bottom of the dance. The Duke of Clarence followed his example; but the Duke of York made no distinction between the Colonel and the



other gentlemen of the party. When the Colonel and his partner had danced down the set, the Prince again took his sister's hand and led her to a seat. Observing this, the Queen approached and said to the Prince, 'You are heated, sir, and tired. I had better leave the apartment, and put an end to the dance.' 'I am heated,' replied the Prince, 'and tired, not with dancing, but with a portion of the company,' and emphatically added, 'I certainly never will countenance an insult offered to my family, however it may be regarded by others.' The Prince's natural gallantry next day offered the necessary apology to Lady Catherine Barnard, in the expression of regret, that he should have caused *her* a moment's embarrassment."

Within four months after the duel, Colonel Lennox married Lady Charlotte Gordon, daughter of Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon; and eventually, at the death of his uncle in 1806, succeeded to the Dukedom of Richmond. His death occurred on the 28th of August, 1819, when the family honours devolved on his eldest son, Charles, the present Duke of Richmond.



THE HOUSE OF ORMONDE.

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A STRANGER visiting the Castle of Kilkenny, and wandering through the splendid collection of paintings that adorn this ancient mansion of the noble race of Ormonde, may well fall into meditation on times long passed, and memories almost faded away.

The belles, the wits, the courtiers, and the courtezans of the Merry Monarch are here congregated, and the sight is dazzled by the gorgeous blaze of beauty and dress, depicted by Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller, until the weariness of excess of glare is relieved by the sober colouring of Vandyke, or the religious tenderness of Carlo Dolci. Here are kings and queens in all their pomp: King Charles I. and his unhappy queen; King Charles II., King James II., Queen Mary, Queen Anne, the Royal Family, by Vandyke; the Duchess of Richmond, by Sir Godfrey Kneller; with portraits of various members of the Ormonde family; Scripture-pieces; landscapes, flowers, mingled with saints and sinners; gay knights and grave senators; a motley and distinguished array. What food for thought is here for the imaginative mind! What tales these silent beings could tell were the canvas animated! Here are kings who, during their career on earth, experienced all the vicissitudes of fortune, the privations that afflict the meanest subject—hunger and poverty,



and terror of enemies, and loss of friends and fortune. One was exiled, another dethroned, another beheaded. Here are youthful beauties, radiant in smiles and charms, who lived till those smiles ceased to captivate, and those charms to win admiration. What feelings are aroused by the sad fate of many a proud noble here standing clad in his peer's robes. The battle-field witnessed the death-throes of some, the sod of a foreign land covered the bones of others. And now their fame and their fate live but in the vague legend and a few feet of painted canvas. We lingered amidst these frail memorials of greatness until the shadows of evening deepened the gloom of the old towers. The sun sank gorgeously into a cradle of golden rays, pillowed by downy clouds of dazzling whiteness. The Nore hymned a vesper song as the stars shone out, and the hour was meet for reminiscences of the past. There floated before us visions of the former owners, the Anglo-Norman invaders, the fierce conflicts with the Irish chiefs, the rivalry between the Butlers and Fitz-Geralds of Desmond; the feuds that existed between these Irish Guelphs and Ghibellins are celebrated in the annals of Ireland. Once, we are told, a reconciliation was effected, and the leaders agreed to shake hands; but they took the precaution of doing so through an aperture in an oaken door, each fearing to be poniarded by the other! After the battle of Affane, on the banks of the Blackwater, the Fitz-Geralds were repulsed, and their chieftain made prisoner. While weak from loss of blood, the victors were bearing him on their shoulders, and the Lord of Ormonde triumphantly exclaimed, "Where now is the great Earl of Desmond?" "Here," replied the Lord Gerald, "here, in his proper place, still on the necks of the Butlers."



The antiquity of this family is indisputable; but whence it immediately derived its origin is not so clearly established. Its surname, however, admits of no doubt as springing from the Chief Butlerage of Ireland, conferred by Henry II. on Theobald Fitzwalter, in 1177. We find various descendants of Theobald sitting in the Parliaments of the Pale, filling high offices, lords justices, &c. The Earldom of Ormonde was granted to James Butler in 1328, by creation of King Edward III. James, third earl, purchased the Castle of Kilkenny from the heirs of Sir Hugh le De Spencer, Earl of Gloucester, in 1391, and that princely fabric has since been the principal seat of the family. The representatives of the house of Ormonde were not alone distinguished by their pride of ancestry and martial deeds. Many of its Earls were famed for a love of literature and extent of learning quite remarkable in their time. We need not refer to higher authority than the compliment Edward IV. paid to the demeanour and conduct of John, the sixth earl: "If good breeding and liberal qualities were lost in the world, they might be all found in the Earl of Ormonde." In a note to Hall's "Ireland," vol. ii., is a curious letter, stated to have been the reply of a very loyal man, Sir Piers Butler, Earl of Ossory, in answer to a proposal of the Earl of Kildare, that the two houses should unite their forces, take Ireland from the dominion of Henry VIII., and divide it between them; the Earl of Kildare to have one moiety, the Earl of Ossory and his son, Lord James Butler, the other. "Taking pen in hand to write to you my absolute answer, I muse in the first line by what name to call you—my lord or my cousin—seeing that your notorious treason hath impeached your loyalty and honour, and your desperate lewdness hath shamed your kindred. You are, by your expressions,



so liberal in parting stakes with me, that a man would weene you had no right to the game; and so importunate for my company, as if you would persuade me to hang with you for good fellowship. And think you that James is so bad as to gape for gudgeons, or so ungracious as to sell his truth and loyalty for a piece of Ireland? Were it so (as it cannot be) that the chickens you reckon were both hatched and feathered, yet, be thou sure, I had rather in this quarrel die thine enemy than live thy partner. For the kindness you proffer me, and goodwill in the end of your letter, the best way I can propose to requite you, that is, in advising you, though you have fetched your fence, yet to look well before you leap over. Ignorance, error, and mistake of duty hath carried you unawares to this folly, not yet so rank but it may be cured. The king is a vessel of mercy and bounty; your words against his Majesty shall not be counted malicious, but only bulked out of heat and impotency; except yourself, by heaping of offences, discover a mischievous and wilful meaning. Farewell."

The descendants of so bold and loyal a subject partook of his spirit, and a hatred of court favourites appears a distinguishing feature in the characters of the Butlers. In Carte's "Life of Ormond," we find the hostility of the Earl Thomas to Queen Elizabeth's minion, the Earl of Leicester, not confined to language. He used often to tell her Majesty, in plain terms, that Leicester was a villain and a coward. Coming one day to Court, he met Leicester in the antechamber, who, bidding him good morrow, said: "My Lord of Ormonde, I dreamed of you last night." "What could you dream of me?" asked Ormonde. "I dreamed," said the other, "that I gave you a box on the ear." "Dreams," answered the Earl, "are to be interpreted by contraries;" and,



without more ceremony, gave Leicester a hearty cuff on the ear. He was, upon this, sent to the Tower, but shortly after liberated.

The next instance of courage which tradition preserves, is related of James, afterwards Duke of Ormonde, while yet a very young man, about twenty-two years of age. He went to attend the parliament in Dublin summoned by Wentworth, Lord Lieutenant to Charles I. The Lord Deputy had issued a proclamation forbidding any member of either house to enter with his sword. As the Earl of Ormonde was passing the door of the House of Peers, the Usher of the Black Rod required his sword. The request being treated with silent contempt, he demanded it peremptorily; whereupon the Earl replied, "If he had his sword it should be in his body," and haughtily strode to his seat. The Lord Deputy summoned the refractory peer before the Privy Council, and called on him to answer for his conduct: upon which Lord Ormonde said he acted under the oath of his investiture, that he received his title to attend parliament *cum gladio cinctus*. The ability and courage of the young noble obtained him great applause, and the Deputy perceived he had better conciliate his friendship than provoke his enmity. He accordingly heaped favours upon him—made him a Privy Councillor at the age of twenty-five. This lord was the father of one of the purest characters of that, or any age—the Earl of Ossory. Of him was it truly said: "His virtue was unspotted in the centre of a luxurious Court; his integrity unblemished, amid all the vices of the times; his honour untainted through the course of his whole life." "His Majesty," exclaimed Evelyn, on hearing of his death, "never lost a worthier subject, nor a father a better or more dutiful son: a loving, generous, good-



natured, and perfectly obliging friend—one who had done innumerable kindnesses to several before they knew it; nor did he ever advance any who were not worthy; no one more brave, more modest; none more humble, sober, and every way virtuous. Unhappy England! in this illustrious person's loss. What shall I add? He deserves all that a sincere friend, a brave soldier, a virtuous courtier, a loyal subject, an honest man, a bountiful master, and a good Christian, could deserve of his prince and country."

How affecting to turn from this fine panegyric, traced by the hand of generous friendship, revealing the peculiar excellent qualities of the deceased, and particularizing each, to the passionate burst of grief, in which the bereaved duke must have indulged, when the heir of his house lay a corpse before him; and what depth of feeling and sublime appreciation of the inestimable loss, is contained in his reply to some expression of condolence: "I would not exchange my dead son for any living son in Christendom." Surely such an instance of genuine regard for the illustrious dead must be remembered with pride by their descendants! How well the Earl of Ossory deserved the praise bestowed on him, and the universal grief felt at his death, may be seen from the following anecdote, which exhibits strong filial piety and fearlessness of court favourites, which the King's presence could not restrain. Not long after the celebrated attempt of Blood to kill the Duke of Ormonde, (in which he had nearly succeeded, being on his way with him to Tyburn, where he resolved the Duke should hang, when he was rescued,) the Earl of Ossory met the Duke of Buckingham, who was universally believed to be the instigator and protector of Blood, in the royal chamber, and thus addressed him while behind the



King's chair: "My lord, I know well that you are at the bottom of this late attempt of Blood's upon my father; and, therefore, I give you fair warning, if my father comes to a violent death by sword or pistol, if he dies by the hand of a ruffian, or the more secret way of poison, I shall not be at a loss to know the real author of it. I shall consider you as the assassin, I shall treat you as such, and I shall pistol you, though you stood behind the King's chair; and I tell it you in his Majesty's presence, that you may be sure I will keep my word."

Mrs. Jameson, in her own peculiarly graceful style, records a very interesting episode in the history of this gallant nobleman's father, James, the great Duke of Ormonde. The union of the Duke, then Lord Thurles, with the Lady Elizabeth Preston,\* the representative of the potent Earls of Desmond, put an end to the feuds and lawsuits which had for years divided the rival houses, and threatened the ruin of both. The marriage, however, was not only a marriage of policy, but of passion; their early attachment was attended by various difficulties and romantic distresses, and in particular by one circumstance, which throws a deep interest round the character of the Duchess.

She was a ward of the King, Charles I., who bestowed the guardianship of her person and of her vast estates on the Earl of Holland. While the lawsuit was pending between her and Lord Thurles, she happened to meet her young adversary at Court, and, struck with his noble qualities and fine person, fell in love with him; she was young, inexperienced, and as self-willed as a conscious

\* Her ladyship was only child of Richard Lord Dingwall, by the Lady Elizabeth Butler, his wife, daughter and heiress of Thomas, tenth Earl of Ormonde, whose mother, Joan, was daughter and heiress of James, eleventh Earl of Desmond.



beauty and a great heiress may be supposed to have been ; and took so little care to conceal the partiality she felt, that not only the object of her affections, but the whole Court was aware of it. The King sent to Lord Thurles, desiring that he would desist from any pretensions to the hand of the young lady, as his Majesty designed her for another. To this the lover replied, with a spirit which justified the lady's choice, that he should be sorry to displease his Majesty, but that he considered that he had even a better title than any other nobleman about the Court to pay the Lady Elizabeth those attentions which were due to her beauty and merits, being himself "her poor cousin and kinsman." The Lady Elizabeth, on her part, was not slow to declare her abhorrence of the match proposed by the King, and her determination to marry Lord Thurles, and none other. The union was in all respects the most eligible for both ; no other means could be found to put an end to their family dissensions, and Lady Elizabeth strongly felt, and as eloquently pleaded, that reason and interest were on the side of her girlish passion. But the King was resolute ; her guardian, according to the fashion of obdurate guardians from time immemorial, placed the young lady in durance vile, and not only those consequences ensued which are *de rigueur* in such cases, but others which were certainly not anticipated by any of the parties concerned. The young lovers kept up a constant correspondence of letters and tokens, by means of Lady Isabella Rich, the daughter of the Earl of Holland, who, not being so strictly secluded as her father's ward, contrived to meet Lord Thurles secretly. Lady Isabella was handsome, lively, good-natured, and attached to Lady Elizabeth, with whom she had been educated ; but she was not of an age or a disposition



to carry on this clandestine intercourse with safety to herself. In short—not to be too circumstantial—Lady Isabella found her friend's lover only too agreeable; she fell a victim to passion and opportunity, but certainly not to any preconcerted villany on the part of Lord Thurles, who was then only nineteen; the whole tenour of his life, before and after, belies such an imputation. The consequences were, that Lady Isabella became the mother of an infant, which was immediately sent abroad, and carefully educated at Paris, without any knowledge of his parents. The secret was so faithfully kept, that not even a breath of suspicion rested upon Lady Isabella; and soon afterwards, Lord Thurles, by bribing the avarice of Lord Holland,\* obtained his consent and his interest with the King, and married Lady Elizabeth.

Several years afterwards, when the Duke visited Paris, his first care was to inquire for this son, whom he found a blooming and hopeful youth, accomplished in all the exercises which became his age: the father could not deny himself the pleasure of sending the unhappy mother some tidings of her child; but having occasion to write to his wife the same day, he made a fatal mistake in the direction of the two letters, and that which was intended for Lady Isabella, fell into the hands of the Duchess of Ormonde. The Duchess passionately loved her husband, and notwithstanding the lapse of years, she must have felt on this occasion as a woman would naturally feel on discovering that she had been betrayed in the tenderest point by her lover and her friend. She was still sitting with the letter open in her hand, lost in painful astonishment,

\* He bought the Earl's consent with 15,000*l*.



when Lady Isabella was announced; an exchange of letters and a mutual explanation took place, and the scene which must have ensued may be imagined.

Lady Isabella, standing before her injured friend, bowed down to the earth with "penetrative shame," while that generous friend, unable to bear the sight of her humiliation, threw her arms round her neck, and with tears and a thousand fond caresses, endeavoured to reconcile her with herself, assured her of her perfect forgiveness, and promised that the past should be to her as if it had never been. And she kept her word: for it is even said—and, if true, it is a rare instance of female discretion—that not even the Duke ever suspected his wife's knowledge of this transaction.

It happened, after the time of which we speak, that Lady Isabella and her family being obliged to fly from England, the Duchess of Ormonde offered her an asylum in her house at Caen; and Lady Isabella, worthy in this instance of such a friend, accepted the offer as frankly as it was made. She resided for two years under the roof of the Duke and Duchess of Ormonde, in all honour and confidence. The Duchess never condescended to doubt either the truth and love of her husband, or the honour and gratitude of her friend: her domestic peace was never disturbed by petty jealousy, nor her noble confidence wronged by those she had trusted. It is justice to Lady Isabella to add, that she preserved to the end of her life an unblemished reputation, and died unmarried.\*

\* Her son died young, before the Restoration.



HAMILTON OF BOTHWELLHAUGH.

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JAMES STEWART, the celebrated Regent Moray, ranks amongst the most eminent of Scottish worthies. He was the illegitimate son of King James V., by the beautiful Lady Margaret Erskine—and the base-born brother, consequently, of Mary, Queen of Scots. To the most unquestionable bravery and military skill, he added the profoundest sagacity and penetration in civil affairs; and, had he succeeded to supreme power, as his legitimate inheritance, it is probable he would have been recorded as one of Scotland's wisest and greatest kings. But that he held his authority by the deposition and imprisonment of his sister and benefactress, was a crime which those only can excuse, who think ambition an apology for ingratitude. He commanded against the Queen's forces at Langside, and went to England, the same year, to accuse her majesty of the murder of Darnley. This was the blemishing blot on his fair fame. His bitterest enemies admit that he dispensed justice with impartiality, established order and tranquillity in the country, and was, in all respects, an able and vigorous administrator of the government. With the common people, he was long held in affectionate remembrance, as "the Good Regent." He at length fell a victim to personal revenge, and was murdered at Linlithgow, 21st January, 1569.



Hamilton, of Bothwellhaugh, was the person who committed this barbarous action. He had been condemned to death soon after the battle of Langside, and owed his life to the Moray's clemency. But part of his estate had been bestowed upon one of the Regent's favourites, who seized his house, and turned out his wife, naked, in a cold night, into the open fields, where, before next morning, she became raving mad. This injury made a deeper impression on him than the benefit he had received; and from that moment he vowed to be revenged of the Regent. Party rage strengthened and influenced his private resentment. His kinsmen, the Hamiltons, applauded the enterprise. The maxims of that age justified the most desperate course he could take to obtain vengeance. He followed the Regent for some time, and watched for an opportunity to strike the blow. He resolved, at last, to wait till his enemy should arrive at Linlithgow, through which he was to pass on his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. He took his stand in a wooden gallery, which had a window towards the street; spread a feather-bed on the floor, to hinder the noise of his feet from being heard; hung up a black cloth behind him, that his shadow might not be observed from without, and, after all this preparation, calmly expected the Regent's approach, who had lodged, during the night, in a house not far distant. Some indistinct information of the danger which threatened him had been conveyed to the Earl; and he paid so much regard to it, that he resolved to return by the same gate through which he had entered, and to fetch a compass round the town. But, as the crowd about the gate was great, and he himself unacquainted with fear, he proceeded directly along the street; and the throng of people obliging him



to move very slowly, gave the assassin time to take so true an aim, that he shot him, with a single bullet, through the lower part of his belly, and killed the horse of a gentleman who rode on his other side. His followers instantly endeavoured to break into the house whence the blow had come: but they found the door strongly barricaded; and, before it could be forced open, Hamilton had mounted a fleet horse, which stood ready for him at a back passage, and was got far beyond their reach. The Regent died the same night of his wound.

Bothwellhaugh rode straight to Hamilton, where he was received in triumph; for the ashes of the houses in Clydesdale, which had been burned by Moray's army, were yet smoking; and party prejudice, the habits of the age, and the enormity of the provocation, seemed to his kinsmen to justify the deed. After a short abode at Hamilton, this fierce and determined man left Scotland, and served in France, under the patronage of the family of Guise, to whom he was doubtless recommended by having avenged the cause of their niece, Queen Mary, upon her ungrateful brother. De Thou has recorded, that an attempt was made to engage him to assassinate Gaspar de Coligni, the famous Admiral of France, and the buckler of the Huguenot cause. But the character of Bothwellhaugh was mistaken. He was no mercenary trader in blood, and rejected the offer with contempt and indignation. He had no authority, he said, from Scotland, to commit murders in France; he had avenged his own just quarrel, but he would, neither for price nor prayer, avenge that of another man. He is applauded or stigmatized by contemporary historians, according to their religious or party prejudices. The triumph of Blackwood is unbounded. He



not only extols the pious feat of Bothwellhaugh, "who," he observes, "satisfied, with a single ounce of lead, him whose sacrilegious avarice had stripped the metropolitan Church of St. Andrew's of his covering," — but he ascribed it to immediate Divine inspiration, and the escape of Hamilton to little less than the miraculous interference of the Deity.

With equal injustice, it was, by others, made the ground of a general national reflection; for, when Mather urged Berney to assassinate Burleigh, and quoted the examples of Poltrot and Bothwellhaugh, the other conspirator answered, "that neyther Poltrot nor Hambleton did attempt their enterpryse, without some reason or consideration to lead them to it; as the one, by hyre, and promise of preferment of rewarde; the other, upon desperate mind of revenge, for a lyttle wrong done unto him, as the report goethe, according to the vyle treyterous dysposysyon of the hoole natyon of the Scottes."

A beautiful ballad, in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, commemorates the murder of Moray, and the revengeful nature of Bothwellhaugh :

Few suns have set since Woodhouselee  
Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets foam,  
When to his hearths, in social glee,  
The war-worn soldier turn'd him home.

There, wan from her maternal throes,  
His Margaret, beautiful and mild,  
Sate in her bower, a pallid rose,  
And peaceful nursed her new-born child.

O change accursed! past are those days;  
False Moray's ruthless spoilers came,  
And, for the hearth's domestic blaze,  
Ascends destruction's volumed flame.



What sheeted phantom wanders wild,  
Where mountain Eske through woodland flows,  
Her arms enfold a shadowy child—  
Oh! is it she, the pallid rose?

The wilder'd traveller sees her glide,  
And hears her feeble voice with awe—  
"Revenge," she cries, "on Moray's pride!  
"And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh!"

\* \* \* \*

But can stern Power, with all his vaunt,  
Or Pomp, with all her courtly glare,  
The settled heart of Vengeance daunt,  
Or change the purpose of Despair?

With hackbut bent, my secret stand,  
Dark as the purposed deed, I chose,  
And mark'd, where, mingling with his band,  
Troop'd Scottish pikes and English bows.

'Mid pennon'd spears, a steely grove,  
Proud Moray's plumage floated high;  
Scarce could his trampling charger move,  
So close the minions crowded nigh.

From the raised vizor's shade, his eye,  
Dark-rolling, glanced the ranks along,  
And his steel truncheon, waved on high,  
Seem'd marshalling the iron throng.

But yet his sadden'd brow confess'd  
A passing shade of doubt and awe;  
Some fiend was whispering in his breast,  
"Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh!"

The death-shot parts—the charger springs—  
Wild rises tumult's startling roar;  
And Moray's plumed helmet rings—  
Rings on the ground, to rise no more.

What joy the raptured youth can feel,  
To hear her love the loved one tell—  
Or he, who broaches on his steel,  
The wolf by whom his infant fell!



But dearer to my injured eye  
To see in dust proud Moray roll ;  
And mine was ten times trebled joy  
To hear him groan, the felon soul.

My Margaret's spectre glided near ;  
With pride her bleeding victim saw,  
And shriek'd in his death-deafen'd ear,  
"Remember injured Bothwellhaugh !"



## THE BEAUTIFUL MISSES GUNNING.

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THE memory of these ladies, their beauty, their wit, and their alliances, still lingers in the world of fashion. They were the daughters of John Gunning, Esq., of Castlecoote, Co. Roscommon, a gentleman of ancient lineage and fair fortune, and descended, through their mother, the Hon. Bridget Bourke, from the Lords Bourke, of Mayo. Of surpassing loveliness and captivating manners, they long reigned supreme in the circles of the *beau monde*, and formed, eventually, splendid matches. The eldest, Mary, became the wife of the sixth Earl of Coventry; and the second, Elizabeth, won a still more brilliant coronet, marrying, first, James, Duke of Hamilton and Brandon; and, secondly, John, Duke of Argyll. Her Grace was herself raised to the Peerage as Baroness Hamilton, of Hambleton, in 1776. By her first husband she had two sons, successively Dukes of Hamilton, and one daughter, Elizabeth, Countess of Derby: and, by her second, she was grandmother of the present Duke of Argyll.

A letter written in 1796 by the parish clerk of Hemmingford Grey, in Huntingdonshire, to James Madden, Esq., of Cole House, Fulham, gives a curious account of these far-famed beauties. We transcribe the document *verbatim et literatim*.

“Sir,—I take the Freedom, in wrighting to you,



from an Information of Mr. Warrinton, that you would be Glad to have the account of my Townswoman the Notefied, the Famis, Beautifull Miss Gunnings, Born at Hemingford Grey, tho they left the Parish before I had Knolege Enough to Remember them, and I was born in 32 (1732). But I will give you the Best account I can, which I believe is Better than any man in the Country besides Myself, tho I have not the Birth Register for so long a Date, and since Dr. Dickens is dead, I dont know where it is, but the Best account I Can Give you is, Elizth. the Eldest,\* married to his Grace the Duke of Hamilton, after his Decease, to the Duke of Arguile; the second, Mary, to the Viscount of Coventree; the third I neve knew Ritely to home, but I beleeve to some privett Gentleman. I Rember a many years ago at least 30, seeing her picture in a print Shop,† I beleeve in St. Poul's Churchyard, as follows.

the youngest of these Beauties here we have in vue,  
so like in person to the other two,  
ho Ever views her features and her fame,  
will see at once that Gunning is her Name.

which is the Best account I Can give you of them three; but then there was two more, which perhaps you dont know anything about, which I will Give you the True Mortalick Regester off, from a black mavel which lies in our chancel, as follows:

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\* This is wrong: Elizabeth was the second daughter.

† The print alluded to is an *oval*, painted by *Cotes*, and engraved by *Spooner*. Beneath is the name, "Miss Gunning," and a little lower the following lines:—

This youngest grace, so like her sisters' Frame!  
Her kindred Features tell from whence she came,  
'Tis needless once to mention Gunning's name.



Sophia Gunning, the youngest of 4 daughters,  
all born at Hemmingford, in Huntingdonshire  
to John Gunning, Esq. Died an infant, 1737.  
Lissy Gunning, his 5 daughter, Born in Ireld.  
Died Dec. 31, 1752. Aged 8 years 10 m.

‘Suffer little Children and forbid them not to Come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.’—*Matthew*, xix. 14.

“This, Sir, is the Truest and Best Information I Can Give you, or Can Get; and if this is of any use to you, I should be much obliged to you to let me have a line or two from you, that I may be satisfied that it was not in vain. And am, Sir, your most obedient and humble servant,

“WM. CRISWELL.

“Hemmingford Grey, August 14, 1796.”

The illiterate clerk of Hemmingford Grey is not, however, the only historian of these celebrated leaders of fashion: with reference to them, Horace Walpole thus writes to Sir Horace Mann, on the 18th of June, 1751:—“The two Miss Gunnings, and a late extravagant dinner at White’s, are twenty times more the subject of conversation. These are two Irish girls, of no fortune, who are declared the handsomest women alive. I think their being two, so handsome, and both such perfect figures, is their chief excellence, for, singly, I have seen much handsomer women than either; however, they can’t walk in the park, or go to Vauxhall, but such mobs follow them, that they are generally driven away.” In a subsequent letter of the 27th February following, Walpole again evinces an interest in the Irish beauties:—“The event that has made most noise since my last, is the extempore wedding of the youngest of the two Gunnings, who have made so vehement a noise. Lord Coventry, a grave young lord, of the remains of the patriot breed, has long dangled



after the eldest, virtuously with regard to her honour, not very honourably with regard to his own credit. About six weeks ago, Duke Hamilton—the very reverse of the Earl, hot, debauched, extravagant, and equally damaged in his fortune and person—fell in love with the youngest at the masquerade, and determined to marry her in the spring.

“About a fortnight since, at an immense assembly at my Lord Chesterfield’s, made to show the house, Duke Hamilton made violent love at one end of the room, while he was playing faro at the other end; that is, he saw neither the bank nor his own cards, which were of three hundred pounds each: he soon lost a thousand. I own I was so little a professor in love, that I thought all this parade looked ill for the poor girl, and could not conceive, if he was so much engaged with his mistress as not to regard such sums, why he played at all. However, two nights afterwards, being left alone with her, while her mother and sister were at Bedford House, he found himself so impatient that he sent for a parson.

“The Doctor refused to perform the ceremony without licence or ring; the Duke swore he would send for the Archbishop; at last they were married with a ring of the bed-curtain, at half-an-hour after twelve at night, at May Fair Chapel. The Scotch are enraged; the women mad, that so much beauty has had its effect; and, what is more silly, my Lord Coventry declares that now he will marry the other.”

The second nuptials of “her grace of Hamilton” to Colonel John Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyll, are pleasingly chronicled by the same witty writer: “It is a match that would not disgrace Arcadia. Her beauty has made sufficient noise, and in some people’s eyes is even improved: he has a most pleasing countenance,



person, and manner, and if they could but carry to Scotland some of our sultry English weather, they might restore the ancient pastoral life, when fair kings and queens reigned at once over their subjects and their sheep. Besides, exactly like antediluvian lovers, they reconcile contending clans, the great houses of Hamilton and Campbell—and all this brought about by a Gunning!”

One more letter of Walpole's, which we subjoin, allusive to the same event, must conclude our brief record of “the famous and beautiful Miss Gunnings.”

“My Lord,—You and Monsieur de Bareil may give yourselves what airs you please of setting Cartels with expedition: you don't exchange prisoners with half so much alacrity as Jack Campbell and the Duchess of Hamilton have exchanged hearts. I had so little observed the negotiation, or suspected any, that when your brother told me of it yesterday morning, I would not believe a tittle. I beg Mr. Pitt's pardon—not an *iota*. It is the prettiest match in the world since yours—and everybody likes it but the Duke of B—— and Lord C——. What an extraordinary fate is attached to those two women! Who could have believed that a Gunning would unite the two great houses of Campbell and Hamilton? For my part, I expect to see my Lady Coventry Queen of Prussia. I would not venture to marry either of them these thirty years, for fear of being shuffled out of the world *prematurely*, to make room for the rest of their adventurers. The first time Jack carries the Duchess into the Highlands, I am persuaded that some of his second-sighted subjects will see him in a winding-sheet, with a train of kings behind him as long as those in Macbeth.

“H. W.”



THE DUCHESS DE SFORZA.

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LORD TAMWORTH, only son of Robert, seventh Earl Ferrers, formed a youthful attachment to a domestic in his father's household. A child was the result of this *liaison*. Lord Tamworth died early, and the mother and child were left unprovided for. In her distress, she resolved to take her little daughter, then just beginning to lisp, to Lord Ferrers, at Ratcliffe Hall, in the hope of obtaining some temporary aid. The Earl, who had been at variance with his son, either from some feeling of regret at that circumstance, or from some impulse of curiosity, sent for the mother and child into the library. Though a stern and haughty man, he took the little one on his knee, and exclaiming, "It has evidently poor Tamworth's eyes," desired the mother to withdraw. The child instantly made way to the Earl's heart, and the resolution to bring her up was immediately taken. While he lived, Lord Ferrers never parted with her, and his domestic chaplain was appointed her tutor. On his lordship's death, Miss Shirley, then a fine girl of thirteen, was confided, in conformity with the Earl's will, to her guardian, the late C. G. Mundy, Esq., of Burton Hall, with an allowance of 3000*l.* a-year during her minority, the reversion of the beautiful estates of Roydale and Hoby, and large



personal property being secured to her. The author of *Walks round Loughborough* thus mentions an incident that occurred to the young lady during her residence at Burton Hall:—

“On passing this spot we are reminded of one of those ‘romances of real life’ which furnishes another proof that ‘Truth is often more strange than fiction.’ It was, I think, about nine years ago (1832) that a decently dressed woman, but evidently of plebeian habits, arrived at Burton Hall, and first earnestly requested, and then imperatively demanded, to see a young lady, then a cherished inmate of the mansion. The stranger’s request was peremptorily refused. ‘Then force only shall remove me from this spot!’ was the impassioned exclamation that followed the stern denial. The lady of the house, awed by the woman’s firmness, at length relaxed, and it was arranged that she should be permitted to walk round the room in which *her daughter* was sitting at her drawing, but with the express proviso that she should not address her, or in any way discover herself. This hard and trying stipulation was at length assented to, and *the mother* was taken round the room under pretext of showing her the paintings and furniture. Years had rolled by since she had been separated from her daughter, and the child had grown into a beautiful girl. The tide of maternal feeling was high. (I know not whether the filial feelings were equally excited, or whether the young lady was conscious that it was she on whose bosom she had hung that was so intently gazing upon her.) Pictures and furniture were unnoticed—she only saw her daughter.

“ ‘Her heart soon blinded both her eyes,  
And she could see no more.’



“She was hurried from the room, and never again, I believe, beheld the face of her child. That mother now keeps, or lately kept, a small public-house at Syston; and that daughter is now the *Duchess de Sforza*, and wife of one of the most accomplished and best descended men in Europe.”

In a note to this interesting passage, the author (Mr. Potter) adds :—

“It may gratify some of the readers of the *Walks* to know something of the origin of the family of him who has carried off the *belle* of Burton. The founder of the illustrious house of Sforza, Giacumuzzo Sforza, was born in 1369, at Atignola, in Romagna. He was originally a peasant, and being one day at work, he was solicited to enlist for a soldier, when, throwing his spade into a tree, he said he would enlist if the spade did not come down again. It did not, and he immediately engaged in that military life which afterwards rendered him so famous. His son became Duke of Milan; and Catherine de Sforza, a heroine of this family, was united to one of the Medicis.



THE LADY MARY HASTINGS.

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THE Hastings family has been remarkable for the number of distinguished women it has produced. Not a generation has passed in which one, at least, of this time-honoured line has not been eminent, either for personal beauty, great mental attainments, or devoted piety. When the first Marquis of Hastings pulled down the old hall at Donington Park, in order to erect the present chaste and beautiful edifice, a great number of old family portraits was discovered in a lumber-room, buried under a heap of tattered tapestry, which appeared to have been of exquisite design and execution. One of these portraits—that of a lady—was considered worthy of rescue from the wreck. It owed this distinction to a pair of eyes, of surpassing loveliness, that peered through the dust of two centuries. On being cleaned and restored, the wondrous beauty of the face, and the striking grace of the form, rendered it one of those pictures at which—

He who observes it, ere he passes on,  
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,  
That he may call it up when far away.

The costume and head-dress afforded grounds for concluding that it was a painting of the time of Elizabeth; but it was not even conjectured who the fair subject had been. The portrait, however, became



an especial favourite with Lord Forbes, the youthful nephew of Lord Hastings; and one day, when viewing it in a strong light, he discovered that what had always been supposed to be a dog at the lady's feet, was, in fact, *a crown*. This discovery led to the conclusion that the person represented must have been the Lady Arabella Stuart; and the connexion of the Hastings family with the house of Talbot very easily accounted for Lady Arabella's portrait being there. It was, therefore, long believed to be hers; but that this was an erroneous conclusion, will scarcely be doubted by any one who reads the following singular narrative of *Sir Jerome Horsey*:—

“Juan Vassillivich, Great Duke and Emperor of Russia, having a desire to marry an English lady, was told of the LADY MARY HASTINGS, daughter to the Earl of Huntingdon, whom, being of the blood royal [descended from George Plantagenet, Duke of Clarence], he began to affect: whereupon, making his desires known to Queen Elizabeth (who did well approve thereof), he sent over Theodore Piffemshoie, a nobleman of great account, his ambassador, who, in the name of his master, offered great and advantageous terms to the Queen, providing the marriage took effect, and promised that the issue by this lady should inherit. The ambassador thus arriving in England was magnificently entertained, and admitted to audience. The Queen hereupon caused the Lady to be attended with divers ladies and young noblemen, that so the ambassador might have a sight of her, which was accomplished in York-house garden, near Charing-cross, London. There was he (attended also with divers men of quality) brought before her, and casting down his countenance, fell prostrate before her; and, rising back,



with his face still towards her, the lady, with the rest, admiring at this strange salutation, he said, by an interpreter, "it sufficed him to behold the angelical presence of her, whom he hoped should be his master's spouse and empress," seeming ravished with her angelical countenance, state, and beauty. She was after that, by her friends in court, called the *Empress of Moscovia*. But the Queen, as well as the young lady, understanding (according to the laws of those countries) he might put away his wife when he pleased, took occasion to put a stop to that overture."\*

This passage leaves no doubt as to who was the original of this remarkable portrait—the crown at the lady's feet being evidently an allusion to her having rejected a royal offer. Whether the painting is now at Donington Park, or Loudoun Castle, we are unable to say ; but, be it where it will, it is one of the most interesting, as well as intrinsically valuable pictures of its class.

\* "Observations on Certain Transactions in Russia," by Sir Jerome Horsey. Lond. 1564.



AN EVENT IN THE LIFE OF THE SECOND  
DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

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THE writer of romance has ever been accused of sacrificing, not only the probable, but the possible, to the marvellous—of concocting fable that could have no foundation in fact—describing scenes that could not have occurred, and depicting character that could not have existed—of building, in a word, on the slippery sands of fiction alone, regardless alike of reason and reality. Is such, however, precisely his position? The most incomprehensible of his stories have been paralleled in every-day life; and wonderful though his narrations, and wild and fanciful his dreamings, the historian and the biographer bear ample testimony that he is not altogether a visionary. The pages of both disclose circumstances which have absolutely occurred, as strange as the strangest to be found in the pages of romance—as difficult to be accounted for, and as hard to be credited. Of these singular realities, one of the most remarkable was an adventure which befel the second Duke of Marlborough nearly a hundred years ago, in the time of George the Second—an adventure which remains to this day entirely unexplained. His Grace was Charles Spencer, fifth Earl of Sunderland, and second Duke of Marlborough, grandson of the hero of Blenheim. He had himself attained



high military reputation, and had fought with distinction at Dettingen.

Towards the end of November, in the year 1757, the Duke received by the post a letter, directed "To His Grace the Duke of Marlborough, with care and speed." It was well and forcibly written, demanding of the Duke to provide for the writer "a genteel support for his life, or that his own (the Duke's) would be at a period *before the session of parliament passed!*" "I have more motives than one," said the writer, "for singling you out upon this occasion; and I give you this fair warning, because the means I shall make use of are too fatal to be eluded by the power of physic." He then proceeds to demand an interview with his Grace "on Sunday next, at ten in the morning, or on Monday (if the weather should be rainy on Sunday), near the first tree beyond the stile in Hyde-park, in the foot-walk to Kensington," and concludes by enjoining secrecy on the part of the Duke. The letter was signed "Felton." It contained a postscript, intimating that his Grace should come unattended.

The Duke, in compliance with this strange remonstrance, appeared at the time and place appointed, on horseback and alone, with pistols before him, and the star of his order displayed, that he might be the more easily known. He had likewise taken the precaution of engaging a friend to attend in the park, at such a distance, however, as hardly to be observable. He continued some time on the spot, without seeing any person that he could suppose to have been the author of the letter, and at length rode away; but, chancing to look back when he reached Hyde-park corner, he perceived a man standing at the bridge, close to the tree described. The Duke immediately rode back, and



bowing to the stranger, asked if he had not something to communicate to him? The man replied, "No; I don't know you." The Duke told him his name, adding, "Now you know me, I imagine you have something to say to me;" but he still replied in the negative, and the Duke then rode home.

In a day or two after, another letter was brought to his Grace, couched in the following terms:—

"My Lord,

"You receive this as an acknowledgment of your punctuality on Sunday last, though it was owing to you it answered no purpose. The pageantry of being armed, and the ensign of your order, were useless, and too conspicuous. You needed no attendant—the place was not calculated for mischief, nor was any intended."

The writer proceeds to make a second appointment, "in the west aisle of Westminster Abbey, towards eleven o'clock on Sunday next. Your sagacity," he says, "will point out the person whom you will address, by asking his company to take a turn or two with you. You will not fail, on inquiry, to be acquainted with the name and place of his abode. According to which direction, you will please to send two or three hundred pounds bank notes the next day by the penny post. Exert not your curiosity too early; it is in your power to make me grateful on certain terms. I have friends who are faithful, but they do not bark before they bite.

"I am, &c. F."

The Duke, resolving, if possible, to unveil this mystery, repaired to the Abbey at the time prescribed, and after waiting a few minutes, saw the very same person to whom he had spoken in Hyde Park enter the



Abbey with another man of creditable appearance. The latter, after having viewed some of the monuments, went into the choir, and the other, turning back, advanced towards the Duke, who, accosting him, asked if he had anything to communicate. "No, my lord," replied the man, "I have not." "Surely you have," said the Duke; but he persisted in his denial, and the Duke again retired. Not long, however, after this second disappointment, the Duke received a third letter, signed "Anonymous," to the following effect:—

"My Lord,

"I am convinced you had a companion on Sunday. I interpret it as owing to the weakness of human nature; but such proceeding is far from being ingenuous, and may produce bad effects, whilst it is impossible to answer the end proposed. You will see me again soon, as it were by accident, and may easily find where I go to; in consequence of which, by being sent to, I shall wait upon your Grace, but expect to be quite alone, and to converse in whispers."

After further menaces, the writer concludes:—

"You will possibly be in doubt after the meeting, but it is quite necessary the outside should be a mask to the in. The family of the Bloods is not extinct, though they are not in my scheme."

The expression "You will see me again soon, as it were by accident," plainly pointed out the person to whom the Duke spoke in the Park and in the Abbey; nevertheless, he saw the person not again, nor did his Grace hear anything further of the affair for two months, at the expiration of which the post brought him the following letter:—



“ May it please your Grace,

“ I have reason to believe that the son of one Barnard, a surveyor, in Abingdon-buildings, Westminster, is acquainted with some secrets that nearly concern your safety : his father is now out of town, which will give you an opportunity of questioning him more privately. It would be useless to your Grace, as well as dangerous to me, to appear more publicly in this affair.

“ Your sincere friend,

“ ANONYMOUS.

“ He frequently goes to Storey’s Gate Coffee House.”

In about a week afterwards, the Duke sent a person to the coffee-house to inquire for Mr. Barnard, and to tell him his Grace would be glad to speak to him. The message was delivered, and Barnard himself appointed to wait on the Duke the following Thursday. He was punctual in attendance, and no sooner appeared than his Grace recognised his old acquaintance of the Park and the Abbey. The Duke, struck with astonishment, repeated the inquiry he had formerly made, but was again answered in the negative. He then communicated to Barnard minutely the whole of the affair, to which he listened with attention and surprise, without exhibiting either guilt or confusion. When he saw the fourth letter, wherein his own name was mentioned, with the circumstance of his father’s absence, he said, “ It is very odd, my father was then out of town ! ” an expression the more remarkable, as the letter was without date, and he could not be supposed to know when it was written, if he was innocent. The Duke at length dismissed him, but he was afterwards taken into custody and tried at the Old Bailey, for sending a threatening letter to the Duke of Marlborough, but was acquitted,



having satisfactorily established that he could not have been the guilty party. Mr. Barnard proved, first, that on the Sunday when he saw the Duke in Hyde Park, he was on his way to Kensington on particular business by his father's order, signified to him that very morning; that he dined with his uncle there, in a large company, to whom he related what had passed between the Duke of Marlborough and himself; that his being afterwards in Westminster Abbey was the effect of mere accident; that Mr. James Greenwood, his kinsman, who had slept the preceding night at his father's house, desired him to dress himself, that they might walk together in the Park, and that he did not comply with his request without much solicitation; that he proposed to enter the Park without passing through the Abbey, but was prevailed upon by Mr. Greenwood, who expressed a desire of seeing the newly-erected monument of General Hargrave; that as he had formerly communicated to his friend the strange circumstance of the Duke's speaking to him in the Park, Mr. Greenwood no sooner saw that nobleman in the Abbey, than he gave notice to Mr. Barnard, who was very short-sighted—and that, from his Grace passing them several times, concluding that he wanted to speak to Mr. Barnard alone, he (Greenwood) quitted him, and retired into the choir. It likewise appeared, from evidence of undoubted respectability and veracity, that Barnard often mentioned openly to his friends and acquaintances what passed between him and the Duke in the Park and the Abbey; that he was himself a person of respectability, not in any want of money, or the means of easily obtaining it to any amount; that his fidelity was frequently tried; and that his life was irreproachable. In fine, he completely exculpated himself from the charge; and since the conclusion of



the jury as to his innocence is clearly a result to which every reasoning person who reads the cause in the State Trials will be likely to come, the whole affair remains, if not the greatest, at least one among the greatest, of judicial problems. To complete the mystery, the Duke of Marlborough died within the year, "before the session had expired."



## KILMEADEN AND DON ISLE.

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THE ancient family of Power, or Le Poer, of the county of Waterford, in Ireland, derives its descent from Robert le Poer, marshal of King Henry II., and one of the suite of that monarch when he repaired to the sister kingdom, in 1172. The marshal obtained from his prince a district in the subjugated shire of Waterford; and here his descendants widely extended themselves, and have ever maintained a prominent position. In 1346, we find John le Poer, with others of his name, giving security to the Lord Justice Birmingham, for their peaceable behaviour to the king and his ministers—a circumstance proving that, like other Norman knights, they had, to a certain extent, set up for themselves an independent rule, and, as feudal lords, were exercising a separate sovereignty. Three centuries afterwards, in the time of the Commonwealth, the Le Poers were divided into the three great houses of Kilmeaden, Don Isle, and Curraghmore, and of all three the history at this period is one of the deepest romance. We take it up at the time when Cromwell, having subdued the northern parts of the island, and filled the minds of the natives with terror, by his merciless desolation of Tredah or Drogheda, had marched his forces southwards to complete his conquests. His



sternest opposition he found everywhere from the descendants of the original English settlers.

Tradition yet preserves, in the minds of the Irish, the relentless severity of the favourite general of the Parliament; and many of the more obvious traits of his character are distinctly remembered. It was his custom, they tell us, to mark out the route of the army, and to assign to his subordinates in command the duty of carrying out his arrangements. Meanwhile, he himself, as though impatient of delay, or hurried on by the spirit of adventure, would ride off, attended by some cavalry, and visit the castles and villages of the surrounding country. Here he levied contributions, received submissions—or proceeded to the most summary measures, if resisted. Death to the proprietor, and confiscation of his lands, were his ordinary proceedings in such a case; but these penalties were seldom called for, as the terror of his name, in almost every instance, ensured an immediate surrender of whatever place his soldiers summoned. In fact, it were madness for any single fortalice to have offered resistance. Should his dragoons be beaten off, Cromwell straightway ordered up fresh detachments from the main army; and, as soon as the castle fell, its defenders were indiscriminately put to the sword. Thus continued he in his course of unchecked victory, until he reached the castle of Kilmeaden, situated on the River Suir, five miles above the important city of Waterford; and here, for awhile, his onward progress was stayed.

The manor of Kilmeaden extended over considerably more than the modern parish of the same name, and stretched from above the city of Waterford towards the west, to the sea-shore at Tramore. Robert le Poer, the proprietor, had strongly fortified his castle; and, undis-



mayed by the rumours of the prowess of Cromwell, he met his demand to surrender by an indignant refusal. The siege commenced, and, for a whole week, the fortress baffled the English general; but the walls were breached, and the place was taken by storm. Le Poer himself, after deeds of heroism that might have won the victor's admiration, was taken prisoner, and was brought into Cromwell's presence. No time was allowed him for shrive or penance. He was instantly suspended from one of his own trees. The castle was wholly dismantled, and the lands parcelled out among the soldiery. The ancient deed of assignment is still in existence, and we perceive, on the face of it, that the original grantees must have been of the lowest class—at least, they were wholly illiterate, for they were unable to subscribe their names. From them it was conveyed, by purchase, to John Ottrington, Esq., whose tomb yet exists in the church of Kilmeaden. He was grandfather of Elizabeth, Viscountess Doneraile, by whom the present noble Lord of that name yet enjoys the property.

The Kilmeaden branch of the Le Poers thus being exterminated, Cromwell once more left his army to advance by regular marches, while he himself proceeded with his dragoons to attack Curraghmore, another residence of the family. Hating the very name, he had already decided the fate of its lord, should he imitate the spirited resistance of his kinsman. The Lord of Curraghmore was a widower, and the pride of his heart (though he had sons) was a daughter, famed in the country round for her beauty, wit, and fascinating accomplishments. But the maiden had higher endowments than those of her person. She had shrewd common sense, and a more accurate judgment of



passing events than her own good sire. While he, therefore, prepared to resist to the death, she resolved that, by a timely submission, she would keep him, *nolens volens*, in the possession of life and lands. The chief difficulty was to be found in her old father's stern resolve, to perish in the ruins of his castle, sooner than surrender it : and all her gentlest blandishments—all her softest words—were expended in vain as she sought to shake his purpose.

“No, Alice!” said the old knight, as he fondly played with the long silken tresses that flowed down his daughter's graceful neck, even to her waist : “no ! the King-killer shall never beard honest men than himself. Let him come with his Roundhead pack, an' he will ; but the guns of Curraghmore shall give him no welcome. When he hears their voices, methinks it will be less pleasant music. The leathern doublets will be scattered like the wind-driven leaves of autumn, or else——”

“Or else, dear father, Kilmeaden's fate will be ours ; and our old home will have its ruins upturned by the ploughshare !”

“Kilmeaden perished gloriously,” replied the Lord of Curraghmore, “albeit the traitor deemed he consigned him to a disgraceful death. But our good cousin should have died within his trenches. If no hand, whether of friend or foe, would have dealt the kindly thrust, his own might have done it. He had terminated his brave work befittingly, and had died as a soldier should have died.”

Such was one of the many conversations the knightly owner of Curraghmore had with his favourite child, and all others were of the same import. To her entreaty to save himself by submitting, he evermore opposed his



invincible determination to die, if he could not live free. To her suggestion that he should feign his acknowledgment of the Parliament, he simply replied, that falsehood was unworthy of his birth and lineage. To her mention of Cromwell's vengeance, he hurled his defiance of the usurper. The time of decision came; the Commonwealth soldiery were in their neighbourhood, and scouts came in to report the probable attack of the castle on the morrow. The ready-witted maiden perceived that safety or destruction depended on her own conduct. Under pretence of inspecting the lower works of the castle, she brought her father with her into the prison-chambers, where she had previously laid provisions, and barring him in with her own fair hands, she whispered to him that she would thus avert the consequences of his ill-timed hardihood. She then set open the castle gates, and on Cromwell's approach went forth to meet him, and placed in his hands the keys. When questioned about her father, she replied (and with truth) that he had often spoken with her about the English general's approach, and had been anxious to meet him; but that he was unwillingly absent, and doubtless at that moment was chafing with indignation at the accident which detained him. For herself, she said, she had taken on her to make the most unreserved submission of the place to the Parliament, and therefore claimed confirmation of the property, and protection at all times, if necessary. Cromwell, thus baffled, was constrained to sign the proper letters. Curraghmore was secured to this branch of the Le Poers; and in our day is the property of their descendant and representative, the high-spirited and patriotic Marquis of Waterford.

From Curraghmore, without halting at intermediate



places, Cromwell proceeded to the remaining seat of the Le Poers, Don Isle, a castle built on a steep crag, adjoining the sea-coast, and, from its position, almost impregnable. The rock on which the castle was founded seems to have been intended by nature for such a work. It rises steeply from the midst of a low valley, to the height of a hundred or a hundred and twenty feet, is everywhere precipitous, and in some parts cleanly perpendicular. Its brow is amply sufficient for the fortress and its necessary works; and, seen from beneath, these appear like a coronet of towers hung on the summit of the bare insulated crag. Ryland, the historian of Waterford, thus minutely describes the works:—

“The castle of Don Isle might be considered inaccessible on two sides; and where it is liable to be approached, its defences appear to have possessed a considerable degree of artificial strength. The only vulnerable part was well defended by a strong wall and deep fosse, which enclosed a court-yard of about fifty yards square; the mason-work of the wall can still be traced through its whole course. After entering the court-yard, the passage to the castle was ascended by a steep flight of stone steps, which led to a gate defended by a portcullis; the arch of the gate and the groove of the portcullis being still discernible. You then enter into a small court-yard, which appears to have contained several out-offices belonging to the castle, and, turning to the left hand into a still smaller enclosure, of about twelve feet square, the door of the castle is at length seen. All the various approaches already mentioned are carefully defended by loop-holes and embrasures; and on entering the castle itself, the usual square trap-door is observed over the passage, which gave the last



opportunity of defence to the besieged, and from which, in the obstinacy of despair, they poured down on the assailants large stones, boiling water, or any other means of annoyance which the danger might suggest. The walls of the castle are still perfectly upright, not having yielded in the least to the encroachments of time; the castle, however, has evidently suffered from the violence of man, having been subjected to the force of gunpowder; but the square tower which crowns the summit, and which now can only be ascended by a ladder, the stairs having been designedly destroyed, is as perfect as if erected within these few years. The church, which lies at the distance of about three hundred yards west of the castle, and which was evidently attached to the building, appears to have been subjected to the same barbarous violence, as the rocky firmness of the masses which formerly composed it, and which now lie scattered in various directions, clearly prove. In one instance, an entire staircase remains perfect, but the wall in which it was built has been thrown a considerable distance from its original position." Such is Don Isle; but previously to its siege and humiliation by Cromwell, its appearance must have been far more striking.

When Cromwell drew nigh the castle, his quick eye at once perceived the impossibility of making any impression on it without artillery. He halted his men, therefore, and despatched messengers to bring up his heaviest ordnance. Meanwhile, he sent a flag of truce into the castle, demanding its surrender to the Parliament of England. The owner, at this time, was a female, and in the traditions of the Poer family, is uniformly styled "The Countess." The Countess of Don Isle sent back a prompt negative to the summons,



adding, that she was well prepared for resistance. We have no historical details of the siege, but the county history furnishes us with such particulars as have orally descended to our own time. There is no reason for doubting their general correctness. The siege, it is said, was long and obstinate. The efforts of Cromwell and his soldiery were such as might have been expected from their character ; while the defenders fought with a heroism, derived from a consciousness of their lady's presence, and stimulated to the utmost by the vigour of despair. Wherever danger was, there was the dauntless Countess to be seen. She shared the peril of the common sentinel ; she brought food and drink with her own hand to the wearied gunners ; she tended the sick ; she bound up the gashes of the wounded. Hopeful, uncomplaining, and undismayed, she moved amongst them like a ministering angel, and the blessings of the dying accompanied her steps. Her chief engineer, who was also the captain of her forces, seemed worthy of such a mistress ; and his well-pointed guns told with fearful precision among the ranks of the besiegers beneath. At last, Cromwell, wearied with the length of the contest, resolved on raising the siege. He drew off a part of his forces ; the rest were directed to hold themselves in readiness to go. The anxiety of the Countess had passed away, and her exhausted garrison were, like herself, preparing to snatch some undisturbed sleep. She either forgot or neglected the wants of her heroic gunner, who sent to demand refreshments for himself and his comrades, and received in return the unromantic meed of "a drink of butter-milk." Incensed at what he deemed insult, if not ingratitude, he hurried to the ramparts, made signals to the retiring foe, and surrendered to them the fortress. Don Isle was then



blown up with gunpowder, and the Countess perished in the ruins.

Such is the tale which has been handed down from generation to generation by the peasants in the neighbourhood. It received a curious corroboration within the last few years. In digging a grave among the ruins of the old church, contiguous to the castle, a statue of a female, cut in sandstone, and bearing on its head a coronet, was discovered. The effigy is supposed to represent the heroic Countess, who so bravely defended her castle against the assaults of Cromwell.

The Poers of Belleville Park, near Cappoquin; the Powers of Affane and Mount Rivers, in the same vicinity; the Powers of Gurteen, midway between Clonmel and Carrick, are the chief representatives of this honourable name in the county of Waterford which occur to us. But doubtless there are many other lineal descendants of the Le Poers, who, either from position or property, are less known, although they have the same blood and kindred.



## HENRY WELBY, ESQ., OF GAUXHILL.

IN the reign of Charles I., a full hundred years after the suppression of Monastic orders in England, there is an instance of retirement from the world, in a gentleman of fortune, rank, and reputation, far more seclusive than that imposed by the strictest of those holy brotherhoods—not even by the monks of La Trappe, the most rigid of all, who, although they interdict communication by speech, admit the fellowship of prayer, fellowship of subsistence, and fellowship of labour, consolations from which our solitary altogether deprived himself, and lived for nearly half a century absolutely alone—not in desert, cave, or cell, but in one of the streets of London, amidst the din and turmoil of the busy denizens of a great and crowded city.

At a very remote period, there was seated in the county of Lincoln, a family of the name of Welby\*—so remotely, that it is a matter of doubt whether it gave name to, or derived name from, the manor of Welby, near Grantham, in that county; certain it is, that the family enjoyed, in early times, large estates and goodly reputation, many of the Welbys representing their native county in Parliament in the times of the Henrys

\* Still existing, and now represented by Sir Glynne Earle Welby, Bart., of Denton Hall.



and Edwards, and many of them serving the office of sheriff in those days, when the shrievalty was committed to persons of the first rank and estimation only. About the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, one branch of the family became seated at Gedney, in the same county, by the purchase of that estate by Adlard Welby, who died in 1571, leaving by his first wife, Ellen Hall, two sons, Henry and Adlard. He married a second wife, and left by her both sons and daughters. The elder son by the first marriage, HENRY WELBY, having succeeded to the fortune of his father, became seated at Gauxhill, also in Lincolnshire, and married Alice, one of the daughters of Thomas White, of Woodhead, in the county of Rutland, and of Tuxford, in Nottinghamshire, by Anne, his wife, sister of the Lord Treasurer Burleigh.

Mr. Welby, who was a gentleman of talents and acquirements, of high character for philanthropy, benevolence, and humanity, popular in his immediate neighbourhood, and esteemed wherever known, is the individual whose extraordinary withdrawal from the world we are now about to relate. By his wife he had one only child, a daughter, Elizabeth; and it would appear that, before he reached his fortieth year, he had become a widower. At this period, a most unfortunate circumstance occurred, which induced Mr. Welby to form, inflexibly, the resolution of abandoning the world and all its pomps and vanities; and to that resolution he firmly adhered for more than forty years, the remainder of his long life.

The unhappy occurrence to which we have alluded, and the cause to which Mr. Welby's singular resolve is attributed, was an attempt made upon his life by a profligate kinsman, from whom he was fortunate enough to



wrest a pistol which had missed fire, and which had been highly loaded with slugs. This circumstance so deeply affected his over-sensitive disposition, that he determined at the instant to prevent the recurrence of a similar attempt, by withdrawing himself altogether from intercourse with his fellows; and how strictly he persevered in doing so to the day of his death, is shown by the following details:—Having chosen the city of London for the place of his seclusion, he obtained a house in Grub-street, wherein he reserved for himself three apartments: the first for his diet, the second for his lodging, the third for his study—one within another; and the while his diet was set on the table by one of his servants, an old maiden, he retired into his lodging chamber, and, while his bed was making, into his study. Thus keeping so closely retired, that for full forty years he was never seen, except by the old woman, and by her but rarely, and upon occasions of great necessity. During the whole of more than two-score years, neither daughter, son-in-law, grandchild, kinsman, stranger, tenant, nor servant, had a single glance of him beside. The old woman, Elizabeth, ministered to all his wants, made his fire, provided his food, and dressed his chamber. He never touched flesh or fish, never drank either wine or strong drink, his chief sustenance being oatmeal boiled with water, and, in summer time, a salad of some choice herbs.

“For dainties, and when he would feast himself, he would eat the yolk of an egg, but no part of the white; and what bread he did eat, he cut out of the middle of the loaf, but of the crust he never touched: his general drink was four-shilling beer, and no other; and now when his stomach served him, he ate some kind of suckets, and now and then drank redde cove’s milke,



which his maid, Elizabeth, fetched for him out of the fields, hot from the cow ; and yet he kept a bountiful table for his servants, with entertainment sufficient for any stranger or tenant that had any occasion or business to his house."

His time was regularly divided between reading, meditation, and prayer. He purchased every new book that was published, most of which, upon slight examination, he rejected. His plain garb, his long and silver beard, his mortified and venerable aspect, bespoke him an ancient inhabitant of the desert, rather than a gentleman of fortune in a populous city. He expended a great portion of his income in acts of benevolence, and was continually inquiring after deserving objects. In the Christmas holydays, at Easter, and upon other festivals, he had great cheer provided, with all sorts of seasonable dishes, served into his own chamber, with store of wine, which his maid brought in ; when he himself (after thanks given to God for his good benefits) would pin a clean napkin before him, and putting on a pair of white holland sleeves, which reached to his elbow, called for his knife, and cutting dish after dish up in order, send one to one poor neighbour, one to another, whether they were brawn, beef, capon, goose, &c., till he had left the table quite empty ; then would he give thanks again, lay by his linen, put up his knife, and cause his cloth to be taken away : and this would he do, dinner and supper, upon these days, without tasting one morsel of anything whatsoever ; and this custom he kept to his dying day.

Mr. Welby died on the 29th of October, 1636, and lies buried in St. Giles's Church, near Cripplegate. The old maid-servant died about six days before her master. He left an only daughter and heiress, Eliza-



beth, who married Sir Christopher Hildyard, Knight, of Winstead, in the county of York, and left three sons, viz.: — 1. Henry, who married Lady Anne Leke, daughter of Francis, first Earl of Scarborough, and of this marriage the Right Hon. Charles Tennyson d'Eyncourt is a descendant: 2. Christopher; and 3. Sir Robert Hildyard, an eminent Royalist commander, who, for his gallant services, was made a knight banneret, and afterwards a baronet.



THE  
STORY OF THE COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE.

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“OF the family of Bowes,” we quote from Surtees’s History of Durham, “an account, said to be taken from the Chartulary of St. Mary’s Abbey, York, states the first ancestor to have been a cousin of an Earl of Richmond, Alan the Black, who appointed him captain of the *Tower of Bowes*, and leader of five hundred archers. The heralds, however, begin the genealogy with Sir Adam Bowes, a successful lawyer, and Chief Justice in Eyre, who married the heiress of Trayne towards 1310, and was the ancestor of a line of knightly rank, who intermarried with the first nobility of the north—Greystock, Fitzhugh, Conyers, Eure, and Clifford; and, what is more singular, were distinguished by civil or military talent in every successive generation.”

It will not here be attempted to trace the various wars, or the councils, in which the descendants of Sir Adam Bowes took part. Yet one member of the family was so distinguished by his loyalty, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, as to demand a passing notice:—

Now was the North in arms : they shine  
In warlike trim from Tweed to Tyne  
At Percy’s voice ; and Neville sees  
His followers gathering in from Tees,



From Were, and all the little rills  
Conceal'd among the forked hills.\*

Now was it, when the powerful Earls of Northumberland and Westmorland had unfurled the banner of the five wounds of Christ against the protestant Queen, that Sir George Bowes, almost alone, of all the Northern chivalry, was vigorous and successful in opposing the insurgents :

Then Sir George Bowes, he straightwaye rose,  
After them some spoyle to make ;  
These noble Earls turn'd back againe,  
And aye they vow'd that Knight to take.†

Descended from this loyal knight was George Bowes, M.P. for the county of Durham, who expired in 1760, leaving to an only daughter and heiress, then aged but eleven years, the maintenance of a high position, and the enjoyment of vast estates. That the friends of a young lady, whose situation would attract to her the attentions of so many, should be anxious to secure for her an early and honourable alliance, was most natural : accordingly, it is no matter of surprise to find that, on attaining her eighteenth birthday, Mary Eleanor Bowes was married to John Lyon, 9th Earl of Strathmore, a representative peer from Scotland in the British Parliament. Tradition records that the Earl was a good-natured, common-place man, and a most indulgent husband ; but it adds, that his domestic happiness was not promoted by his union with the young heiress of Streathlam Castle and Gibside. Lord Strathmore, on his marriage, assumed the name of Bowes, and this surname was borne,

\* Wordsworth's "White Doe of Rylstone."

† The old ballad called "The Rising of the North."



in right of their mother, by the three sons and two daughters who survived to lament him.

The Earl died at Lisbon, in the early part of 1776, and the Countess, after a ten months' widowhood, was married to Mr. Andrew Robinson Stoney, who also took the name of Bowes.

The following picture of the bride and bridegroom, with an account of the circumstances producing their marriage, is extracted from a lately-published "Sketch of Lords Stowell and Eldon,"\* to whom, in early life, the friendship of the Bowes family had been serviceable.

"Mr. Stoney, the Long Wellesley of a lower tone and station, was a native of Ireland, where, in the county of Tipperary, his family were creditably established; and he is believed to have, in 1763, at the age of twenty-eight, come to Newcastle-upon-Tyne with the 30th regiment, in which he held the rank of a lieutenant. Showy without learning, cunning without prudence, and ambitious without perseverance, he brought with him a pleasing address and person, and the eloquence, wit, and assurance, which are said to be indigenous to the country of his birth. Miss Newton, a lady of fortune in the county of Durham, was the first victim of his unfeeling, unprincipled conduct. She was married to him in 1763; but her disappointments and sufferings were not of prolonged endurance—an early grave closed over a broken heart.

"After this he contrived, by means which shall be in part recounted, to cast his net round Lady Strathmore, and draw her into a marriage.

"But, as we have already been introduced to Stoney, let us now take a glance at his prey.

\* By W. E. Surtees, D.C.L.



“Aged at this time about thirty, Lady Strathmore had a graceful figure, somewhat inclining to *embonpoint*, and her general appearance was prepossessing. Of botany, her knowledge was most extensive, and her garden is said to have been a very paradise. For poetry, she had cultivated a taste naturally delicate, and had acquired many languages; but the language of books was the only one, to which she had ever been accustomed, that did not speak the words of flattery. Her intellect had been educated, but not her character; and a prosperity, unregulated by the restraints of religion, portended an adversity which should be unsupported by its consolations.

“Just before her marriage with Stoney, some virulent attacks had been made on the Countess in the ‘Morning Post’ newspaper; and it has since been presumed that Stoney was the concealed author of them. On their appearance, however, he, according to a preconcerted arrangement, called out Bate,\* the editor, for attacking the immaculate virtue of the lady to whom he was devoted; and then pretended to be wounded in the conflict, having probably given himself a scratch or two, in order to act his part the better.

“On this occasion, Lady Strathmore is said to have evinced, by the composition of the following lines, that the Muses had not been ungrateful for the cultivation which she had bestowed upon them. Alas, that their aid should have been invoked in such a cause!

“Unmoved Maria saw the splendid suite  
Of rival captives sighing at her feet,

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\* Being a clergyman of the Church of England, he obtained the nickname of “Parson Bate;” disliking which, he took the surname of Dudley, and was made a Baronet by the favour of George IV.



Till, in her cause, his sword young Stoney drew,  
And to revenge the gallant wooer flew :  
Bravest amongst the brave ! and first to prove,  
By death or conquest, who best knew to love !  
But pale and faint the wounded lover lies,  
While more than pity fills Maria's eyes.  
In her soft breast, where passion long had strove,  
Resistless sorrow fix'd the reign of Love.  
' Dear youth,' she cries, ' we meet no more to part,  
Then take thy honours due—my bleeding heart !' ”

“ The duel scene was successfully performed on the 13th of January, 1777 ; and, on the 17th of that month, Lady Strathmore was married, at St. James's Church, Westminster, to her ' gallant wooer !' None but the brave deserve the fair ! ”

Soon after the celebration of the marriage, Stoney (who must henceforward be styled by his assumed name of Bowes) addressed a letter to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Bowes, then residing at her seat of Paul's Walden, in Hertfordshire. In this letter, after apologizing for marrying her daughter without her consent, or even knowledge, he thus proceeds : “ Deeply impressed with the sense of the impropriety, that may appear to you, of my conduct, I wish to atone for that breach of duty, and to ask your pardon, under the promise of dedicating the remainder of my life to the honour and interest of your daughter and her family. My grateful heart will make me her faithful companion, and with unremitting attention I will consult her peace of mind, and the advantage of the children.”\*

How far his performances in each particular fulfilled his promises, will in a short time be shown.

Bowes compromised, by the payment of a large sum

\* Jesse Foot's “ Lives of A. R. Bowes, Esq., and the Countess of Strathmore.”



of money, an action commenced against Lady Strathmore, by a gentleman named Gray, to whom she was engaged at the very time of her marriage: and, having obtained a seat in Parliament for the representation of Newcastle-on-Tyne, he, for a short time, obtained much notice in London, where he resided in Lady Strathmore's house in Grosvenor-square.

His crafty and perverse mind, however, was never satisfied unless when employed upon some diabolical mischief. But his successive villanies, one after another, came to light. As a gambler he was unsuccessful; and in a few years it became neither the wish nor the interest of even the worst of his companions to afford him their countenance.

But it is in his conduct to his wife that Bowes was peculiarly distinguished from all other villains. His infidelities were most glaring and incessant; but, in order to prevent her from complaining of these, he compelled the miserable Countess to write, at his dictation, a degrading and disgusting account of her own life, previous to her second marriage, entitled, "The Confessions of the Countess of Strathmore."

But one victim afforded insufficient employment for the genius of Bowes; and he now set himself to work to torment the guardians of his step-children—the family of Lady Strathmore by her former husband—by endeavouring to get possession of them; and he succeeded, by the assistance of his wife, probably given under compulsion, in withdrawing the Lady Anna Maria Bowes from school, and conveying her to Paris; whence, however, he was compelled, by the Court of Chancery, to restore her to those to whom the will of the late Earl had committed her custody.

Bowes retained Mr. John Lee, afterwards Attorney-



General, and the eventually still more famed John Scott, the Lord Chancellor, and Earl of Eldon to be, to defend him ; and the following sentence, from the pen of Jesse Foot, Bowes's surgeon, is no small testimony to the consummate hypocrisy which could deceive intellects so practised and acute as theirs.

"I do believe," writes Mr. Foot, "that both Mr. Scott and Mr. Lee were persuaded that the Countess was the mover of this transaction from affection ; that her ill-health was owing to her being deprived of the comfort of her children ; and that Bowes was acting the part of a benevolent husband by thus waiting upon her wishes ; for, when the cause was argued, both these high and humane characters pleaded with their eyes brimful of tears."

The cruelties of Bowes, at length, had become insupportable ; and the wretched Countess determined to effect her escape, and appeal to the law for her future protection. The servants had been enjoined to act as spies upon their mistress, but she at length found a maid who compassionated her miserable situation, and promised to aid in her deliverance. Bowes having left the house in Grosvenor-square, in order to dine with a friend, the male servants were despatched on errands, and Lady Strathmore, after she had locked some doors, in order to delay the discovery of her absence, stole out of the house, in company with her faithful Abigail. By the time that Bowes had discovered the place of her retreat, she had exhibited articles of the peace against him in the Court of King's Bench for ill treatment of her person, and had been put under the protection of the Court.

Lady Strathmore now instituted in the Ecclesiastical Court proceedings against him for a divorce, on the



ground of cruelty and adultery. On the latter accusation he recriminated; but he adopted more vigorous measures to frustrate her efforts. Though the Court of King's Bench had assigned her a highly respectable constable, named Lucas, to guard her, Bowes determined to win him over to his side, and use him as his instrument in resuming possession of her person. He discovered his house; formed the acquaintance of his wife, nursed and dosed his children, and gave them presents; and, thus having made a most favourable impression, produced "THE CONFESSIONS," in order to contrast his wife's character with his own. The unhappy Lucas was fascinated and ruined.

On the 10th of November, 1786, Lady Strathmore went to a shop in Oxford-street, from which, observing several of the satellites of her husband in the street, she withdrew to an inner room, and locked the door.\* But Lucas, the constable, tapping at the door, was, of course, on giving his name, admitted, for from him she expected protection. When within the room, however, he pretended that a warrant against her had been put into his hands, and told her that she was his prisoner, and he must do his duty, which was to take her before Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, who was then at his residence of Caen Wood, near Hampstead, and that he, no doubt, would frustrate all the wicked purposes of her enemies. By this artful tale she was prevailed on to leave the shop, and re-enter her carriage. But at Highgate, Bowes joined the party; and, having preconcerted his measures, conveyed her with the greatest rapidity to the county of Durham. His object was to induce her to stop the proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Court; and,

\* "Gentleman's Magazine" of December, 1786.



in order to drive her to this, he beat her over the face with his fist, and over the breast with his watch-chain, and presenting a loaded pistol at her, swore he would shoot her.

But the very narration of personal cruelties inflicted by the stronger on the weaker sex offends nature; the disgusting details, therefore, of his monstrous barbarities shall be left untold.

Lady Strathmore's solicitors having applied to the Court of King's Bench to effect her rescue, the officers of justice pursued him to Streathlam Castle, whence he escaped, carrying with him the Countess. At length, he was knocked down, as, armed with loaded pistols, and with his wife thrown before him on his horse, he was galloping away from his pursuers; and Lady Strathmore was again restored to liberty.

Bowes and his accomplices were tried and convicted for their enterprise, and were sentenced to a fine, and long imprisonment; and Lady Strathmore succeeded in obtaining her divorce.

In her exultation at her own liberation, and the punishment of her husband, she wrote and sent to him the following epitaph, which shows in its venom some ability, but speaks little for the feminine delicacy of her taste and feeling:—

HERE RESTS,  
Who never rested before,  
The most ambitious of men;  
For he sought not virtue, wisdom, nor  
Science, yet rose by deep hypocrisy,  
By the folly of some  
And the vices of others,  
To honours which Nature had forbade,  
And riches he wanted taste to enjoy.  
He saw no faults in himself,  
Nor any worth in others.



He was the enemy of mankind:—

Deceitful to his friends,  
Ungrateful to his benefactors,  
Cringing to his superiors,  
And tyrannical to his dependents.

If interest obliged him to assist  
Any fellow-creature, he regretted the  
Effect, and thought every day lost  
In which he made none wretched.

His life was a continual series  
Of injuries to society,  
Disobedience to his Maker;  
And he only lamented in despair  
That he could offend them no longer.

He rose, by mean arts,  
To unmerited honours,  
Which expire before himself.

Passenger: examine thy heart  
If in aught thou resemblest him;  
And if thou dost——  
Read, tremble, and reform!  
So shall he, who living  
Was the pest of society,  
When dead, be, against his will,  
Once useful to mankind.

To the subject of the foregoing epitaph, the Countess of Strathmore bore two children: William Johnstone Bowes, a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, who was born in 1782, and was lost at sea in the *Blenheim*, in 1807; and Mary Bowes, who has for many years resided in Bath, and is unmarried.



SIR ROBERT SHIRLEY, THE PERSIAN  
AMBASSADOR.

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SIR ROBERT SHIRLEY, third son of Sir Thomas Shirley, of Wiston, in Sussex, by Anne, his wife, daughter of Sir Thomas Kempe, Knight, and younger brother of the famous Sir Anthony Shirley, visited England, in 1623, for the second time, as Ambassador from Abbas Schah, of Persia. Unfortunately, by his letters of credence being written in the Persian language, there was not to be found any one in the kingdom at that time, except Sir Robert himself, who could interpret them; notwithstanding which, no doubt seemed to be entertained of his pretensions, and he was received with great pomp; King James appearing to have actually forgotten that this same Persian ambassador was his own subject.

Amid all these honours which were showered on the head of Sir Robert, there arrived unexpectedly at Portsmouth, a person who had better claim to the dignity which he had assumed, and who, having proceeded thither in one of the East India Company's ships, had been long detained by accidents and contrary winds on his passage. An event so untoward may be supposed to have rendered the situation of our knight extremely embarrassing; more especially as the pretensions of his rival were supported by the whole body of the East India merchants, who were anxious he should be recognised and accredited as the sole representative of the



Persian monarch, and received in a style of grandeur which could leave no doubt of it in the minds of the public. To prevent this, if possible, from taking place, and to save as much as remained of his own credit, Sir Robert, after having obtained the loan of his Persian letters from the Secretary of State's office, and accompanied by his relative, Lord Cleveland, and some persons of the court, proceeded to the residence of his competitor, where, being admitted, and the cause of his visit explained, the Persian made the usual salutation to his lordship only. And now the following most singular scene took place, which will be given in the words of a curious narrative still extant. "This done, and Sir Robert Shirley unfolding his letters, and (as the Persian use is, in reverence to the king) first touching his eyes with them, and next holding them over his head, and after kissing them, he presented them to the ambassador, that he, receiving them, might perform the like observance; when he, suddenly rising out of his chair, stepped to Sir Robert Shirley, snatched his letters from him, tore them, and gave him a blow in the face with his fist, and while my Lord of Cleveland, stepping between, kept off the offer of a further violence, the Persian's son, next at hand, flew upon Sir Robert Shirley, and with two or three blows more, overthrew him; when Master Maxwell of the bedchamber, and my Lord of Cleveland, nearest him, pulling him back (while two of the company laid hands on their swords, but not drawing them, because not any one sword or dagger was drawn by the Persians). My Lord of Cleveland remonstrated to the ambassador, through his interpreter, on the danger and insolency of the act, saying, 'That if he and the gentlemen there with him, had not borne more respect to that king whom he represented, than he, the am-



bassador, had done to the letters shown him for justification of the other's quality, neither he nor those about him, that had committed that insolency, should have gone alive out of that place.' After these words, he made some show of acknowledgment, and said, 'He was sorry he had offended his lordship; and as, by this act which he had performed, transported with extreme rage against a person who had dared to counterfeit the king, his master's hand, which was always (he said) on the top of his letters, when those letters he had shown him had it on the back; and when, as he had done, that so mean a fellow, and an impostor, should presume to say, he had married the king his master's niece.' To this, Sir Robert (who was, in the meantime, retired behind the company, amazed and confounded with his blow and his treatment) stepped in, and answered, 'That he had never said he had married the king's niece, but the queen's kinswoman; and that for the manner alleged of signing his letters, it was true that the King of Persia, in all his employments of his subjects to foreign princes, or in writing to them, used to sign above, in front of his letters; but that when he employed a stranger to any foreign prince, his signature was usually affixed on the back of his letters, that before their opening, they might show who sent them.' To this, the ambassador replied with scornful looks only."

The whole transaction, as it appears, was immediately reported to King James, who thereupon suspended the time appointed for the ambassador's public reception at court, until the truth could be ascertained of what was alleged by him. "In the meantime, Sir Robert wrote to his Majesty, beseeching him to send him into Persia, with his two letters tied about his neck, for trial, whether they were true or false;" which the King consented to



do, regarding it as the best way of settling the question.

The two ambassadors were appointed to sail on the following month of May, in the fleet which was bound to the East Indies, together with Sir Dodmore Cotton, who was chosen as the king's ambassador extraordinary to the court of Persia; and who, besides his commission to settle a treaty of commerce with Schah Abbas, was directed to inquire whether Sir Robert was guilty of the imposition which was imputed to him. As the above three persons, however, arrived too late at the place of their embarkation, they were obliged to return to London, and defer their departure till the ensuing month of March, 1626; when, embarking in different ships, they proceeded on their voyage; and, according to the words of the narrative, "they all three died on the way, and with them the quarrel and inquiry."

Fennel, however, who relates the transaction, is mistaken in saying that they all three died on the passage, for a continuation of the history of the mission is to be found in the travels of Sir Thomas Herbert, who accompanied the parties; and he says that the Persian ambassador alone died on his passage; he adds that, on the arrival of the British embassy at Asharaff, an audience was granted to Sir Dodmore Cotton, who was attended by Sir Robert Shirley, and seven or eight other Englishmen. The Persian monarch was addressed through the English interpreter; Sir Dodmore Cotton stating that the object of his mission was to congratulate Schah Abbas on his success against the common enemy, the Turk; to establish a perpetual alliance; to promote trade, and to vindicate the conduct of Sir Robert Shirley. Schah Abbas, in his reply to this address, begins with some abuse of the Turks, and then expresses a wish that there



was more unity among the Christian princes, truly observing, that the Ottoman Emperor owed his conquests chiefly to their discord. To the proposal of obtaining a direct commercial intercourse, he gave his hearty concurrence, provided the English would consent to abandon the old route, through the dominions of his enemy. Lastly, in respect to Sir Robert Shirley, he acknowledged his services, and promised that, if he had been accused unjustly, he should have satisfaction.

The court removing immediately afterwards to Casbin, Sir Dodmore was obliged to follow it thither, where, on renewing the negotiations with the favourite minister, who had conceived a mortal dislike to Sir Robert Shirley, the ambassador warmly espousing the cause of Sir Robert, the minister begged to have possession of the original credentials from Schah Abbas to the King of England, upon which Sir Robert founded his pretensions, that they might be duly examined by his master. At the end of three days, the favourite came in person to Sir Dodmore, and informed him that the Emperor had visited the latter, denied the document to be his, and in a passion burned it. He added, that Sir Robert Shirley had his master's permission to depart. This had such an effect upon Sir Robert, who was then afflicted with a dysentery, that in less than a fortnight after he arrived at Casbin he died.

It is evident that Herbert had a friendly feeling towards his fellow-traveller, Sir Robert, which induced him to put the most favourable construction on his conduct, ascribing his disgrace to the ill-will of the favourite minister, and to his master's ingratitude; but it is not probable that Sir Robert's services, had they been half so great as he pretended, would have been so ill-requited of a prince of the Schah Abbas. Nor is it



probable that he should have appointed him his ambassador to the King of England, and not long afterwards have given the same credentials to another. In short, the whole history of this singular transaction tends to prove the grossness of the imposition practised by Sir Robert Shirley.

Herbert, speaking of the wife of Sir Robert, whose rank had been described as so honourable, says that she had been a Circassian slave in the imperial harem, and that she was bestowed on Sir Robert as a mark of royal favour. He calls her the Lady Teresa, and says she was then, at the time he wrote, living at Rome.



## STORY OF CAPTAIN WALTER CROKER, R.N.

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It was a brilliant Eastern morning, in the early summer of 1814, when his Britannic Majesty's ship, *Vanguard*, with all her light sails set, and every additional shred of canvas which could woo the failing breeze displayed, rounded the Marabout Islet in the harbour of Alexandria. Immediately after, the clattering of the chain of the bower anchor through the hawse-holes was heard, and the snow-white drapery of the gallant vessel sank and disappeared. Numberless sailors sprang aloft, and clambered the shrouds, or stood on the yards, while they furled the sails; and the ship, slowly swinging round by the head, was "brought up" to her moorings, and lay still and motionless, casting her broad image for many a rood over the glassy waters.

A swarm of shore-boats now put off from the beach, and the clamorous cries of expectant venders of vegetables and fruits were heard on every side. But the sounds, jabbering and discordant as they were, were pleasant to ears that, for weeks together, had heard only the howling of the wind, or the creaking of the bulk-heads, as the tormented vessel plunged wildly through the storm of waters. Pleasant, most pleasant it was, to mark all the diversity of form, colour, and complexion; of dress and equipment; of importunity or quiescence, that marked the individuals of the motley crowd around



them. Cheering it was, also, to turn the eye, at times, from those noisy gabblers to the low line of wharves at the water's edge, and, raising it slowly from them, to take in a view of the far-stretching city, where the light shaft of Pompey's pillar, and the slender minarets of the mosques here and there appearing, proclaimed another clime. To whom does mother Earth seem so beautiful and dear, as to those whose business lies in the great waters? The dweller on shore may often censure the scenery that presents itself to him, comparing it, in his squeamish fancy, with other views of higher loveliness; but, to the hard-worked mariner, land is *land*, a place whereon he can forget, for a time, his troubles, relax, and wildly enjoy many a coveted pleasure.

To the thinking part, moreover, of the British ship's crew, there were yet greater expectations. Egypt, the land of mystery, of marvel, was before them; and the officers, as they clustered together in groups, talked, according to each man's knowledge, of the country and its story. And guesses were made as to how long their stay might be continued in harbour, and how far their short respites from duty should permit them to see the wonders of the land. Plans were laid, and parties were projected; and each man felt that their good Captain, who was dear to them as a father, would, to the utmost of his ability, carry out their views. It was war-time; and length of leave was neither expected nor practicable. But all were assured that what they desired in the way of liberty would be immediately granted, so far as was consistent with public duty. Each was in good heart, and spoke frankly and sociably with his neighbour. Three days after this, a small party of officers, who had ridden wildly, as sailors only ride, through the city and adjoining country for several hours, halted at one of the



khans, or hotels, of Alexandria. Refreshments having been partaken of, it was debated what should next be done to while away the hours ere they were bound to return to the ship. The dragoman was consulted; and he, good soul, wearied to death by the merciless activity of his employers, protested it was utterly impossible for them to find more in the city than what they had already beheld. "Allah, il Allah! they had seen it all, from the palace to the prisons; and what more could the Señors Inglese wish for? But there was Magraubin, the soothsayer, who could cast their nativities, and, with his astrolabe, make known to them how many years it would take them before they were all Admirals of the Fleet."

"The very thing, Alee!" was the universal exclamation. "Let us have the juggler, by all means."

Alee departed in quest of the magician, and, after the lapse of an hour, returned, bringing him with him. Along with Magraubin came a Coptic boy, about ten years old, who was to be the expounder of the magical discoveries; for the Egyptian *savant* declared that, to the young alone, into whose bosom no impure thought had come, could Futurity reveal itself. *He* would invoke the spirits, and the lad would make known to the company whatever intelligence, hidden in the Unseen, it would be their pleasure to demand.

A chafing-dish, filled with live charcoal, was now brought in, and set on the floor. Paper, pens, and ink were produced; and the magician, having interrogated his company as to what inquiries he should make of the "spirits," and received his answer that they each wished to know what was to be their ultimate destiny, seated himself on the floor before the chafing-dish, and placed the boy right opposite, on the other side. He



now tore the paper into small slips, inscribing each with Arabic characters. He took incense, and flung it on the charcoal, and began his incantations by repeating some unintelligible words. The fumes rose in thick wreaths from the dish, and the magician swayed himself to and fro, still going over the same words as quickly as possible. He suddenly paused. Then, folding a piece of paper into a cup-like shape, he half-filled it with ink, and commanded the boy to fix his gaze steadfastly on the jetty liquid, and cry out when he saw anything. The incantation now proceeded with redoubled vigour. Presently, the boy's cry interrupted the operator.

"I see," said he, "two people with brooms sweeping the street, and now there is coming down towards them a stranger, mounted on a white steed."

"Enough!" Magraubin cried. "Now, Señors, make known to me your separate wishes."

Thereupon a young midshipman stepped forward, and in a quiet but somewhat serious voice, desired that the event about which all are more or less curious—the closing scene of his life—might be declared to him.

A bow from the magician signified his comprehension of the young man's wishes.

Fresh incense was sprinkled on the chafing-dish, and now more abundantly did the magician pour his scraps of paper on the fire. Clouds of smoke rose thickly around, enveloping Magraubin and his attendant boy, so as partially to conceal them from the spectators. It needed but little exercise of the fancy to shape those waving wreaths of smoke into supernatural forms, that appeared to throng round the wizard as though hearkening to the shrill summons which he continually yelled



forth. Again the boy's voice was heard in interruption, and the magician commanded him to make known what he saw :—

“An island, planted with trees like the date-palm, I now see very plainly. It is a beautiful place. The soil is verdant and flowery, like the plains here, when the Nile is gone down. There is a harbour in front, and now a large ship is sailing in. The sails are very white, and the last one has a flag flying from it, with a red cross on the flag. There are people on the shore such as I never saw. They are tall, and nearly naked. Their houses are new to me. They are formed, I think, of trees. . . . That picture is gone. I see now sailors like those here ; but they are not all dressed the same way. Only one has gold on his coat. The others have guns, while he has a sword. They are on that beautiful island, but are not near the shore. They are walking up to a hillock, on which stands a single tree. The savage people attack them. They fight bravely. Crowds of the islanders fall dead before the sailors' guns, but larger crowds collect from every quarter. The sailor with gold on his shoulder is slain, and some more of his men are lying dead along with him. They dig his grave under the tree that is on the summit of the hillock. . . . I can see no more.”

The other individuals of the party similarly had incantations gone through for them, and various were the prognostications of their destiny. But it would be only wandering from our purpose to give these stories in detail. Let us confine ourselves to the single instance we have selected ; and a very few words will now suffice for the *dénouement* of our story.

Years passed by. The general peace that followed Napoleon's overthrow, caused the disbanding of the



vast armaments that had been prepared against the Corsican's ambition ; and with some dozens of his shipmates, the young officer who had been the first to consult the Egyptian's handicraft, was placed on half-pay. Among other stories of his foreign adventures, wherewith he might amuse his stay-at-home friends, this narrative of Magraubin's prediction was occasionally told. It had made no impression on his mind, and was listened to by others with merriment, in which he cordially joined. Walter Croker, for so was he called, was of an Irish branch of the Crokers of Lineham, Co. Devon. Of an ancient lineage, he had personal qualities not unworthy his descent. Brave, frank, hospitable ; he attracted the regard even of the passing stranger, and ere long converted the ordinary acquaintance of the hour into the attached friend for a lifetime. Devoted to the profession he had chosen, he continually made application for active service, until, finding his calls disregarded, he reluctantly ceased to make them. He withdrew to his paternal property at Lisnabrin, county Waterford, married, and became a country gentleman, possessing the good will of his neighbours universally, from his friendly and courteous affability.

Twenty years passed over, and Croker, who had deemed himself wholly forgotten by the lords of the Admiralty, was surprised—most agreeably so—to receive a communication from them, to the effect that his services had not been lost sight of, and that a fine new frigate would be soon commissioned, to the command of which he was to be appointed. He repaired to London, and found the news to be true. The intrigues of the French among the isles of the Pacific, evidenced by their occupation of Tahiti, made it necessary that a few ships, commanded by men of experience, should be



sent thither to watch their motions; and Croker had been selected for this honourable, but difficult service. The ships were to be few, lest they should excite jealousy; and the directions the captains received were, to avoid all collision with the vessels of the other nation, while, at the same time, they should seek to preserve to Britain that prestige of naval supremacy which seems necessary for her existence. The English ships were to traverse the Pacific in all directions, visit the islands, establish friendly relations with the chiefs, take such under protection as should desire it, and thus act as efficient representatives of a government, the freest and purest that has yet subsisted on the globe.

In the course of these duties, Croker's ship entered the bay of Tongataboo. Her special object was to give protection to the missionaries, who had formed a location on the island. The lives of these good men had been threatened by the savage people, even before the latter had heard the message of peace they had come to deliver to them. The British vessel seasonably arrived at this juncture, and the missionaries were received on board for safety's sake. Having secured their persons, the kind-hearted commander would not sail away without an attempt to redeem their property. He landed with a well-armed party of marines and sailors, and proceeded a short way inland to the missionary settlement. On his return, he was waylaid in the jungle by the aborigines. He successfully cut his way through them, and reached an eminence, where he determined to make a stand until reinforcements could arrive from his ship. These instantly put off, on hearing the noise of the firing; but, ere they could succour their gallant chief, he was cut down and massacred. His remains were interred on the very spot where he fell, beneath a



plantain-tree, that, morning and eve, casts its solitary shadow on the green hillock's side, across the Englishman's grave.

We write no fiction. The circumstances are detailed as they have been reported to us. We do not profess an ability to account for those mysterious intimations of the future which, in all ages of the world, have been vouchsafed to men—sometimes by heavenly inspiration, and often by the practice of arts that are unholy and impure. Of one circumstance—that on which the whole story hinges—the reader may be assured. The Egyptian's prediction, however vouchsafed to him, was no *ex post facto* concoction. As we have said, it was delivered to Captain Croker in his youth; was narrated by him to several friends on his withdrawal from active service; and was canvassed by them, as a topic of familiar conversation, for many long years antecedent to its unhappy fulfilment. Croker's death must yet be fresh in men's memories. It occurred within the last few years.



WRAXALL AND DRAYCOT:  
THE LEGEND OF THE WHITE HAND.

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It is a very trite, though now a common saying, that there are more marvels in real life, than in the pages of fiction; and, we may add, that romance in its wildest form can be likened to nothing so aptly as a dream, which, without actually creating anything, presents foregone objects under such distorted shapes and incongruous associations, that at first they are mistaken for creations. In either case, the basis is truth; but it is the truth of our sleeping, not of our waking hours.

This slight prologue may serve to qualify the disbelief of our readers, should any happen to suppose that we have drawn upon imagination for the facts, as well as the colouring, of this episode in domestic history—a supposition that we can assure them would be altogether erroneous. And singular as this story may seem, no small portion of it is upon record as a thing not to be questioned; and it is not necessary to believe in supernatural agency to give all parties credit for having faithfully narrated their *impressions*.

It was a time of high festival at Draycot, and the bells of the village—flattering courtiers as they were—seemed by their continued clamour to sympathize with the lord of Draycot, who, about six weeks before, had married a second wife, in the person of Catherine



Thynne, the daughter of Sir John Thynne, of Longleate, and was now returning to his paternal halls for the first time since his marriage. The tenants, too, and family domestics were quite as joyous, making scarcely less noise than the bells themselves. Not that Sir Walter Long was a remarkably kind master, or forbearing to his equals; on the contrary, gout, which always returned twice, and sometimes oftener in the year, had soured, instead of ripening, a disposition by nature harsh, so that he was much more feared than beloved by those about him. But then this occasion supplied all his dependents not only with a holiday, but with the means of enjoying it. Sundry casks of old October were flowing freely in the hall, while the ponderous tables groaned under the weight of viands, which, with their plain substantial forms, would have shocked the eye, no less than the palate of a modern epicure. But amidst the general revel, there was one who, if not actually sad, at least took no part in this boisterous scene of happiness. This was a young man about nineteen years of age, of a tall and heavy, but not ill-proportioned figure, of fair complexion, light blue eyes, and with features so well-formed and regular as to be really handsome, in spite of their sleepy, inexpressive character. The mouth, too, had an air of feebleness, though there was something extremely pleasing in the smile that played about it, and indeed, the whole expression of the face was that of benevolence, unmingled with the higher mental qualities. He was seated on a grassy knoll, under the shade of a chesnut-tree, looking down with a strange mixture of vacancy and sadness upon the mansion of Draycot, that lay at a short distance below him. His hands were employed, unconsciously as it seemed, in pulling up the daisies



and buttercups, tearing them to pieces, and scattering them about him, while dreamy thoughts of the past and present filled his brain, as from time to time he muttered, "What would my poor mother say, if she could rise up from her cold grave?" And then his eyes would wander from the smoking chimneys of Draycot to the steeple of the village church. But the shade, which at such times stole over his features, showed that his thoughts had little connexion with the merry pealing of its bells; it was to the churchyard and to the tombs that his mind was wandering, and again he would repeat the burthen that was ever uppermost in his memory—"What would my poor mother say, if she could rise up from her cold grave?" So intent was his gaze, or so wrapt up was he in his own meditations, that he did not observe the young gipsy-girl, who had been watching him for the last twenty minutes, and who, at length, tired of this useless vigil, called, or rather screamed, at the highest pitch of a voice by no means feeble, "Master John—John Long, I say!—so—you hear at last; and truly I am glad of it, for, so help me mine own bright star, as I began to think your sense of hearing was no better than your other faculties. Well, are you quite awake? art sure you comprehend me? I like not talking to a deaf man, or a dreamer."

"I am neither the one nor the other," replied the youth, good-humouredly. "But what is it you want? Have you got into fresh scrapes, that you come to me?"

"I come to you for the kindness you have done, and not for anything I would ask you to do. When you saved Marthon from the beadle's whip—may the villain burn in his own ——"



“Hush, hush!” interrupted the young man, laughing; “such ugly imprecations don’t sound well from pretty lips like yours. It’s an odd thing, Marthon”—and his voice became saddened as he spoke—“it’s an odd thing, Marthon, but though I can hear a man of your class curse to his heart’s content, without caring two straws for the matter, yet, when you swear, I can’t help thinking of the fallen angels.”

Marthon eyed him for a moment with a sharp inquiring glance, as if to learn whether she might not have been mistaken in her judgment of his character; but the half sigh, half smile, that followed this brief examination, seemed to show that, in her mind, he was still the same simple-hearted, guileless being, as before.

“There is some sense,” she replied, “and more folly, in what you say, Master John. But let it be. About this second marriage of your father—do you know that his young wife, Lady Catherine, is conspiring with her brother for your ruin?”

“I neither know, nor believe, anything of the kind,” said the young man, hastily.

“Then what has made you sit here for the last two hours, gazing so sadly on Draycot, when it would be more politic, as well as more amusing, to be down yonder, amongst the revellers?”

“My poor mother was once the mistress of that mansion,” said the youth, hanging down his head, as if pressed to earth by the intolerable weight of recollection.

The dark, black eyes of the gipsy glanced fiercely for an instant towards Draycot; in the next, a single tear-drop hung upon her long eyelashes, as she flung herself upon the grass beside him, and took his hand with



all the tenderness of a sister, or of one yet nearer in affection.

“John,” she said, “this is weakness, though it is weakness of the best kind. But listen to me. Do you heed my words?”

“Yes, Marthon, yes; I listen; but I cannot forget what has been.”

“Do I ask you? She who loves—pooh! I am growing a fool myself, and don’t know what I say. Your feeling is a natural one, though there is little wisdom in showing it to others; for the sorrows of the heart will find but few to sympathize with them. But as to this new stepmother of yours—know you not that she’s your enemy?—ay, a subtle and most dangerous one.”

“No, indeed, Marthon; what makes you imagine so?”

“’Tis not imagination, ’tis certainty, or I had not said so much. Beware, John! beware, I say. She has studied you well already; and, knowing every weak point, is prepared to take advantage of them. As yet you have no vice in your heart, but if temptation cross you—and it will cross you—have you the strength to resist it?”

“Why, what a baby you would make of me! But how, in the name of fortune, have you learnt all this? From the stars, perhaps?”

“And what if I had? Would it be the less true?”

“Not the less true, it may be; but certainly the less credible.”

“Ay, to fools, who deny all knowledge that is not in themselves. Why not deny, too, the instinct of the bloodhound when he tracks the unseen prey with a



sagacity unknown to man, his master? But let it pass; I need not question the stars for that which I can see and hear on earth. Yes, friend, I know, for I have heard, all the plans of this Lady Catherine and her brother, Sir Egrimond—all, I tell you—all; ask me not how I know them; there is no bush without eyes, no wall without ears; and once again I bid you beware. They will lead you on from vice to vice, till they have made you hateful to that stern old man, who never forgives in another what he has forgotten in himself. Oh, it is a scheme well worthy of the arch-fiend himself; for if it have his malice, it has his craft also. But I see Sir Egrimond; he comes, no doubt, to seek you. For the last time, beware; keep your lips from the wine-cup, and your hands from the dice-box; they are the engines that your enemies mean to work with."

So saying, the gipsy darted off into a thick copse close beside them, leaving her simple-minded auditor more bewildered than edified by her warnings. He did not for one moment distrust the sincerity of the black-eyed damsel; but then he could just as little bring himself to believe that there was any harm in so pleasant a companion as Sir Egrimond, or that any malice could lurk under the sweet smiles and fair speeches of his beautiful stepmother. And then, how had Marthon come to a knowledge of his misdeeds in the matter of dice and wine? They had been but recent; and, moreover, were of so trivial a nature, that they by no means seemed to justify such terrific prophecies of the future. Well might she say that bushes had eyes and walls had ears, if trifles of this kind could not pass without notice.

He was now joined by Sir Egrimond, whose sharp legal eye had caught a glimpse of the gipsy's red



mantle as she fled into the copse; but so far was this from being a subject of rebuke with the grave serjeant, that he laughed heartily at the blushes and stammerings of poor John Long, who could not have looked more confused had he been detected in the commission of some capital offence.

“Pshaw, man!” he exclaimed, clapping him familiarly upon the shoulder; “why make so many words about nothing? To say the truth, I was half ashamed of such a milksop as, till now, I supposed you were; but, egad, I find you’re a lad of spirit, and I like you all the better! The old gentleman, though, must not know anything about it; mark that, *amico mio*. He has got to a very disagreeable time of life—just the age when men begin to be exceedingly moral and virtuous, and all that sort of thing—very becoming to him, no doubt; and so are his square-toes and long-flapped waistcoat; but they would not do for us—eh, my fine fellow?”

The taunt of his former effeminacy, and the compliment paid to his new spirit of gallantry, made no slight impression upon the facile mind of the youth. Nature had implanted in him strong passions, with a simplicity of mind that often verged on feebleness, and it was plain that the barriers interposed by acquired timidity and the rigour of paternal discipline, would eventually give way under the instructions of his new Mentor. Neither did his stepmother venture to notice what she could hardly avoid seeing; on the contrary, her sole object seemed to be to win his affections by an unlimited system of indulgence; and though this might possibly be the result of some such nefarious scheme as that attributed to her by the gipsy, still there was no denying that it was just as likely to have arisen in mistaken notions of her new duties. Compassionating, as it seemed, the shyness of



a young man brought up under what she might well imagine too strict a rule, she had not waited to have her bounty solicited, but pressed gold upon him, and even urged him to a free use of it. "Your father," she would say, at such times, "excellent man as he undoubtedly is, has somewhat parsimonious habits, and forgets, besides, that he was once young himself; he would fain have you governed by the thoughts and feelings of old age, and it is this unlucky mistake of his that has made you—excuse my speaking out frankly, John—but it has made you so shy, and so simple-hearted, that those who do not know and love you as I do, are apt to think you weak and foolish. Take, then, this purse from me, who am bound to supply the place of a mother to you, and spend it freely as other young men would spend it; when your need requires more, you have only to ask and have."

"My kind, my dearest mother!" exclaimed the youth, who at this moment recollected the gipsy's warning, only to wonder at her blindness.

"It delights me to hear you call me by that name," replied Lady Catherine, with one of her most winning smiles; "but put the gold in your pocket, and say no more about it—least of all, to your father; these must be little secrets between ourselves, my dear John—cabinet secrets—or, rather, you must think my gifts fairy favours, and they, you know, must never be talked of, or the good fairy will be affronted, and her golden guineas will change into so many pieces of slate or dry leaves."

"You are indeed a fairy," cried her stepson, in all the enthusiasm of honest gratitude; "and, what is more to the purpose, a benevolent one."

"To be sure I am," said Catherine, smiling as only woman can smile when she has a point to carry; "to be



sure I am—the fairy Favourable, who went about saying and doing all manner of pretty things, when she found folks deserving of them. But here, I see, is your servant coming with your fishing-tackle, so I wave my wand thrice, and vanish.”

“What would my poor mother say, could she rise from her grave?” exclaimed the young man, as Catherine tripped away on a light foot, that scarcely seemed to bend the grass beneath it. But the old burthen was uttered in a very different tone, and with far other meaning, than when we first met him, looking sadly from the towers of Draycot, to the churchyard in which all his hopes lay buried. Then, it was the expression of a grief that sought, below the turf, for the consolation it could not find on earth; now, it was a burst of grateful joy—the outpouring of a simple but affectionate heart.

Summer and autumn had rapidly passed away at Draycot, Sir Walter growing every day more and more enamoured of his young bride—which, however, was natural enough, considering the total sacrifice she made of all her own wishes and feelings, to those of a man so much beyond herself in years, and, what was still worse, a decided valetudinarian. In addition to this, there was every appearance of her becoming a mother before many weeks were over—an event to which Sir Walter looked forward with as much anxiety, as if he had not already a son to inherit the noble estates of Wraxall and Draycot, if he chose so to will it. But unfortunately it happened that, in exact proportion to his increasing content with the Lady Catherine, he became alienated from the son of his former marriage. As yet, indeed, he knew not the whole extent of the young man’s transgressions in the matter of wine and dice;



for, to do them justice, both Sir Egrimond and his sister used their best efforts to keep such things from his knowledge: still all their care, supposing it to be as real as it seemed, could not silence the tongues of busy friends. Now the old gentleman was like so many other fathers, whose wills are the disgrace of Doctors Commons—he had monopolized in his own person quite as much of vice as usually falls to the share of any single individual, and it was, no doubt, because this called for so large an exercise of his charity, that he had none of that kinder feeling left for others. Hence it followed, that he took upon himself to chastise every delinquent that came under his lash, as if he had been altogether free from spot or blemish in his proper person, administering justice with the severity, and much after the manner, of Virgil's Rhadamanthus—

“Castigat, auditque dolos, subigitque fatere,”

that is, he first punished, and then inquired into the guilt of the supposed culprit. In short, he was just the subject that a stepmother would select to work upon, when the end in view was the disinheriting of a natural heir, and the transference of his property to herself, or to those in whom she took an interest.

Affairs were in this state, when it was settled that the Long family should leave Draycot for Bath, on a pilgrimage to the waters of King Bladud, which, according to the advice of Sir Walter's physicians, were to cure him of the gout, that sorely endamaged his temper while it crippled all his limbs. Indeed, if the faculty might be believed, the huge steaming cauldron wherein the visitors were wont to parboil themselves—the inhabitants of the place knew better—was a second Medea's kettle; by a sort of sulphurous cookery, age and disease, when



duly stewed in it, were converted into youth and health, with a speed that added not a little to the wonder of the cure.

While the old knight was thus employed in patching up his constitution by the help of hot water, the young man was no less busy in doing the best he could to ruin his by the aid of drinking, dicing, and other indulgences that are better not enumerated. From time to time, he caught momentary glimpses of the gipsy-girl, but, on such occasions, he had invariably shunned her, from a sort of awkward consciousness that she had not been altogether wrong in her warnings; and it was this shyness to meet her on his part, that was probably the cause why she had not approached him more nearly since the memorable interview beneath the chesnut-tree. Fate, however, who bears the burthen of so much that would, perhaps, be better attributed to ourselves, had determined they should meet once more.

He was returning home, one fine moonlight night, from the scene of his usual orgies, when, just as he came upon the abbey, the figure of Marthon stood before him, with a spring so rapid, that she appeared to have burst from the solid walls of the building. The young man started back, partly in surprise at the suddenness of the vision, and partly in awe of the frightful change that had taken place in her whole appearance. Her figure had dwindled to half its usual size—a deep red spot glowed on her hollow cheeks, rendered yet more ghastly by the yellow moonlight, and her sunk eyes shone with preternatural brightness. It was easy to see that the poor girl had been suffering severely from some fatal malady, either of mind or body, and that the hand of death was full sure upon her.

“Master John!” she exclaimed, in a hollow voice,



“are you mad? are you blind? Can it be possible that you are the dupe of such gross artifices—and after all my warnings? Out upon this baby weakness; you almost make me ashamed that I could love—ay, love to death—such a driveller; for I am dying; a few weeks only, and the poor gipsy-girl will sleep her last sleep beneath some unblest turf, where cattle will feed, and the foot of man will tread, unconscious of what is lying below them.”

She had poured all this forth with a rapidity of utterance, that gave her astounded auditor no opportunity for interruption; and now, when her voice died away in broken murmurs, there was something in it so inexpressibly sad—so full of deep reproach, that he felt as if he had been guilty of some strange crime—he knew not what; but it seemed to him as if, without his knowledge, he had in some way smitten to death a higher and better nature than his own.

“Good heavens!” he exclaimed, at length, “what can have happened? How fearfully you are changed!”

“Not half so much as you are,” replied the gipsy, with great bitterness. “But it was not to talk of myself that I now meet you, after the solemn oath I took, before mine own bright star, never again to cross your path.”

And, as she said this, she bowed her head, with more than eastern reverence, to one of the sparkling host that glittered high above them.

“Why so, my good Marthon? how have I offended you?”

“How?” she exclaimed. “Oh that so dull a soul should be lodged in a form of such surpassing excellence! Did I not warn you—did I not bid you beware of the dice and the wine-cup?—and well have you profited by my warnings.”



"Hang it, Marthon!" said the stripling, half ashamed of himself, and yet struggling to hide what he really felt; "one would think you were a saint."

"You would think wrong, then, as you always do," replied Marthon, almost fiercely; "no saints hovel in our tents: we draw our lineage from him who did the first murder, and are proud of our common parent, for he had the ready hand and the quick brain, and some portion of his good or ill—call it which you please—has descended upon us, his children. Ay, you must let out the last drop of blood from the gipsy's heart before you change the gipsy's nature."

"Well, but Marthon—what has happened? What would you have me do?"

"What has happened?" repeated Marthon, impatiently; "only this: the deed is made that turns you out to beg, steal, or starve, at your own good pleasure; you may choose whether you will die in a ditch or on the gallows, for, as I think, your hands are not used to labour. Wraxall and Draycot will pass away from you to the new-born heir, the infant son of your kind friend Lady Catherine, who so generously supplied you with the means of ruining yourself. And did I not tell you it would be so? did I not warn you of their plots? But all is not yet lost; for the lawyer has still his dirty work to do. The foul deed must be transferred to fair parchment—that will require a few hours—and in a few hours how much may be done by a quick, determined spirit. Up, then; up, and be doing before it is too late!"

"Alas!" said he, helplessly, "my interference will avail nothing."

"Up, up, I say; wash the signs of drunkenness from your face, and throw yourself at the old man's feet."



Confess your follies—show him how you have been led on and betrayed ; if you have no head, you have a heart—a kind, a noble one—pour out then what it dictates as freely as yonder hills give forth their waters, and you may still be saved. Have you heard me? do you comprehend me?”

“ Yes, Marthon, but——”

“ No ‘buts’—no hesitation!—fly—yet stay, only a single moment !”

She paused awhile, to subdue the strong emotion that had suddenly come over her, and which well-nigh choked her utterance.

“ Master John—you mark the tree that grows alone upon yonder down, the highest of the hills about the city?”

“ Oh, yes ; it is a favourite spot of mine.”

“ ’Tis therefore that I have chosen it. When fourteen days are past, promise to be there, alone, in the moon-light hour.”

“ I will meet you there with pleasure, Marthon.”

“ Meet me,” said Marthon, with a ghastly smile, “ and with pleasure ! Could such things be, the meeting would give you little enough of that, I trow. But they cannot—say what you Christians will, they cannot.”

“ Why, surely, Marthon, you do not mean to say——”

“ I mean to say, that in fourteen days my head will be laid low beneath the turf where the shadow of yonder tree is falling ; and, somehow, it is a foolish thought, but I cannot help it—somehow I feel as if I should die happier if I knew that you would plant a few wild flowers on my grassy bed. Will you, will you?”

But before he could collect himself enough to reply, the shouts of a drunken party, which was coming up the street, caused Marthon to vanish with the same



mysterious rapidity that had marked her first appearance.

Bewildered by all he had just heard, and in that frame of mind when the slightest sound of mirth jars painfully upon the nerves, John Long turned away to avoid the revellers, and mechanically wandered homewards. No thinking, however, could lead him to any decided course of action. His first feeling—for he had no lack of animal courage—was a burning desire to call out Sir Egrimond; but would not that worthy personage laugh to scorn the challenge of a stripling, who was scarcely nineteen years of age? Then the gipsy's advice came across his mind. Should he seek an interview with his father? Strange to say, though he feared neither sword nor pistol in the hand of Sir Egrimond, he had an unconquerable dread of facing the old man; and, yielding to this unlucky feeling, he resolved to defer the intended meeting till the next day, which, he calculated, would be still time enough to prevent the signing and sealing of the fatal document. But on these occasions, when time must be reckoned by minutes, not by hours, delay becomes doubly dangerous, and while he thus hesitated, his enemies were employed in weaving the last threads of the net that was to enmesh him. In a large, cold garret, only dimly lighted by an office candle, that flared and flickered to and fro, as the wind rushed through the ill-fitted casement, Sir Egrimond was giving his final instructions to his clerk respecting the will of Sir Walter. He had himself drawn up the rough draft, which had been approved of by his client, and now earnestly sought to impress upon his humble retainer the necessity of dispatch, as well as secrecy.

“Let this be engrossed by the morning,” he said; “and, Thomas, your fee shall be fifty guineas!”



“Enough said, sir!” replied the clerk, rubbing his hands with great glee at the idea of such a windfall as he had never before met with—“enough said, sir! for that sum I would go to—ahem! It shall be done, sir!—it shall be done!”

“Very good, Thomas; and mind—no blabbing!”

“Of course not!” replied the clerk; “it would be clean against office rules.”

The learned serjeant nodded his head, in token of satisfaction, and, without another word, left Thomas to his midnight labours. But no sooner had he closed the door behind him than the clerk began to give a vent to feelings, which were at least as much owing to the place and hour, as to any very strong notions of justice.

“What a precious rogue is my master! Surely the devil will one day have his due of him! and—ugh!—I don’t feel quite safe myself—but fifty guineas! How very cold it is; I’m all over in a chill. Must treat myself to a stiff glass of grog, or I shall never get through this cursed job!”

The rum was mixed and swallowed, yet still the cold fit would not leave him. So quick had his ear become, that he heard the light low ticking of the watch in his fob, and thought it sounded unusually ominous. It was odd—very odd; what could have come to him? Had he found a conscience on the sudden? The bare idea was too ludicrous; Thomas laughed aloud at it, marveling how it ever found a place in his brain. And so comforting was the echo of his own mirth, that it helped to raise his spirits more than all the rum had done. Under its influence, the arch-fiend himself had fallen at least ten per cent. in his opinion, greatly to the increase of the good-will with which he now applied to the task of disinheriting the unlucky son.



For two long hours did our clerk's pen travel steadily and rapidly over the deep black engrossing characters, when suddenly there appeared a shadow upon the parchment.

"Deuce take the candle!" he muttered; "it wants snuffing every minute."

But on looking up for this purpose, what was his surprise at seeing a delicate white hand—evidently a woman's hand—interposed between the light and his parchment! It was gone, however, almost as soon as seen.

"It must be fancy," thought Thomas. "No doubt I was half asleep, though I thought myself wide awake all the time. No uncommon case, that—especially with our clients!—ha! ha!"

And mightily tickled with his own joke, he set to work again upon the will, at the place where he had just before left off. It was the blackest part of the whole deed—the clause which disinherited poor John Long, which was rendered yet more atrocious by the slanders that it pleaded in its own justification. To read this dark bead-roll of offences, any person ignorant of the real state of the case would have supposed that the testator was one of the most tender-conscienced Christians breathing; while his son, according to the same veracious testimony, must have been originally too bad for hanging, and had degenerated ever since. It is surprising how much goodness is emblazoned on rich men's monuments, and how much vice stands recorded in their wills, as if they had actually carried off with them the cardinal virtues, and left nothing but vice behind them. Even Thomas, accustomed as he was to such matters, could not help a feeling of surprise at the ingenious alchemy which had transmuted a mere youth



whom he well knew to be kind and simple-hearted, into something little better than a demon. But he recollected the serjeant's promise of fifty guineas, and recommenced his labours with increased energy.

The clock struck one.

"Late—late!" muttered Thomas to himself, without, however, ceasing his task. "And what a singular vibration the bell of the clock has to-night—will it never have done?—burr!—burr—bu—r—r! Bless my soul! if I were not as bold as a lion, and as innocent as a lamb, I might almost fancy——"

Again the same shadow fell upon the parchment, and at the sight, the blood rushed back upon his heart, which, under the influence of this sudden torrent, knocked against the ribs as if it would burst them. Fain would he have avoided looking up, but there was a spell, either in his fears, or in the shadowy object, that was stronger than will, and compelled him to seek for what he most dreaded,—when, lo! the same visionary hand showed itself between the light and the parchment. This was too much. Uttering one loud yell of horror, he fled from the room, woke the serjeant from a pleasant dream of a new Chancery suit, and would not leave off till he had made him hear the whole story. It was in vain that Sir Egrimond endeavoured to laugh him out of his terrors.

"May I not believe my eyes?" asked the clerk.

"Not if they show you such visions as these."

"Nor my ears, I suppose; nor any other sense?"

"Certainly not," replied the serjeant, coolly, "when they contradict reason."

"Oh, I shall go mad," said the unhappy clerk, not knowing what to think. "I *am* mad. Tol-de-rol—tol-de-rol. Oh, yes, to a certainty I am mad—tol-de-rol."



And forthwith he began capering about the room like one possessed, till at last he sank back into a chair from actual exhaustion.

"Now that you have tired of your antics," said Sir Egrimond, who had looked on with marvellous coolness, "perhaps you will have the goodness to tell me who, according to your notions, was the owner of this same white hand, for I suppose it had an owner."

"Why, the late Lady Long, to be sure."

"And how do you know it was hers?" asked the serjeant, as if he had been cross-examining a refractory witness.

"Because—because—because I do," replied Thomas, stoutly.

"Ay, but that wont do," said the serjeant; "I ask you again, upon your oath—psha! I mean, how the devil did you know it was Lady Long's hand? Did you see her face?"

"No."

"Then, how dare you tell me such a lie?"

"It's no lie," said Thomas; "it's an inference."

"A what, sirrah?"

"An inference. I infer that it was Lady Long; for who but the mother of the rightful heir would think of travelling all the way from the other world, only to thrust her horrid white hand in my face when I was engrossing the deed that went to rob——"

"Rob, you scoundrel!—what do you mean by that?"

"I don't know what I mean; she has frightened me out of my wits; I told you so before; and it's hard if you make me responsible for anything I may say or do for the next six months."

Ingenious as was the clerk's mode of reasoning, Sir Egrimond was not convinced by it; he only arrived at



the conclusion that Thomas had too delicate a conscience for the wear and tear of the law, and consequently dismissed him. Of course another clerk was easily found, of tougher materials, when the deed was speedily engrossed, signed, and sealed, the son with all due form disinherited, and Sir Walter soon after died comfortably in his bed, with the pleasant assurance that in life he had discharged all the duties of a good father and a pious Christian.

So far, then, it would seem that the white hand had showed itself to little purpose ; and yet this, as it turned out, was by no means the case. The clerk's marvellous tale quickly spread abroad, and, by making the matter a subject of conversation, raised up friends for the disinherited son, who might else have forgotten him. The trustees of the late Lady Long arrested the old knight's corpse at the church door ; her nearest relations commenced a suit against the intended heir ; and the result was a compromise between the parties, by which John Long took possession of Wraxall, while his half-brother was allowed to retain Draycot. Hence the division of the two estates, which we find in the present day.

What became of Marthon the legend saith not, but no doubt she kept up her reputation for prophecy, by dying at the time she had herself predicted. Let us hope, too, that he in whom she had so deeply interested herself planted, with a grateful hand, a few wild flowers on the grave of the poor girl, who had literally died for love ; for the humblest may have hearts, and hearts—especially when lodged in female bosoms—may be broken.

Lady Catherine, we are told, was married to a second husband, Sir Edward Fox, whose personal attractions made her forget the solemn pledge she had given to Sir Walter on his death-bed. But if the widow of Ephesus



has found many imitators, no doubt she had also many precedents. Sir Walter, however, in his defunct state, appears to have been as jealous as any living husband, and to have been disturbed out of all reasonable measure by this second marriage. It was shown thus: his picture, painted on wood, hung at that time over the parlour-door at Wraxall, as it now does at Draycot. When Sir Edward led his bride from the church into the parlour, the string, by which the painting was suspended, broke, and the heavy portrait tumbled upon her shoulder, getting cracked as it came into collision with the floor. "This," says Aubrey, "made her ladyship reflect on her promise, and drew some tears from her eyes."

John Long, the disinherited son, married, subsequently, Anne, daughter of Sir William Eyre, of Chaldfield, and left issue, which is now extinct in the male line: his half-brother, to whom Draycot fell, became Sir Walter Long, Knight, and represented Wiltshire in Parliament. From him directly descended the late Sir James Tylney Long, of Wraxall and Draycot, the last known male representative of the Longs of Wraxall and Draycot. He died in early youth, 14th September, 1805, when his extensive estates devolved on his sister Catherine, wife of the Hon. William Wellesley Pole.



## CELEBRATED PEERAGE CAUSES.

I.—THE EARLDOM OF NORTHUMBERLAND CLAIMED BY  
JAMES PERCY, THE TRUNK-MAKER.

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Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,  
Descended from the duke . . . . .;  
And calls yourself usurper. —*Shakespeare.*

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THE great family of Percy, so conspicuous in England's annals since the Norman conquest, enjoyed from that eventful era to the death of Jocelyn Percy, 11th Earl of Northumberland, in 1670, more than six hundred years, an uninterrupted male descent, and counted on their family tree no less than nine barons by feudal tenure, four barons by royal writ, and eleven Earls of Northumberland, all of whom were men more or less renowned in those martial times, when the soldier's was the only name to be found inscribed upon the tablets of fame.

Earl Jocelyn married the youngest daughter of the Lord Treasurer, Thomas Earl of Southampton, the Lady Elizabeth Wriothesley, and left at his decease an only daughter, the greatest heiress of her time, Lady Elizabeth Percy, who eventually became the wife of Charles Somerset, the sixth and still-remembered proud Duke of Somerset. Of her Grace's eventful life, we have already spoken, in our account of the murder of



Mr. Thynne. On the death, thus sonless, of Jocelyn, the last of the male Percys, a singular claimant arose to the hereditary renown, broad lands, and nobility of the illustrious deceased, in the person of a humble trunk-maker of the city of Dublin, one James Percy, who came over in 1670, the very year the Earl died, especially to prefer his claim, which he subsequently pursued with all the enduring boldness of a Percy, against the might and the wealth of the most powerful noble in the kingdom, in those days when might constituted right, and, united with wealth, became irresistible. The trunk-maker contended against the proud Duke, notwithstanding, for full fifteen years, and obtained during the contest some temporary triumphs, although we do believe that he really had no right whatsoever; but he was dealt hardly by, and of consequence excited no little sympathy pending the affair, nor did his defeat and total annihilation finally set his pretensions at rest, for it is even still believed by many, that the trunk-maker was the true Percy.

There is no vanity more intoxicating than the supposition of being born to high destinies, and many a strong as well as feeble mind has tottered under the delusion. But such a supposition at the worst is weak—not wicked; and there is no crime in endeavouring to establish legally what we firmly believe to be true. Yet the poor trunk-maker was absolutely treated as criminal for presuming to “trouble the House of Lords,” and daring to enter the lists with the potent and haughty Duke of Somerset. The lineage, the laurels, and the lands of the Percys, were a prize well worth doing battle for; and he would be a false Percy indeed, who, believing that he had the slightest shadow of right to so magnificent an inheritance, shrank from the arena.



But to proceed: the conduct of James Percy in preferring his claim, and assuming the title of Earl of Northumberland, in 1670, aroused the Dowager Countess, the mother of Earl Jocelyn, who, on the 18th of February, 1672, presented a petition to the House of Lords on behalf of herself and Lady Elizabeth Percy, her granddaughter, showing that "one who called himself James Percy (by profession a trunk-maker in Dublin) assumes to himself the titles of Earl of Northumberland and Lord Percy, to the dishonour of that family;" which petition was referred to the Committee for Privileges. In two days afterwards, on the 20th November, a petition from the trunk-maker was read, considered, and dismissed: both parties, however, were before the House on the 28th, Percy claiming the honours, and the Countess charging him with being an impostor. Percy craved time by his counsel; but refusing so show any probability that he had a just right, the House refused to accede, and finally resolved that his petition be dismissed, Arthur Annesley, Earl of Anglesey, alone protesting. The Lords adjourned the next day, and nothing further was done at the time in the matter.

Percy, however, undaunted by the decision, persevered in his pretensions, and, appealing to the Courts of Common Law, instituted actions for scandal and ejectment against various parties, and no less than five suits were tried between the years 1674 and 1681. In the former year, he sued one James Clark for scandal, in declaring that he was an impostor, but was nonsuited, which, in a printed statement, he attributed to the collusion of his attorney, and adds that the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Matthew Hale, dissatisfied with the decision, stood up and said aloud in open court, "that



the claimant had proved himself a true Percy, by father, mother, grandfather, and grandmother, and of the blood and family of the Percys of Northumberland, and that he did verily believe that the claimant was cousin and next heir male to Jocelyn, late Earl of Northumberland, only he was afraid he had taken the descent too high." Chief Justice Hale is further stated to have said to Lord Shaftesbury, when entering his coach, "I verily believe he (James Percy) hath as much right to the earldom of Northumberland, as I have to this coach and horses which I have bought and paid for." The claimant next brought an action against another of his adversaries, one Wright, also for slander in declaring his illegitimacy, and the case was tried before Hale's successor, the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Richard Rainsford, when, having proved his legitimacy and pedigree, he had a verdict of 300*l*. He had subsequently protracted litigation in the Exchequer with Edward Craister, Esq., Sheriff of Northumberland, against whom he filed a bill, in 1682, for the recovery of the sum of 20*l*. per annum, granted by the patent of creation out of the revenues of the county: before this, in 1680, he again petitioned the House of Lords, and his petition was again rejected, Lord Anglesey again protesting against the rejection. Pending the suit in equity, the Duchess of Somerset, in 1685, brought the subject once more under the consideration of the House of Lords; when their Lordships, upon reading the petition of Charles, Duke of Somerset, and Elizabeth, Duchess of Somerset, showing, "that one James Percy falsely assumed to himself the title of Earl of Northumberland," &c., referred the same to the Committee for Privileges. In rejoinder to this petition, Percy presented a "petition of complaints," which was likewise sent to the Committee. There



appears no result to this reference, and the House seems to have taken no further cognizance of the matter during the remainder of the reign of King James; but on the 15th of May, in the first year of William and Mary (1689), it appears that a petition from James Percy was read, and referred to a Committee for Privileges "to consider thereof, and of several reflexions in it, and what is fit to be done to prevent disturbance by the said James Percy, who hath so often troubled the House in this matter, and to report thereon."

The report of the committee declared Percy's conduct to be insolent in persisting to call himself Earl of Northumberland, after the former decisions of the House, and the Lords ordered that counsel on the part of the Duke of Somerset should be heard at the bar of the House against the said James Percy. The Lords finally decided, "that the pretensions of the said James Percy to the Earldom of Northumberland are groundless, false, and scandalous;" and it was further ordered and adjudged, "that, therefore, the petition of the said James Percy be and is hereby dismissed the House; and that the said James Percy shall be brought before the four courts in Westminster Hall, wearing a paper upon his breast, on which these words shall be written: THE FALSE AND IMPUDENT PRETENDER TO THE EARLDOM OF NORTHUMBERLAND." This judgment was immediately carried into execution, and, from that time, nothing further was heard of the unfortunate trunk-maker or his claim. Percy's own statements of his pedigree, for there were two, both broke down. In the first he alleged that his grandfather, Henry Percy, of Pavenham, was son of Sir Richard Percy, a younger brother of Henry, ninth Earl of Northumberland; according to which allegation Sir Richard must have been



a grandfather at thirteen years of age. Sir Richard was shown, however, to have died without issue. He subsequently took his descent from Sir Ingram or Ingelram Percy, stating that his grandfather Henry was the eldest of the four children of Sir Ingram, third son of Henry, fifth Earl, and that the said four children were sent out of the north into the south, about the year 1599, in hampers, to old Dame Vaux, of Harrowden, in Northamptonshire. For this story, however, he advanced no proof, and attempted to support the assertion of Sir Ingram's marriage on the oath of a Mr. Henry Champion, who had formerly kept some books and records of the Percys. That Sir Ingelram Percy died unmarried, there can be little doubt, and left an illegitimate daughter only.

Of James Percy, himself, nothing was heard after the Lords' final decision; but we find his son, Sir Anthony Percy, holding the office of Lord Mayor of the city of Dublin, in 1699. He (Sir Anthony) died in 1704, leaving by Mary his wife, daughter of Arthur Emerson, Esq., three sons, Henry, Robert, and James: the second, Robert Percy, of Singborough, in Wicklow, died in 1750, leaving a son, Anthony, and a daughter, Elizabeth, wife of Patrick Shee. The eldest son, Henry Percy, Esq., of Seskin, also in Wicklow, married Eliza, daughter of William Paul, Esq., of Moyhill, and had a son, Emerson, and six daughters, Mary, *m.* to Richard Warren, Esq.; Hannah, *m.* to Mr. Hoey; Elizabeth, *m.* to Mr. Montgomery; Anne, *m.* to Harry Towneley Balfour, Esq.; Harriet, *m.* to Sir Richard Butler, Bart.; and Jane, *m.* to Henry Stanley Monck, Esq., of Dublin.



## II.—THE EARLDOM OF BANBURY.

. . Mother, I am not Sir Robert's son ;  
Legitimation, name, and all is gone.—*Shakespeare.*

Judicial investigations are seldom uninteresting,—never, when instituted to inquire into transactions of years long gone by, involving the restoration of rights, or the reparation of wrongs. Hence, in our law-works, the most remarkable causes on record are those appertaining to disputed dignities, and contested bequests, technically termed Will and Peerage Cases. Bearing strong analogy to each other, they are sustained and rebutted by very similar sort of evidence ; and produce, in the progress of the inquiry, very similar results,—by the testimony of the aged and infirm, striving after the shadows of faded memory,—by that of the crafty and hard-swearing, fencing with truth in furtherance of falsehood,—by dilapidated tombstones and obliterated parchments ; the suit, too, in both instances, frequently disclosing family secrets so long forgotten as to justify the assumption that they had been irrevocably buried in the vaults of time : facts of so extraordinary a nature, as to baffle all human foresight and human credulity ; and traits of individual character, for good or for evil, exhibiting humanity in its brightest or its blackest colours. Of these, that of the Earldom of Banbury is perhaps the most singular and important in the whole catalogue, whether estimated by the extraordinary length of time—more than a century and a half—it remained undecided, or the remarkable conflict of opinion to which it gave rise between the first tribunal in the realm, the House of Lords, and the first law judge, the celebrated Lord Chief Justice Holt, regarded by his contemporaries



as the profoundest lawyer of the times in which he lived, and as such acknowledged ever since by the legal learning of England.

The family of Knollys was of distinction from the time of Edward III., when Sir Robert Knollys, one of the companions of the Black Prince, was made a Knight of the Garter for his achievements in arms, and acquired by his good sword large possessions beside. Thenceforward it flourished uninterruptedly to Sir Francis Knollys, a Knight of the Garter likewise, who married Catherine, daughter of William Cary, Esq., by Mary his wife, one of the daughters of Thomas, Earl of Wiltshire, and sister of Henry the Eighth's unhappy Queen, Anna Boleyn. Sir Francis, by that lady, had two sons, Henry Knollys, who predeceased, and Sir William Knollys, who succeeded him (in 1596) and who eventually (after his own decease) acquired so much notoriety by the litigation which the disputed succession to the honours he had acquired occasioned. Sir William Knollys, born about the year 1547, was created Baron Knollys of Grays, in Oxfordshire, by King James the First, in 1603; in sixteen years after, Viscount Walsingham, by the same monarch, and Earl of Banbury, by King Charles, in 1626. The Earl's first wife was Dorothy, widow of the Lord Chandos, and daughter of Edmund, Lord Bray; but by that lady, who died in 1605, he had no issue. His second wife was the Lady Elizabeth Howard, eldest daughter of Thomas, Earl of Suffolk, whom he appears to have married in the same year that Lady Knollys died, he being then on the verge of threescore years of age, and Lady Elizabeth not having reached a single score. With her ladyship, notwithstanding the great disparity, there is no doubt whatever but that he spent the remainder of his life in



the utmost harmony. If proof thereof were wanting, his settlement of Caversham, in Berkshire, upon her in 1629, and her appointment as sole executrix to his last will and testament the next year, would amply supply it. The settlement he makes "in consideration of the love and affection which he beareth unto the said Lady Elizabeth his wife, having been always a good and loving wife ;" and she is called in the will "his dearly beloved wife, Elizabeth, Countess of Banbury." To the settlement, the Lords Holland and Vaux were trustees ; the latter, Edward, Lord Vaux, of Harrowden, being on intimate terms of friendship with the Earl. Lord Banbury died on the 25th of May, 1632, when 85 years of age at least. No inquisition respecting the lands of which he died seised followed on his decease ; but in about eleven months after, a commission was issued for that purpose to the feodary and deputy escheator of Oxfordshire, pursuant to which an inquisition was taken on the 11th of April, 1633, at Burford, when the jury, after enumerating the numerous estates and manors of the deceased, found that Lady Elizabeth, his wife, survived him ; that the Earl had died without heirs male of his body, and that his heirs were certain persons specified. Although such was the result of this proceeding, it appears to have been a fact that, about the 10th of April, 1627, the Countess of Banbury had given birth to a son, who had received the name of Edward ; and on the 3rd January, 1631, to another son, who was baptized Nicholas ; both of whom were alive at the date of the inquisition. The first was born when the Earl of Banbury was about eighty, and the Countess between forty and forty-one years of age. At the time of the birth of the second, the Earl must have been eighty-four or five, and Lady Banbury between four



and five and forty. The Countess is stated to have borne the Earl a daughter many years before, who died some time previously to the year 1610. Her ladyship, within five weeks after the decease of Lord Banbury, married Lord Vaux, of Harrowden, to whom we have already alluded; and the numerous petitions presented to the Crown, and discussed in the House of Lords for more than a century and a half afterwards, arose from the allegation, that the children of Lady Banbury were the issue of Lord Vaux, and not of her first husband, Lord Banbury.

On the 9th of February, 1640-1, a bill was filed in Chancery by Edward, the elder son, described as Edward Earl of Banbury, an infant, by William Earl of Salisbury,\* his guardian; and, in consequence, several witnesses were examined, who deposed to the love and affection which subsisted between Lord and Lady Banbury; to the birth of the children; to the Earl's cognizance thereof, and to his acknowledgment of them; but these depositions were rejected by the House of Lords in 1809, more than a century and a half after; and thereupon, in the result, became nugatory. A writ was issued, however, in 1641, arising, it is presumed, from these proceedings, directing the escheator of Berkshire, "to inquire after the death of William, late Earl of Banbury;" and an inquisition took place at Abingdon accordingly, when the jury found, with other matters, that "Edward, now Earl of Banbury, is, and at the time of the Earl's decease was, his son and next heir." This young man subsequently assumed the title, and, according to Evelyn, was travelling in Italy, as Lord

\* Husband of Lady Catherine Howard, one of the sisters of the Countess of Banbury.



Banbury, in 1645. He was killed near Calais during his minority the next year, and, as he died without issue, his brother Nicholas, who was then about fifteen years of age, immediately assumed the title of Earl of Banbury. Harrowden, with the other estates of Lord Vaux, were settled upon him by that nobleman in the same year. The Countess of Banbury died 17th April, 1658, aged seventy-three, and her second husband, Lord Vaux, 8th September, 1661, aged seventy-four. The year previously (in June, 1660), Nicholas, Lord Banbury, took his seat in the house of Lords, in what is termed the Convention Parliament, and sat until the prorogation in the December following. During that time no proceedings occurred whatever for impeaching his right to the Peerage; but to the Parliament which met the May following, the Earl of Banbury was not summoned, and, therefore, could not take his seat. He did not, however, acquiesce in the exclusion, but petitioned the Crown for his writ; and the petition being eventually heard by the Committee for Privileges, it was resolved by that body, on the 1st July, 1661, "that Nicholas, Earl of Banbury, is a legitimate person."

Nicholas, Lord Banbury, married first, Isabella, daughter of Mountjoy, Earl of Newport; and, secondly, Anne, daughter of William, Lord Sherrard, of Leitrim, and died 14th March, 1673-4, leaving one son, Charles, Viscount Wallingford, who assumed the title of Earl of Banbury, and the year after he attained his majority (in 1685) petitioned the House of Lords to take his case into consideration. The petition was, in the first instance, referred to the Committee for Privileges, and afterwards taken up by the House itself; but the Parliament was eventually dissolved in 1687, without



coming to any resolution, and no other Parliament was summoned during the reign of King James II.

In this position the claim stood at the accession of William and Mary, in 1689.

For more than thirty years the House of Lords had carefully abstained from coming to a decision on the subject; and, after receiving two reports from its Committee for Privileges in favour of the claimant, it met every demand on his part by referring again to the same committee. An event, however, at length occurred, which rendered it imperative upon the House to pronounce its decision. Charles Lord Banbury, the petitioner of 1685, had the misfortune to kill his brother-in-law, Capt. Philip Lawson, in a duel, for which offence he was indicted, on the 7th of December, 1692, by the name of Charles Knollys, Esq., which circumstance he communicated to the House of Lords by petition, and prayed that he might be tried by his Peers. On this petition an investigation took place, several of the most eminent lawyers being heard on both sides at the bar of the House, and finally the petition was dismissed, after it had been resolved that the petitioner had no right to the Earldom of Banbury. Meantime, the indictment of "Charles Knollys, Esq.," had been removed by certiorari from the Hicks's Hall into the Court of King's Bench, in Hilary Term, 1693, when he was brought to the bar from Newgate, and, being arraigned, he said he was the person indicted, but pleaded a misnomer in abatement, in substance that he was Earl of Banbury. The pleas occupied, subsequently, more than a year, during which time the prisoner was admitted to bail—namely, until the 22nd March, 1694, when the House of Lords interfered, by ordering from the Attorney-General "an account in writing of the proceedings in



the Court of King's Bench against the person who claims the title of the Earl of Banbury." The Attorney-General obeyed the order, and Chief Justice Holt was heard by the Lords on the subject. Parliament was soon after prorogued, and did not meet again until the ensuing November. In the meantime, the Court of King's Bench proceeded, and finally quashed the indictment on the plea that the prisoner was wrongly named, being called Charles Knollys instead of Earl of Banbury.

The House of Lords re-assembled on the 27th of November, 1694, and learned from the Attorney-General the course adopted by the Court of King's Bench: but, after an angry debate, the affair was adjourned, and nothing further was heard of it until the beginning of 1698, when Charles Lord Banbury again petitioned the King, and the petition was again referred to the Lords; subsequently, Lord Chief Justice Holt\* attended the Committee, and being desired "to give their lordships an account why the Court of King's Bench had acted as it had done in this affair," replied, "I acknowledge the thing; there was such a plea, and such a replication. I gave my judgment according to my conscience. We are trusted with the law. We are to be protected, not arraigned, and are not to give reasons for our judgment; therefore I desire to be excused giving any." Mr. Justice Eyre was also questioned, and was alike dignified and determined. The contest, after much discussion and many adjournments, terminated at last in the abandonment by the House of its fruitless struggle with the

\* Lord Chief Justice Holt's judgment is stated to have been "more explicit than that of other judges, and to have been delivered with greater reason, courage, and authority."



Court of Common Law. The petition of Lord Banbury was subsequently before the Privy Council, but the sudden demise of Queen Anne put an abrupt end to the proceedings.

Soon after the accession of the House of Hanover, Lord Banbury again petitioned the Crown, and the petition was referred to Sir Philip York, the then Attorney-General, anno 1727, who, after having had laid before him the whole proceedings from the year 1600 to 1712, made a report to the King, and the matter so remained until the decease of Charles, Earl of Banbury, in France, in August, 1740. Eighty years had thus elapsed without any relinquishment of the right on the part of the heirs of the original claimant. The last lord never ceased to bear the title, and five several times asserted his right to a writ of summons to Parliament, by petitions to the Crown. From that period until 1806, when the claim was renewed, the history of the case may be very briefly stated, as it consists only of genealogical facts, and proofs that the successors of Nicholas, third assumed Earl, were unanimously styled in all legal instruments executed by themselves, as well as by other persons, in all Courts in Westminster Hall, and in commissions from the Crown, "Earls of Banbury;" that their wives were styled "Countesses of Banbury;" and that their children bore those titles which would be attributed by courtesy to the sons or daughters of the Earls of Banbury, and that they were so baptized, married, and buried; thus affording evidence of uninterrupted usage of the title for upwards of 180 years.

Charles, third assumed Earl of Banbury, was twice married, and died, as already stated, in France, in 1740. By his first wife, Mary Elizabeth Lister, he had a son,



William, Viscount Wallingford, who died in the lifetime of his father, issueless. By his second wife, Mary, daughter of Thomas Woods, of London, merchant, the Earl had a son Charles, fourth Earl of Banbury, who died in 1771, leaving a son and successor, William, fifth Earl, who died unmarried in 1776, and was succeeded by his brother, Thomas Woods, sixth Earl, at whose decease in 1793, the title devolved upon his eldest son, William Knollys, then called Viscount Wallingford, who assumed the title of Earl of Banbury, and under it presented a petition to the Crown in 1806, which was referred to the Attorney-General, Sir Vicary Gibbs, and subsequently, by that officer's advice, to the House of Lords, where it remained from 1808 to 1813.

The immediate cause of the claimants resolving to bring the question before the House of Lords, arose from the Crown's being advised to deviate from its former usage of styling him "Earl of Banbury," in the commissions which he bore in the army. His father, the late Earl, had the honour of being an officer in the third regiment of foot, previously to his succeeding to the earldom; and the petitioner himself was brought up in the army, and was, when he petitioned, a major-general therein. Whilst the petitioner's father was living, the petitioner, under the established courtesy as to sons and heirs apparent of earls, was styled, "William Knollys, *commonly called* Viscount Wallingford." But on his father's death, and the consequential descent of the Earldom of Banbury to him, the style of Viscount by courtesy became inapplicable, and the style of "Earl of Banbury" was refused him.

On the 30th of May, 1808, the Committee for Privileges, to which the petition was referred by the House, met, when Sir Samuel Romilly, Mr. Hargrave, and Mr.



(afterwards Justice) Gaselee, appeared as counsel for the petitioner; and the Attorney-General, Sir Vicary Gibbs, and Mr. Tripps, attended on behalf of the Crown. The case remained under investigation until 1813, when, after receiving a mass of documentary evidence, and hearing in their places the law lords, Erskine, Ellenborough, Eldon, and Redesdale, besides the learned counsel above mentioned, *pro* and *con*, as to the legitimacy of Nicholas Vaux, *alias* Knollys, the third assumed Earl, and first petitioner, the committee came to the resolution, "That the petitioner hath not made out his claim to the dignity of the Earl of Banbury;" which report being taken into consideration by the House, 11th March, 1813, it was resolved, THAT THE PETITIONER IS NOT ENTITLED TO THE TITLE, HONOUR, AND DIGNITY OF EARL OF BANBURY.

### III.—THE EARLDOM OF HUNTINGDON.

Then, good my lord, take to yourself  
This proffer'd benefit of dignity  
—— to draw forth your noble ancestry  
From the corruption of abusing time,  
Unto a lineal true-derived course.—*Shakespeare.*

The claimant of broad lands and wide domains has much greater difficulty to encounter than he who simply seeks the resuscitation of a dormant title of honour. Yet the would-be lord of the soil is a thousand times oftener successful than the would-be lord of parliament, even allowing to the fullest extent for the great numerical superiority of the former class of suitors. Few men are there so foolhardy as to claim property without some sort of rational pretension to it, whereas amongst the many aspirants to coronets very few indeed have any



pretension whatever but mere traditionary gossip ; hence it is that so many peerage claims brought hopefully before the Crown and the Lords' House of Parliament, terminate in utter hopelessness, and that so many suitors go forth from the Committee for Privileges, not peers, but paupers. Doubtless some just claim has now and again been preferred, and prospered, and to that very prosperity may be traced the disappointment of a host of visionaries ; as many have been lured to the gaming-house, and ruined there by the rare instance of a well-concocted move having established some gamester's fortune. One of these prosperous cases we are now about narrating ; and we have thus prefaced the narrative, that it may not become a precedent to the unthinking and over-sanguine.

The singularity about the claim to the Earldom of Huntingdon is, that it succeeded in despite of the claimant himself, who, but one brief year before he was installed as fourth earl of the kingdom, had hardly any idea of his own position. He was a retired unassuming naval officer, holding a small official appointment in a remote provincial town, contented with the station of a private gentleman, not dreaming of either purple robes or golden coronets, and was indebted for his success altogether to the exertions and perseverance of his professional adviser, Mr. Nugent Bell, who undertook the affair on his own responsibility, and entirely at his own expense.

The great Norman family of Hastings was established in England at the time of the Conquest, and derived its surname from the town of Hastings, of which Robert de Hastings was then Portgrave. He was likewise Lord of Fillongley, in Warwickshire, and steward to the Conqueror. From him descended, fifth in succession, Wil-



liam de Hastings, who married Margaret, daughter of Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, and was succeeded by his son, Henry, Lord Hastings, who married Ada, fourth daughter of David, Earl of Huntingdon (by his wife, Maud, eldest daughter of Hugh, Earl of Chester) and sister and co-heir of John, surnamed Le Scot, Earl of Huntingdon, and died in the year 1250. His descendant, the celebrated Sir William Hastings, Knight of the Garter, created by King Edward the Fourth, Lord Hastings of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, is remembered in history by his accomplishments and influence, as well as by being the favourite of one monarch (Edward IV.), and the victim of another (Richard III.). He *m.* Catherine, widow of William, Lord Bonville and Harrington, daughter of Richard Nevil, Earl of Salisbury, and sister to the Earl of Warwick, and was grandfather of George, third Lord Hastings, who was created by Henry VIII., on the 3rd November, 1529, EARL of HUNTINGDON. He married the Lady Ann Herbert, widow of Sir Walter Herbert, Knt., and daughter of Henry Stafford, second Duke of Buckingham, and had several children. In July, 1530, his lordship entered into an agreement with Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, and her son, Henry, Lord Montacute, for a marriage to be solemnized, before the festival of the Purification, then next ensuing, between Catherine, eldest daughter of her ladyship, and Francis, Lord Hastings. The first article of this agreement stipulates, with ludicrous precision, that the apparel of the bridegroom shall be at the cost of his father, and of the bride at the charge of her mother; but the expenses of meat and drink at the wedding shall be mutually and equally defrayed by both parties. The Earl was succeeded by his eldest son, Francis, second Earl of Huntingdon, who married, in pursuance of the



covenant to which we have referred, Catherine, eldest daughter and co-heir of Henry Pole, Lord Montacute (brother of Cardinal Pole, and son and heir to Sir Richard Pole, Knight of the Garter), and had, with five daughters, six sons—viz.,

HENRY, his successor, third Earl.

George } whose lines expired.  
William }

EDWARD (Sir), from whom the claimant was proved to have lineally descended.

Francis.

Walter.

Of his lordship's youngest daughter, the Lady Mary Hastings, who was pre-eminently distinguished in her time as a perfect model of female beauty, we have spoken in a former page.

Earl Francis was succeeded by his eldest son, Henry, third Earl of Huntingdon, from whom we pass (the intermediate Earls not bearing at all upon the claim), to Theophilus, the seventh Earl of Huntingdon, fourth and only surviving son of Ferdinand, the sixth Earl, who was born at Donnington Park, on the 10th of December, 1650, and enjoyed, in an especial degree, the favour of Charles II. and James II.; but, after the Revolution, he was committed close prisoner to the Tower; and, in 1701, he signed the protest against the Act of Settlement. His lordship died on the 30th of May, in the same year. He married twice, and had large families by both wives. He was succeeded by his eldest son, GEORGE, eighth Earl of Huntingdon, who died unmarried, and was succeeded by his half-brother, Theophilus, ninth Earl of Huntingdon, who married the Lady Selina Shirley, second daughter, and one of the co-heirs of Washington, Earl Ferrars, and by her had four sons—



FRANCIS, tenth Earl.

George  
Ferdinando } died unmarried.  
Henry

And two daughters—

Elizabeth, who married, 26th February, 1752, John, Lord Rawdon (his third wife), afterwards created Earl of Moira, and was mother, with other children, of Francis, Earl of Moira, who was created Marquess of Hastings.

Selina, who was one of the six earls' daughters that assisted the Princess Augusta in supporting Queen Charlotte's train at the coronation, and died 12th May, 1763, unmarried.

Earl Theophilus died 13th October, 1746, and was succeeded by his son,

Francis, tenth Earl of Huntingdon, born 29th May, 1728, who, on returning from the usual tour of France and Italy, was appointed, in 1756, Master of the Horse, and subsequently, under the Bute administration, Groom of the Stole. His lordship, who was never married, departed this life suddenly, while sitting at table, at the house of his nephew, Lord Moira, on the 2nd of October, 1789. He died possessed of very extensive property in the counties of Leicester and Derby; all of which, together with his other lands, he devised to his said nephew (Lord Rawdon at the time the will was made), Lord Moira, afterwards Marquess of Hastings; subject to several annuities and legacies—amongst the latter, the deceased Earl left 1000*l.* to Col. George Hastings, father of Captain Hastings, claimant of the Earldom.

By his death, the Baronies of Hastings, Hungerford, &c., devolved upon his eldest sister, Elizabeth, Lady



Moira, and at her decease, upon the Marquess of Hastings, who obtained licence, 9th February, 1790, to assume the surname and arms of Hastings, in compliance with the late Earl's testamentary injunction. After the death of Francis, the tenth Earl of Huntingdon, as if by common consent of all parties, as well those who endured the wrong, as those who profited by it, the title was permitted to drop into oblivion, and the fortune destined to support its lustre tamely suffered to pass away, however legally, even in the presence and under the very eyes of the rightful heirs of both, without an effort on their part to prevent such spoliation. Thus, through negligence and inability, the ancient Earldom of Huntingdon had been suffered to remain in abeyance for nearly thirty years, when it was at last claimed and obtained by Captain Hans-Francis Hastings, as eldest male descendant of Sir Edward Hastings, fourth son of Francis, second Earl. Sir Edward Hastings, who was of the Abbey of Leicester, married Barbara, eldest daughter and co-heir of Sir William Devereux, Knt., of Merivale Abbey, in the county of Warwick, third son of Walter, Viscount Hereford. By this lady, who was widow of Edward Cave, Esq., of Ingarsby, in Leicestershire, he had two sons, Henry and Walter, the latter of whom died without issue. Sir Edward died in 1603, and was buried at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. The elder son, Sir Henry Hastings, purchased Humbestone, and was knighted 23rd April, 1603, by King James I., at Belvoir Castle, and obtained, by letters patent from his Majesty, in consideration of the sum of 4000*l.* paid by him and Henry Cutler, Gent., the manor of Whitwick, with the lands belonging thereto, formerly the property of the Duke of Suffolk, attainted of high treason, together with Bardon Park, and the messuages, lands, &c.,



in Charwood Forest, appertaining to the said manor. Sir Henry married Mabel, dau. of Anthony Faunt, of Fauston, and had four sons—Henry, Walter, Richard, and Anthony; and two daughters. Walter and Richard died without issue; Anthony, the fourth, who was of Windsor, married a Miss Watkinson, and had a son; Henry went over to Ireland, and established himself there, leaving a family at his decease. Sir Henry died in 1629, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Henry Hastings, of Humbestone, Esq., who married Jane, daughter of ——— Goodall, of Belgrave, in Leicestershire, Esq., and had issue five sons and five daughters. This gentleman being almost ruined by his devoted attachment to King Charles I., was compelled to sell his estate of Humbestone. Of the five sons, Edward, the fifth, and Ferdinando, the fourth, died young and unmarried; Henry, the eldest, *m.* Pentecost, daughter of Edmund Smalley, of Liecester, and died without issue; Walter, the second son, who was of Rempston, in Nottingham, *m.* Hannah, daughter of Edmund Craddock, of Leicester, and had two daughters, Jane and Ann, with one son, Henry, who was of Castle Donnington, and died at Loughborough, in 1753, a bachelor; Richard, the third son, whose issue continued the succession, was of Welford, in Northamptonshire, and dying, in 1714, left by his wife, Sarah Sleath, who died in 1707, an only son, Henry Hastings, of Welford, born in 1701, whose trustees, during his minority, dissipated a considerable portion of his property. He *m.* in 1727, Elizabeth Hudson, and had by her three sons—

Theophilus-Henry,

George,

Ferdinando,

and two daughters, one of whom, Sarah, married Thomas



Needham, Esq. Henry Hastings died in 1786, many years before which he was best known by the name of Lord Hastings, bestowed upon him through courtesy, and anticipating his near and well-known claim to the earldom. Ferdinando, the eldest son, died at Lutterworth, of a decline, in his fourteenth year. The eldest son, Theophilus Henry, was born at Lutterworth, and baptized 7th October, 1728, Theophilus, the ninth earl, being his godfather. He was educated for the church by the Rev. Granville Wheeler, son of the famous traveller, Sir George Wheeler, and husband of Lady Catherine Maria Hastings, 4th daughter of Theophilus, 7th Earl. He was Rector of Great and Little Leke, and of Osgathorpe, and Vicar of Belton. The reverend gentleman married, first, a Miss Pratt, who died not many months after their marriage; and 2ndly, in the 70th year of his age, Elizabeth Warner, aged 50; and died in 1804, without issue, and intestate. There is a whimsical anecdote connected with his second union, which we cannot resist the temptation of relating for its singularity. While Mr. Hastings was yet young, and residing with the Earl of Huntingdon as his domestic chaplain, he became enamoured of a pretty chambermaid, called Betsy Warner, then living in the family, and to her he solemnly promised that she should be his wife, as soon as he got possession of the living of Great and Little Leke. In the ebbs and flows of human life, and its shifting concerns, early acquaintances are soon separated and forgotten. Thirty years had elapsed. Mr. Hastings, meantime, had married and lost his wife, and gained a second living—that of Great and Little Leke. One day, the venerable old pastor was surprised by the appearance of a strange post-chaise-and-four driving rapidly up the avenue to the parsonage-house. An



elderly gentlewoman alighted from it, and Miss Warner was ushered into his venerable presence. After an interval of surprise and recognition, she proceeded to tell him, "That she had come to claim the fulfilment of his promise; that he had long since made the acquisition of fortune, on which his obligation of performance depended; and that, on her part, she had never, by the slightest indiscretion, swerved from an engagement which she considered sacred from the first moment." The result was, that the reverend gentleman having duly satisfied himself, by diligent inquiry, concerning his betrothed's conduct and character, which was found to have been strictly correct, the banns were formally announced in the church by himself, and the parties married accordingly. This gentleman was primitive in his notions and manners, as was evinced, among other peculiarities, by a singular custom, punctually observed in his house, of lighting a large fire and candles, and leaving abundant refreshments in his kitchen every night, at the usual hour of the family retiring to rest, for the purpose of cheering and regaling such benighted travellers as might chance to wander that way. For some time after the last Earl's death, the Rev. Mr. Hastings assumed the title of Earl of Huntingdon; and there is a stone pillar standing in front of the parsonage-house at Leke, on which there was a plate bearing a Latin inscription, stating him to be the eleventh Earl of Huntingdon, godson of Theophilus, the ninth Earl, and entitled to the Earldom by descent. In fact, it was notorious that he was the immediate heir. However, accustomed to pastoral duties and literary retirement, he had but little ambition, and was, moreover, strongly averse to litigation. At a more advanced period of life and after his second marriage, when reproved for this



strange neglect and indifference respecting the Earldom, he used to parry the topic by pleading his great age, and by saying that he never would make Betsy, his wife, Countess of Huntingdon.

George Hastings, 2nd son of Henry Hastings, of Lutterworth, was born in that town, baptized on the 6th of June, 1735, and adopted, with his elder brother, by the then Earl, Theophilus, who eventually placed him in the army, and he attained the rank of Colonel in the 3rd Foot Guards. Colonel Hastings *m.* Sarah, daughter of Colonel Thomas Hodges, and had four sons—

Francis, who died in boyhood,

Henry,                    } both died officers in the West  
Ferdinando, }       Indies, unmarried.

HANS-FRANCIS, the claimant.

Colonel Hastings, about the year 1790, had the misfortune, while riding in St. James's Park, to be thrown from his horse, and his head coming in contact with one of the trees or branches, occasioned a fracture of the skull, by which he was subject to periodical fits of insanity for the remainder of his life. After the death of his patron, the Earl of Huntingdon, Colonel Hastings's malady increased, and in this state of things his affairs had naturally fallen into decay. The premature death of his third son, Ferdinando, was soon followed by his own. He died on the 6th February, 1802. Mrs. Hastings survived her husband, a widow for five years, and died in retirement.

The claimant, Hans-Francis Hastings, Esq., Captain Royal Navy, held the situation, for several years, of ordnance store-keeper to the garrison of Enniskillen, and there became intimately acquainted with Mr. Nugent Bell, a solicitor, and his family.



“Our acquaintance,” says Mr. Bell, “in proper course of time became of such a confidential nature as to put me in possession of Captain Hastings’s views and interests, and I was entrusted with the management of all his concerns. Of the study of heraldry,” he continues, “and more particularly the concomitant branch of pedigree, I have ever been particularly fond. Indulging this sort of penchant, I acquired a pretty general knowledge of every family of distinction in my native country; and a casual conversation, arising out of a trivial circumstance, first suggested the idea of claiming the dormant Earldom of Huntingdon for my friend. As the story, from its consequences, may not be deemed uninteresting, I will relate it. In the spring of the year 1817, it was whispered about Enniskillen that some serious altercation had occurred between Captain Hastings and a neighbouring nobleman, which compelled the former, according to report, to demand satisfaction, but which was refused by the noble party, on the ground that the challenger was a commoner. To this objection the latter indignantly retorted, that he was his opponent’s superior in point of family descent, being eldest lineal male descendant of the house of Hastings, and entitled to the Earldom of Huntingdon; the matter was subsequently adjusted to the satisfaction of both parties, as report further saith.” The whole affair turned out a mere fabrication, but it afforded Mr. Bell an opportunity of asking Captain Hastings whether he really had ever entertained serious pretensions to the dormant Earldom? Perceiving the earnest manner in which the question was put, Captain Hastings entered into a brief detail of circumstances, the sum of which was, that in consequence of his having been sent early to sea, and his long absence on foreign



service, he knew or remembered but little of his family history or connexions, and that the only information on which he was disposed to place any reliance, was what he obtained from his uncle, the Rev. Theophilus Hastings, Rector of Great and Little Leke, who had always sedulously endeavoured to impress upon his mind, that he was the real and undoubted heir to the title. He further stated, that some time in the year 1803, he had visited the College of Arms in London, for the purpose of learning the proper steps to be taken, and the probable expenses of the process; but having been told that at least three thousand guineas would be necessary towards his success, he deferred the matter to some more auspicious moment. Mrs. Hastings, on the same occasion, related the story of the Rev. Mr. Hastings's whimsical marriage, together with other interesting facts regarding the family, and particularly the hatred which the reverend gentleman had at all times expressed against the Marquis of Hastings, which she described as irreconcilable. This conversation was enough to induce Mr. Bell to enter earnestly into the affair, but before he did so, the following letters were written, at his desire, by the claimant to him :—

“ Enniskillen, July 1, 1817.

“ MY DEAR BELL,—I will pay you all costs in case you succeed in proving me the legal heir to the Earldom of Huntingdon. If not, the risk is your own, and I certainly will not be answerable for any expense you may incur in the course of the investigation. But I pledge myself to assist you by letters, and whatever information I can collect, to the utmost of my power, and remain, very sincerely, yours,

“ F. HASTINGS.

“ Nugent Bell, Esq.”



On the back of this letter Captain Hastings wrote "By all that's good, you are mad." In a few days after, Mr. Bell received the second letter from Captain Hastings :—

"Enniskillen, July 9, 1817.

"MY DEAR NUGENT,—Whatever you may prove me to be, I trust you will ever find me an honest man; but should you establish me in the Earldom, all I can say is that it will be impossible for me or mine (and I hope they will have the heart of their father) to do too much for you and yours. I am not sanguine, but the very names of George, Henry, Ferdinando, and Francis, convince me we are the only true descendants of Francis, the second Earl. Damn it! succeed, and you shall be my *falconer*! If the Countess does not leave Dublin by Tuesday morning, you will certainly see me at No. 3, Morland-street, on Wednesday; therefore, I beg you will provide for the *Earl* at that hour.

"Yours, &c., FRANK."

Mr. Bell proceeded at once, 17th August, 1817, to England, and entered upon his arduous undertaking, accompanied by his friend, Mr. W. Jameson. His first visit was to Castle Donnington, where he had a very unsatisfactory interview with a solicitor named Dalby, who had long been concerned for the noble family of Hastings, and who was in communication with the Marchioness of Hastings, living then at Donnington Park. The next day he met with a Mr. Needham, from whom he acquired much valuable information, but the most valuable he obtained, and that which put him upon the right road, was from an accidental encounter with an old domestic of the family. While seated on the outside of a coach, in travelling through



Leicestershire, and just, he says, as his spirits were about to go to pieces amidst the quicksands of disappointment, a flag hove in sight, which he hastened to hail, and in a few minutes was alongside an old woman in a market-cart, with whom he jocularly made up an acquaintance, and obtained leave to accompany her for some distance on the road, in a vacant chair he espied in the vehicle. This old crone turned out, oddly enough, to be an ancient dependent of the Hastings family, and on her garrulity Mr. Bell founded the basis of his future success. After Mr. Bell had ingratiated himself with his companion, she thus began to tell him her own history :—

“You must know, sir,” said the old woman, “that some fifty years ago I was considered by the country folks a very pretty girl. I don’t say this out of vanity, but it may be necessary for you to know it, that you may better understand what is to follow. At the age of fourteen, I was taken into the service of Lady Anne Hastings, sister of my late lord’s father, who, in less than two months after, consigned me over to young Lady Selina, her niece, and second daughter of the late Countess Selina, that doting old Methodist lady, whom God forgive for throwing away her fortune on such bloodsuckers, and leaving those entitled to it by the laws of nature and relationship quite penniless, as one may say. But let me proceed forward. I was caressed by my sweet young lady, whom I attended as her own maid, and I was as happy as the day was long at Donnington Park. Some time before this, my late lord’s father had brought to Donnington Park the late Colonel George Hastings, then a boy; and as it may be you never heard of him, I will tell you who he was. His father was Mr. Henry Hastings, of a place not



many miles off, called Lutterworth, who, previously to his death, and in his old age, was called Lord Hastings: I'll tell you why, by and by. I have heard say that this Mr. Harry was left an orphan, when he was only fourteen years old, and that his guardian and executors, appointed by his father's will, robbed him of almost all he was worth. It is certain, however, that within my own memory he lived very happily at his house in Lutterworth, and latterly took very well with being called Lord Hastings, which was no empty title, you may rely on it, his children having as much right to it as I have to the gown on my back. Well, as the Earl thought his boys would be better under his lordship's own eye, he sent the eldest, who was the late rector of Great and Little Leke, to Sir George Wheeler, his brother-in-law, to be educated by him, which he was; and the Colonel, his brother, was brought to the Park altogether."

The old woman's story further proceeded to state that Colonel George Hastings was on the eve of being married to her young mistress, the Lady Selina, when her ladyship died suddenly, in the bloom of youth and beauty. Pending this contracted marriage, she stated that Mr. Dawson, the steward, had been despatched to different places to hunt after the Colonel's pedigree, to which places Mr. Bell subsequently resorted, and found information which proved absolutely essential to his success.

"Colonel Hastings at last married," continued the old gossip, "a very beautiful young lady, as I have heard, and had four sons, who, sorry am I to say, are all dead; and, except the eldest, all came to an unlucky end. Master Frank was the eldest, but he died at Grantham in his sixth year; Master Ferdy, or Ferdi-



nando, and his elder brother Henry, were sent officers to the West Indies, and both died there of the yellow fever; the fourth and youngest son was drowned about three years ago in the Cove of Cork—a circumstance which gave great concern to many well-wishers of his father here, and no small joy to those who have had the iniquity to chouse him and his out of their just inheritance.”

“After I had patiently heard her out,” says Mr. Bell, “I, in my turn, informed her that the person, according to her account, supposed to be drowned at Cork, was still alive and happy, and that it was by no means improbable that she would soon see him in possession of at least the honours of his family.”

This extraordinary adventure having furnished the required clue, Mr. Bell pursued it indefatigably through churches and churchyards, examining sextons, consulting registers, and deciphering tombstones, until, at length, he was enabled to draw up such a case as produced the following letter from his eminent counsel, Sir Samuel Romilly.

“Oct. 7, 1817.

“SIR,—I have looked over the pedigree and documents, and have read the observations you made respecting the wills, and administration of the several persons mentioned. It appears to me that the evidence which I before thought wanting, has now been supplied by you; and it does not occur to me at the present moment that any further search is necessary to be made by you. I do not conceive that it will be necessary to employ counsel to prepare the petition which is to be presented to the Prince Regent. All that it will be requisite to do in that petition, is to state that the first Earl was created by letters patent, to him and the heirs



male of his body ; and the fact of the death of the last Earl of Huntingdon having left the petitioner the heir male of the body of the first Earl, surviving him, together with the manner in which he makes out his descent ; and to pray that his Royal Highness would be pleased to give directions that a writ of summons should issue to call him up to the House of Lords. This, I think, is the form of the petition that should be presented, though I am not very sure of it. However, it will not be of very material importance if the petition is not according to the usual form. The petition will probably be referred to the Attorney-General, who will require to be attended upon, and to be furnished with the evidence by which the claim is to be supported. This, however, is not, I believe, the course which is always pursued ; but the case is referred, in the first instance, to the House of Lords.

“Though I have been counsel in many claims of peerage, I have never had occasion to consider in what form the claim is first made, and I have here no books I can refer to. You will find, I think, some useful information on the subject in a small work published some years ago by Mr. Cruise, of Lincoln’s Inn, on ‘Dignities ;’ and if you have any difficulty how to proceed, I apprehend that, at the Parliament Office, Abingdon-street, Westminster, you may receive the information you may be in want of. I have written to Lord Huntingdon respecting his taking the title ; and though I do not think it of much importance, I have now rather dissuaded him from using it before his claim is established ; not that there exists the slightest doubt of his just claim, but merely in consequence of the unwillingness expressed by several to acknowledge him as such. I shall send you the pedigree, &c., back in a



parcel by the coach—it being too heavy to go in a frank without being charged postage.

“ I remain, Sir,

“ Your most obedient and faithful servant,

“ SAMUEL ROMILLY.”

The evidence established showed the descent of the claimant from Sir Edward Hastings, youngest son of Francis, second Earl of Huntingdon, K.G., by Katherine, daughter and co-heir of Henry Pole, Lord Montagu, and grand-daughter of Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury, daughter and sole heir of George, Duke of Clarence, brother of King Edward the Fourth. The pedigree further brought the line down to Richard Hastings, Esq., of Walford, in Nottinghamshire, father of one only son, Henry Hastings, Esq., of Lutterworth, who left three sons and two daughters. The eldest son, the Rev. Theophilus Henry Hastings, of whom we have spoken, died in 1804, without issue. The second son, Ferdinando, died in boyhood; whilst the third son, George, was brought up and educated by Theophilus, the ninth Earl. This George became, as we have stated, an officer in the army, and attained the rank of Colonel. He married, in 1769, Sarah, daughter of Colonel Hodges, and left three sons, Henry and Ferdinando, who both died unmarried in the West Indies, and HANS-FRANCIS, who claimed the Earldom of Huntingdon.

Mr. Bell, following the directions of Sir Samuel Romilly, presented a petition to the Crown, which was referred to the Attorney-General, Sir Samuel Shepherd, who, after receiving the various proofs, and hearing the whole matter, made an elaborate report to the Prince Regent on the 29th of October, 1818, which concluded thus :—



“ Upon the whole of this case, I am humbly of opinion, that the petitioner, Hans-Francis Hastings, has sufficiently proved his right to the title of Earl of Huntingdon; and that it may be advisable, if your Royal Highness be graciously pleased so to do, to order a writ of summons to pass the great seal, to summon the said petitioner to sit in Parliament, and there enjoy the rank and privileges to the said title belonging.”

The report, without a moment's unnecessary delay, was referred to the Lord Chancellor, for his consideration and approval; who, in due time, returned it with his entire approbation; and on the 7th of January, 1818, the Prince Regent signed his royal warrant, empowering the proper officer to issue his writ of summons to Hans-Francis Hastings, commanding his attendance in the ensuing parliament, to be holden on the 14th of the same month, by the style, title, and dignity of EARL OF HUNTINGDON. His Lordship was subsequently introduced to the House of Lords by the Marquis of Ely, and took the oaths and his place as fourth Earl accordingly.



## THE MYSTERIOUS STORY OF LITTLECOT.

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The shrift is done, the friar is gone,  
 Blindfolded as he came—  
 Next morning, all in Littlecot Hall  
 Were weeping for their dame.

Wild Darell is an alter'd man,  
 The village crones can tell:  
 He looks pale as clay, and strives to pray,  
 If he hears the convent bell.

If prince or peer cross Darell's way,  
 He'll beard him in his pride—  
 If he meet a friar of orders gray,  
 He droops and turns aside.

ABOUT seven or eight miles from Littlecot, in Wiltshire, the mansion of the Darell family, towards the close of the sixteenth century, there dwelt a midwife of great skill and practice, who one night was called up just as she had gone to rest, after having returned from exercising the duties of her profession in another quarter. As soon as she knew the cause of her being disturbed, she endeavoured to excuse herself, on account of fatigue, and wished to send an assistant whom she kept in the house. The messenger, however, being resolved to gain the principal only for his purpose, urged that he had something to ask of her, for a person of consequence, after which the deputy might do. She accordingly



came down stairs and opened the door, after which she disappeared, and was absent for many hours.

The deposition she made of what followed before a magistrate, and afterwards upon trial, was to the following effect:—She stated that as soon as she had unfastened the door, and partly opened it, a hand was thrust in, which struck down the candle, and at the same instant pulled her into the road in front of her house, which was detached from the village, or any other dwelling. The person who had used these abrupt means, desired her to tie a handkerchief over her head, and not wait for a hat, as a lady of the first quality in the neighbourhood was in want of immediate assistance. He then led her to a stile at a short distance, where there was a horse saddled, and with a pillion on its back; he desired her to seat herself first, and then, mounting immediately, he set off at a brisk trot. After they had travelled about three quarters of an hour, she expressed great alarm; but her conductor assured her that no harm should happen to her, and that she should be well paid, but added, that they had still further to go. He got off his horse several times to open gates, and they crossed many ploughed and corn fields, for though it was quite dark, she could discover that they had quitted the high road within two miles of her own house; she also said they crossed a river *twice*. After they had been about an hour and a half on their journey, they entered a paved court or yard, as she concluded from the clattering of the horse's feet on the stones. Her guide now lifted her off her horse, and conducted her through a long dark passage, in which she saw only a glimmering of light at a distance, which was concealed or put out upon the shutting of a large gate through which they passed. As soon as they arrived at a sort of landing-



place, her guide addressed her to the following effect:—  
“You must now suffer me to put this cap and bandage over your eyes, which will allow you to speak and breathe but not to see; keep up your presence of mind, it will be wanted, and I again repeat, no harm will happen to you.” Then conducting her into a chamber, he continued, “Now you are in a room with a lady in labour, perform your office well and you shall be amply rewarded, but if you attempt to remove the bandage from your eyes, take the consequences of your rashness.” Here she said that horror and dread had so benumbed her faculties, that had any assistance been wanted she was rendered incapable of giving it, but nature had effected all that was requisite, and what remained for her to do was little more than to receive a male infant, and to give it into the hands of a female, who by her voice she conceived to be a woman advanced in years. Her patient she was sure was a very young lady, but she was forbidden to ask any questions, or to speak a word. As soon as the event was completely over, she had a glass of wine given her, and was told to prepare to return home by another road, which was not quite so near, but free from gates or stiles. She begged to be allowed to repose herself for a quarter of an hour in the arm-chair, whilst the horse was getting ready, pleading the extreme fatigue she had undergone the preceding day; and under the pretence of sleeping she made those reflections which laid the foundation of that legal inquiry which afterwards took place. She, undiscovered and unsuspected, contrived with her scissors to cut off a small piece of the curtain. This circumstance, added to others of a local nature, was supposed sufficient evidence to fix the transaction on the house pointed out, and, but for the scrutiny and cross-examination on the



trial, would have given the law great scope over the lives of several persons, as it appeared improbable that fewer than five or six persons could have been concerned in a business so regularly conducted. In the course of her evidence, the midwife affirmed she perceived an uncommon smell of burning, which followed them through all the avenues of the house to the court-yard, where she remounted the horse. She said that she remarked to the guide, that she saw a light and smelt a smell of burning, which he said was the work of the gardeners, who were firing the weeds and burning the moles amongst them, as they always did at that time of the year. And she stated, that at the time of parting from the guide, which was within fifty yards of her own dwelling, he made her swear to observe secrecy, at the same time putting a purse into her hand, which she afterwards found to contain twenty-five guineas; and till that moment the bandage had never been removed from her eyes. The morning was then breaking; she also deposed that she counted the steps on the first and second landing-places, which agreed with those of the suspected house, and the piece of curtain was found to match one exactly in a room where the birth of the child was supposed to have taken place. With such evidence it was expected that nothing short of a conviction of some of the parties for the murder of a new-born infant must have followed; particularly as a beautiful young lady in the family (a niece) had withdrawn herself from her acquaintance, under the plea of going to a convent at Avignon, to learn French, when she had been seen, more than once after her declared departure, by a fruit-woman, looking out of a small window next to her usual apartment. In the course of the trial, however, the circumstance of the curtain was rendered suspicious, by its being proved, on



cross-examination, that a Catholic servant had left the family in malice a short time before, with horrid declarations of revenge, on account of her having been forbidden to attend mass, which suggested a possibility of her supplying the facts of the curtain, as well as the local description given by the midwife of the suspected mansion. The midwife's story, though apparently plausible, was considerably weakened by her swearing positively to so many and doubtful points. First, that of her distinguishing the being carried over corn and ploughed fields, though she only knew, it being so extremely dark, that they had quitted the high road from the sound of the horse's feet. Next, her affirming that when introduced into the chamber she was so benumbed and stupified with horror and dread, that in case of difficulty she could have given no assistance; yet, during this state of horror and dread, she could, though blindfolded, swear positively that her patient was very young; the child a male; and the person to whom it was given advanced in years; and immediately afterwards had the presence of mind to execute the ingenious but hazardous experiment of cutting the curtain. She also said, that she remarked to the guide her *seeing a light*, as well as smelling the burning, yet affirmed immediately afterwards, that the bandage was not taken from her till she was within fifty yards of her own house. But an apparent contradiction, which was supposed to have overturned her whole evidence, was her positively insisting that in their way to the house, where her assistance was wanted, they crossed a ford *twice*, when it was proved that there was only *one straight* river between the two houses. Now, supposing the guide to have made a wheel round, in order to deceive the midwife, and to have again crossed the river, they must have forded it a *third* time to



arrive at the suspected house. All these circumstances being pointed out, and commented on by the judge for consideration of the jurymen, they returned a verdict of acquittal without leaving the court.

Whether the suspected parties were or were not guilty of the crime of murder, could only be known to themselves and the great Disposer of all things; but no judge would have inclined to, nor jury have established, a different verdict from such defective evidence. The train of calamity which succeeded the trial may give rise to melancholy reflections, and was, no doubt, considered by the multitude to have been the effect of Divine visitation. In few words, the owner of Littlecot soon became involved in estate and deranged in mind, and is stated to have died a victim to despondency; and though the fate of the niece is unknown or forgotten, ruin and misery are said to have befallen the family which survived him.

From the Darells, Littlecot passed, by sale, to Sir John Popham, Lord Chief Justice of England, and had the honour, in the time of Alexander Popham, Esq., the grandson of this learned lawyer, of receiving a royal visit from Charles II., who, at his coronation, created Sir Francis Popham, the heir of Littlecot, a Knight of the Bath. The last male representative of this distinguished branch of the ancient stem of Popham was Francis Popham, Esq., of Littlecot and Hound-street, who died without issue, in 1730, having devised his estates to his nephew Lieut.-Gen. Edward William Leybourne. That gentleman assumed, in consequence, the surname of Popham, seated himself at Littlecot, and served as High Sheriff of Wiltshire, in 1830. His son and heir, Edward William Popham, Esq., is the present possessor of this ancient manor.



LORD DERWENTWATER'S LIGHTS.

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THE tombstone, with its epitaph, half genealogical, half eulogistic, is scarcely so true a record of past greatness and present decay as the fragments of some ancient edifice, of which enough remains to witness for the grandeur that was, and is no more. Few memorials of this kind are more striking than the ruins of Dilstone Castle, which stand on a well-wooded height overlooking the vale of Hexham, and washed at its base by a rivulet called the Devil's water—the original name, no doubt, of the building itself, although, by after times, corrupted into Dilstone. The rapid little stream is crossed by a bridge of a single arch, shortly after which it unites with the Tyne, and falling from the rocks, about a hundred feet in height, dashes down, all froth and foam, into a deep hollow, completely overshadowed by the trees of the precipice above. Through the arch may be seen a mill, while beyond it the castle presents a desolate but picturesque contrast to the quiet beauty of the landscape. A considerable extent of mouldering wall remains, and even the painted chambers, with the halls and stairs, may yet be traced amidst the general dilapidation; while from the broken towers, which still afford a footing to the curious, there is a most enchanting prospect.

From the time of the Conquest up to the reign of



Henry III., this castle had been possessed by the family of the Devilstones, though whether they gave their own name to the river, or were so called from living by it, is now uncertain. After having passed through many hands—the Tynedales, the Crafters, and the Claxtons—the property at length devolved upon the Ratcliffes, or Radcliffes, in the person of Sir Nicholas Radcliffe, during the reign of Henry VI., and by him it was much augmented by a marriage with the heiress of Sir John de Derwentwater. With her he received the manors of Castlerigg and Keswick, a dowry for a queen, whether as regarded the exceeding beauty or the value of the combined lands, although the fortress of Castlerigg itself, amidst rocks and mountains, was too old and gloomy to allure the family—for a long time at least—into quitting the far more convenient Dilstone.

Thus favoured by fortune, or their own prudence—perhaps by both, for they generally go together—the family continued to increase in opulence, till, in the year 1688, the eldest son of Sir Francis Radcliffe married Lady Mary Tudor, a natural daughter of Charles II., and the notorious Mary Davis. In consequence of this alliance, the father was created Earl of Derwentwater, Viscount Radcliffe and Langley, and Baron Tyndale; and so proud was the family of this somewhat doubtful honour, that the children of the second Earl assumed the peculiar plume of feathers, which, since the days of the Black Prince, had ever been adopted by the heir apparent to the throne. Their devotion to the Stuarts was confirmed by another circumstance. When James fled, or was driven from the throne of England, to take refuge in France, the heir of Derwentwater and his brother were brought up at St. Germain with the son of the dethroned monarch, in the Catholic faith, and



under the immediate superintendence of the Catholic clergy. This education produced, as might have been expected, so strong an attachment on the part of the young Radcliffes for the exiles, that their consent to join the rebellion was not even asked, it being taken for granted, that when the time came for action, they would, as a matter of course, unite with hand and heart in the enterprise.

This rapid glance at preceding events may serve as the prologue—no longer in fashion—used to serve in ushering in the play that followed; but with this especial difference in our favour—that whereas the prologue had oftentimes no connexion with the piece it was meant to introduce, a brief sketch, such as we have just been giving, was absolutely essential to the right understanding of our story.

In 1705, Francis, Earl of Derwentwater, the second of that name, was gathered to his fathers; and James Radcliffe, brought up as we have shown him to be, succeeded to the estate and title. He was a man generally beloved, and worthy of being so, if we may credit his cotemporaries, and “of so universal a beneficence that he seemed to live for others”—an eulogy as beautiful and comprehensive in fact as it is simple in expression. We shall add little to it by repeating the details that have been left to us, even by his renegade biographer; and yet there is something too delightful in the picture they present to be altogether passed over without notice. Unlike so many other nobles, who neglected their tenants while they followed their pleasures or their fortunes at court, Lord Derwentwater lived upon his estate, discharging the duties of a landowner with a zeal that showed his heart was in the task, and exercising a benevolence that knew not any dis-



tinctions of faith or party. His charity was unbounded, dropping like the dews from heaven upon all alike, so that Dilstone was constantly filled by men of every condition, strangers as well as natives of the place, who had come to seek the aid that was seldom indeed denied them. Had he possessed no other recommendations, such liberality alone would have secured to him the popular favour; for the open hand is that which appeals most directly to the proverbial selfishness of human nature. But in addition to this quality, his character combined honour and justice in an eminent degree, his manners were distinguished by affability and kindness; and, in defiance of the portraits yet remaining of him, we must conclude he had no small share of personal attractions, since he was complimented in his own day with the epithet of "the handsome Derwentwater."

A man so highly favoured by fortune could hardly, one would have thought, be tempted into the thorny paths of rebellion, where he had so little to gain, and so much to lose. The stakes for which the rough and hazardous game must be played, were too unequal, besides that he was yet farther bound over to peace and quiet by having married Anna Maria Webb, one of the five daughters of Sir John Webb, Baronet, of Oldstock, in Wiltshire, and having by that lady two children—a son and a daughter.

During the lifetime of Queen Anne, Lord Derwentwater kept aloof from the intrigues of the Jacobites, which indeed went not to any dangerous extremes, the heads of the faction being satisfied that she intended the crown should revert to the Stuarts upon her death. Her own want of children, and her known partiality for her brother, gave every reasonable ground for such a hope, which, besides, was in full accordance with the wishes of



her ministers, and of a large, if not the largest, portion of her nobility. But unfortunately for those who were indulging in such expectations, nothing could have been more opposed to the ideas of the nation, including under that term not only the bulk of the people, but the more opulent classes, professional as well as mercantile, all of whom had somehow come to consider Catholicism as incompatible with political freedom. Whether the notion was just or unjust is nothing to the present purpose—it is enough that it existed, and that many of the first rank and influence made the best use of it to carry out their own objects. Aided by this popular feeling, and by the sudden death of Anne, before she had carried out her measures in favour of the Stuarts, the Whigs managed in the name of liberty and religion to place the Elector of Hanover upon the British throne. Their disappointed rivals were now quite furious, and the angry passions which had been so long and with so much difficulty repressed, bursting forth with unrestrained fury, they were ripe for any attempt, however desperate. After a year of intrigue and plotting, the insurrection broke out in the latter end of August, 1715, in Perthshire, at a small market town, Kirk Michael, to which place the people had come, called from all the neighbouring country.

Here the Chevalier was first proclaimed, and his standard raised, most probably under the influence of the Earl of Mar, while several other nobles, and men of fortune both in England and Scotland, were drawing together their dependents in various parts, though for a while they attempted to mask their object. It is, however, probable, that this open demonstration might have been delayed for a short time longer, had it not been precipitated by the decisive measures which the govern-



ment adopted on first getting a clue to the schemes of the Jacobites. London had for some while been the hotbed of their plots and conferences; and hence, as from a centre, orders and intelligence were sent forth in every direction; those who undertook the charge of such dangerous messages riding from place to place in the guise of mere travellers upon a journey of mere curiosity. Although but imperfectly informed of what was going on, and obliged in common prudence to be cautious as to the degree of credit they attached to their spies, the ministers of the day yet knew enough to be aware that an attack of some kind was really meditated; and, to anticipate its action, they issued orders for the arrest of those most suspected of favouring the cause of Jacobitism. In this number it was not likely that the companion of Charles Stuart's boyish days, and the friend of his maturer years, would be overlooked.

Towards the end of September, Lord Derwentwater received a private intimation that the Secretary of State's warrant was out for his apprehension, and that a messenger had actually come down to Durham for carrying it into effect. As, according to all accounts, he had taken no part in the intrigues of the Jacobites, he deemed it most prudent, upon receiving this hint, to disarm suspicion, by repairing to the nearest justice of the peace, and surrendering up his person. Unfortunately for so wise a resolve, the magistrate, being a concealed friend of the Stuarts, would neither receive the voluntary prisoner, nor did he recommend him, as in duty, no less than kindness, he should have done, to deliver himself up at once to the government messenger, by which step he would have escaped the perils that ever afterwards beset him, till they ended finally in



his ruin. Thus, equally impelled by fear and inclination in the same direction, he secreted himself in the cottage of a man named Lambert, till yet farther urged on by the rash counsels of his brother Charles, he was at last persuaded to join the insurrection with all the force he could muster,—using, as it is said, something more than fair influence with many of his tenants to compel them into following him.

At this time the party of the Jacobites, whom he proposed joining, had assembled upon a hill, called the Waterfall, not far from Greenrig, under the command of a Mr. Forster, who had neither the craft nor the courage which is indispensable to the character of a successful conspirator. When united, the whole party mustered about sixty horse, composed for the most part of gentlemen and their attendants; and, after a short consultation, it was agreed to march that evening to Rothbury, a small market-town. There they remained all night, and on the following day (October 7), proceeded to Warkworth Castle, upon the river Coquet, about three miles from the sea, a picturesque and interesting relic of ancient times. One tower, seated on the brink of a cliff, above the city, and decorated with the lion of Brabant, is still remembered as “the great tower of the Percys.” And well worthy is it of such a distinction in the eyes of all who can admire the beauties of nature; for the prospect seen from it, when a fine day opens up the whole landscape to the far horizon, is such as cannot be easily forgotten. As the eye travels along the coast, it rests upon the castles of Dunstanbrough and Bamborough, while in the distance is the sea, with the Fern Islands, and the port of Almouth. To the north abounds a highly cultivated tract of land, as far as Alnwick; to the south is a plain,



interspersed with villages and woods, and sloping off to a shore, indented with small bays and creeks, where the smoke may be seen rising from the hamlets of the fishermen.

In this place, the Jacobite army, if army it can be called, remained for two days, Mr. Forster assuming the title of General of the Forces in the North, which had been conferred upon him by the Earl of Mar, and causing King James to be proclaimed with sound of trumpet. From caution, however, or from caprice, the new-made general did not attend the ceremonial openly, but chose to be present in disguise, a line of conduct which was only too well in keeping with all his subsequent absurdities. Hence he marched to Morpeth, his numbers slowly increasing by the way, till by the time he reached the place itself, his troop amounted to three hundred horsemen, for by another strange fancy he rejected all those who offered to serve on foot, though they would have added not a little to his numerical strength. The excuse for this refusal was, the impossibility of finding arms for them; an excuse which, if true, only shows with how little foresight the insurrection had been commenced. At the same time, promises were made in abundance of arms and ammunition to be collected, and of regiments to be levied.

At Morpeth they again proclaimed King James, Mr. Buxton, the chaplain to their forces, enacting the part of herald for the occasion; and then marched to surprise Newcastle. But Newcastle was on its defence; its gates were closed against them; and as cavalry were not altogether the fittest kind of troops for scaling walls and storming cities, they drew off to a moor near Dilstone, where they remained some days. This, we are told, was a feint to throw the people of Newcastle off



their guard, when they hoped to take the place through the means of the High Church party, which was known to be powerful there, and which it was expected would rise in favour of the Chevalier. In the meanwhile, they amused themselves with reading prayers for King James in the churches, and proclaiming him in the market-place at Hexham, or were somewhat more usefully employed in seizing all the arms and horses that fell in their way.

Disappointed in their hopes upon Newcastle, which had been reinforced by the gentry of the neighbourhood, and by a large body of men under Lord Scarborough, the lord-lieutenant of the county, they set out on the 19th of October for Rothbury. Here they were joined by the Scotch army, commanded by Lord Kenmure, and the Earls of Nithsdale, Carnwath, and Wintoun, when they resumed their march for Kelso, their forces increasing every day. Indeed, it may now be said, for the first time, that the rebellion assumed something like a formidable shape; the Scotch, as to numbers, military fitness and zeal, being the life and soul of the enterprise. The English, not apt to be easily moved out of their usual habits at any time, were still less so on the present occasion, when there was so much to shock their national prejudices; and, to make matters worse, the Jacobite party consisted of two discordant principles, the High-Churchmen and the Roman-catholics, each almost as jealous of the other as of the common enemy. Other causes, too, of dissension were not long in showing themselves, so that already upon the march from Kelso to Jedburgh, which took place in a few days, above four hundred Highlanders deserted the army, and hurried back to their own country. Nor was this the only outward sign of the



want of harmony prevailing in this ill-assorted body, the elements of which required a master-hand to keep them from falling asunder; another large body of Scots, under Lord Wintoun, withdrew themselves about the same time, but after a short absence were, by some means, induced to return.

It does not appear that Lord Derwentwater, though all along accompanying the party, took any active part in their proceedings. He was, as he afterwards pleaded in his excuse at the trial, "of a temper and disposition that disposed him to peace," and in truth he had shown himself signally unfitted for the part he had undertaken. With a rashness that seemed almost incredible, he had blundered into rebellion without any previous communication with its leaders, and without having made the slightest preparation in arms, men, horses, or any other warlike necessaries. Nor was he himself long in discovering his own unfitness for command. At a very early stage of the business he had given up the leading of his troop to his brother Charles, who, however, was as little qualified for the office as himself, except that he possessed a more daring and energetic spirit; in all that respected military discipline and duty, he was utterly ignorant, never till then having seen service.

We have already noticed of what discordant materials the Jacobite army consisted, and shown how, in the very outset, this defect broke up all unity of action. But it was soon to have more serious consequences. After having wandered about from place to place, with no very definite object, the English regiments determined to recross the border, and march into Lancashire, which was supposed to abound in Catholics, and to be strongly Jacobitical. In justification of so unwise a measure, it was given out that it had been adopted upon the



authority of certain private letters, which promised a general insurrection the moment they appeared in its support. Many of the Highlanders refused to concur in a plan that would have taken them too far from their native fastnesses; but the rest of the army acceding to it, the intended siege of Dumfries was abandoned, and the united forces marched successively, without opposition, to Penrith, Appleby, Kendal, and Kirby-Lonsdale, whence, in an evil hour, they directed their course towards Preston. In their way, they were joined by a party of volunteers, under the Lords Rothes and Torphichen, so that, notwithstanding the desertion of so large a body of Highlanders, their numbers amounted to about two thousand, six hundred of which were horsemen from Northumbria and Dumfries. It, however, mattered little what the force might be, with such a general to command it as Mr. Forster.

Two troops of Stanhope's dragoons had been quartered at Preston, but upon the approach of so superior a force they retired, greatly to the delight of the Jacobites, who, in consequence, became not a little elated, as if they had gained some especial triumph. The next day, according to their usual custom, they proclaimed the Chevalier—a ceremony on which the band of warriors seems to have placed no little reliance, as a means of making partisans. Here, too, they were joined by many country-gentlemen, with their servants and tenants; but they were chiefly Catholics, those of the High Church party continuing to keep themselves aloof. Yet even they might have been eventually induced to embrace the cause of the exile, if the Jacobites, by conducting their military affairs with common prudence, had obtained the slightest glimmer of success. The ground where they now stood afforded an admi-



rable position for defence, as had been shown, not so very long before, in the time of Cromwell, whose career had well nigh been cut short, in an attempt to force it from the Royalists; and here, if anywhere, the present adventurers might have gained a victory, that would have sounded the tocsin of revolt to half England. No one, who for a moment looks to the nature of the ground, can fail to see how splendid a chance was thrown away by sheer incapacity.

Preston stands upon the river Ribble, which is unfordable for a considerable distance both up and down, the nearest approach to the town being by means of a bridge about a mile and a half off. The road to Preston from this bridge, lies between two steep banks, and is so narrow withal, that in many places two horsemen cannot ride abreast. Instead of taking advantage of this natural outwork, which might easily have been rendered inaccessible, Mr. Forster chose to confine his defences to the streets, across which he threw up barricades, at the same time posting men in the bye-lanes and houses. The defences thus raised were four in number; one was in the churchyard of old Saint Wilfred—as the parish church of Preston was then called—under the command of Brigadier Mackintosh, supported by the Earls of Derwentwater, Nithsdale, and Wintoun, and by Lord Kenmure, who placed themselves at the head of the volunteer horse; a second post was occupied by Lord Charles Murray, at the end of a lane leading into the fields; a third, at a windmill, was trusted to Colonel Mackintosh, and a fourth was in the town itself.

While making this singular display of military skill, Forster quite forgot to look out for the enemy against whom all his preparations were intended, trusting to



the assertions of the Lancashire gentlemen about him, who, one and all, declared that General Wills could not come within forty miles of Preston, ere they would know of it. Nothing doubting these intelligencers, he ordered his troops to march for Manchester, but had not gone any great distance before he received news that the enemy had advanced as far as Wigan, with the full intention of attacking him. Upon this, with more show of military tact than he had yet displayed, he set out with a body of horse to reconnoitre, at the same time despatching a strong body of Jacobites to the defence of Ribble Bridge, which, supposing them to be possessed of common sense and courage, they might have held till doomsday, against any force that was likely to be brought to dislodge them. In a short time, the reconnoitring party came in sight of the enemy's dragoons, when, instead of retiring in order, and leaving the bridge, or the pass behind it, to be maintained by those already in possession of both, he withdrew them from their 'vantage-ground, and with all his forces fell back in confusion upon the town, suffering, of course, considerably in his precipitate retreat. His loss would have been yet more severe, but for the over-caution of General Wills, who, aware of Oliver Cromwell's disaster upon the same spot, advanced not a step without causing the fields and hedges to be thoroughly examined by the light troops thrown out in advance, and on either side of him. Finding, much to his surprise, that the way was completely open, he marched towards the town, and disposed his men about it, so as to prevent all chance of escape, and thus held the Jacobites completely in a trap of their own forming.

The siege which followed had little resemblance to what is usually understood by the term, but might be



rather likened to the strife that takes place when civil war is raging in the streets of a barricaded city. The assailants had no cannon, and if the beleaguered were better off in this respect, still they had no walls to protect them; so that it was, literally, a fight of barricades, attacked stoutly on one part, and as stoutly defended on the other. The first attempt was made upon the post held by Lord Derwentwater, who repulsed it bravely; and the battle, which then spread through all the other quarters, continued, with some intermission, during the night, but without any decisive advantage gained on either side. The besieged, however, having made some prisoners towards morning, were alarmed by the information received from them, that they would speedily have a new enemy to contend with, in addition to the one already on their hands, and who found them more than sufficient occupation. General Carpenter, they said, was in full march for Preston, and had arrived at Clitheroe—a piece of news which blanched many a bold face, and caused not a few of the malcontents to talk about the benefits of an early capitulation. But, in truth, it was high time to think of that, or some other means of escape from the impending evil, if they did not wish to die sword in hand, or upon the scaffold; for another, and most unexpected peril had arisen, which threatened to settle the whole affair, long before General Carpenter could come up to take a share in it. With the utter want of military knowledge, not to say of common sense, that characterised all the measures of the Jacobite leader, when he set about his barricades for the defence of the town, he quite overlooked the street leading to Wigan, and this omission being discovered by Lord Forrester, he rushed in at the head of the old corps called Preston's Regiment, when,



though driven back and wounded, he yet returned to the assault again and again. And where was General Forster all the time?—most comfortably in bed, devouring sack posset and confections.

The account, given by the renegade biographer, Patten, of the capitulation that followed the next morning, is so confused as not to be very intelligible in its details, but the upshot of the whole is plain enough. Seven nobles, besides fourteen hundred and ninety others, many of whom were gentlemen and officers, while the rest belonged to the common file, surrendered at discretion, and not without strong suspicions of treachery on the part of some of their leaders. Nor was the surrender brought about by anything like a general consent, or without determined opposition from the more high-spirited as well as sagacious of the Jacobites, who laughed at the folly of expecting grace from the government, and, as death was inevitable, preferred dying honourably on the battle-field to dying ignominiously upon the scaffold. The young Charles Radcliffe, who had highly distinguished himself in action, was one of the most vehement advocates for fighting it out, come what would of it; the few Highlanders that had not deserted with their countrymen were yet more furious, and could scarcely be restrained from sallying forth sword in hand, and cutting their way through the enemy, or, what was much more likely, perishing in the attempt. Lord Derwentwater, hopeless now as he had been from the very first, joined those who urged the necessity of immediate and unconditional submission. He was shocked at the effusion of blood he had already witnessed to no purpose, although in the battle he had shown himself but little anxious to spare his, and disagreeing in opinion from his brother, he hoped much from the clemency of



the crown. It would, however, be hard to say on what he founded such a belief.

The surrender at discretion having been finally agreed upon, no time was lost in carrying it into effect. At an early hour of the morning, the sound of trumpets and the beating of drums announced that the two generals were about to enter the town in form, and presently they rode into the market-place, where the defeated party awaited them in anxious expectation. The lords and gentlemen having been first disarmed and marched off to their separate places of confinement, the Highlanders were next ordered to lay down their arms, when they were led away to the Church, for want of a better prison. Here, in a national spirit of thrift, sadly yet ludicrously in contrast with the circumstances of danger in which they stood, these careful heroes employed their time in ripping the lining from the pews, and converting it into wearing apparel.

To the credit of the victors, it should be mentioned that both officers and common men treated the poor Jacobites with decent civility and forbearance. So far as they were concerned, the rage of party had either never existed, or had ceased with the ceasing battle, and captors and prisoners were soon upon as good a footing as was at all compatible with the relative situations in which they stood to each other. The whole wrath, indeed, of the defeated, who, as we have already pointed out, were chiefly Catholics, seemed to be turned against the high-church party, for not having come to their assistance as they had promised. This feeling pervaded all ranks alike of those who had engaged in the rebellion. Even Lord Derwentwater, mild and little prone to passion as he was in general, was roused to anger by this defection, and bitterly observed to one



of his friends: "You see what we have brought ourselves to by giving credit to our high-born Tories—to such men as Fenwick, Green, Tate, and Allgood. If you outlive misfortune, and return to live in the North, I desire you never to be seen in converse with such rogues in disguise, who promised to join us, and animated us to rise with them." As to the Highlanders, they vented their indignation to any one who would listen. When the country people flocked out from field and cottage to gaze at them on their way to London, whither they were being led by easy marches, these hardy Celts relieved their wrath by crying out: "Where are all your high-church Tories? If they would not fight with us, let them come and rescue us!" exclamations which only caused them to be guarded with the greater diligence. Not that there seems to have been any great need for such additional precautions. On the contrary, the by-standers replied to all these taunts by encomiums upon warming-pans, in allusion to the supposed birth of the Chevalier; for, as the reader will doubtless recollect, it was a current notion, at the time, that James's Queen had imposed upon the public by a pretended child-birth, when nothing of the kind had taken place, a warming-pan playing the chief part in the mystification.

As the party drew nearer to London, it soon became evident, from very intelligible signs and tokens, what mercy the defeated Jacobites had to expect from those in power; and yet, as the royal advisers had never come within the reach of danger, supposing there to have been any, they ought, in all reason, to have kept themselves free from the cruelty which grows out of terror. Upon the little bands of victors and captives reaching Barnet, they were met by messengers from town, bear-



ing especial orders that the latter should have their arms tied with cords—more, no doubt, as an indignity than from any idea of escape or danger. Patten, the renegade chronicler, whom we have often had occasion to quote, observes, when writing afterwards upon the subject, in excuse of his new friends, that “this was more for *distinction* than any pain that attended”—an odd idea, truly, of distinction; if, in his clerical capacity, he offered no better consolation to those who came under his care, it may be suspected that his ministry was not very popular.

Hitherto the prisoners had been guarded by Lumley's horse; but at Highgate they were received by a strong detachment of cavalry and infantry from London, and fresh precautions were taken to prevent any attempts at escape or rescue. Such of the prisoners as rode on horseback were now separated into pairs, a foot-soldier holding the bridle of each horse for greater security, or, as Mr. Patten would say, “for distinction.” He himself, however, for he had not yet read his recantation, came in for a full share of these, and the other *distinctions* lavished upon the party by the mob, who lined the way on either side, and assailed them, as they ran the gauntlet, with cries of “Long live King George!” “Down with the Pretender!” Even Quakers lost the characteristic quietude of their sect in their horror of Popery, and one of them, observing his black garments, gravely addressed him with, “Friend, thou hast been the trumpeter of rebellion to those men; thou must answer for them.” A soldier, possessed of less religion, but more humanity, repaid the zealous monitor for his anathema by a blow from the butt-end of his musket, which sent him reeling into a ditch close behind him. But the spirit within honest Broadbrim was not so easily



put down as the outward man had been, and sitting up in the ditch with admirable composure, he rebuked his assailant with, "Friend, thou art, I fear, but a faithless servant to King George."

Scenes of this kind sufficiently denote the state of popular feeling in those days, and it is difficult to understand how those most interested in a thorough knowledge of it should have been so utterly unacquainted with the general bias. The sailor who should put to sea in total ignorance of wind and tide, affords the only prototype to this blundering of the Jacobites, who, even to the last, when they might in some sense be said to have come within sight of the axe and scaffold, yet continued to expect they would be released by a Tory mob. The unlucky Mr. Forster was one of those that cleaved the latest and with the most unswerving confidence to this deceitful hope; to be sure, he might plead in excuse for such a belief, the evident fear of the predominant party, shown as it was by the strong guard with which they surrounded the unarmed captives, and the precautions taken against any chance of escape or rescue in the very heart of the metropolis.

Lord Derwentwater was now taken to the Tower, while his brother, being only a commoner, was confined to the humble walls of Newgate. But though the one road might be more elevated than the other, it was perfectly well understood that they led alike to the same termination. On the 7th January, 1716, the case of the seven lords was brought before the House of Commons by a Mr. Lechmere, who on this occasion had been chosen as the organ for carrying out the vengeance of the triumphant party. In an able and eloquent speech, well adapted to the fears and prejudices of those whom he addressed, he moved that the accused should not be



proceeded against in the ordinary way, but should be impeached before their peers, and himself undertook the impeachment of Lord Derwentwater. Six other members then rose with the like charges, and similar offers, in regard to the six nobles, who had been the companions of his enterprise; and these established preliminaries having been gone through, an impeachment of the whole party was carried up to the bar of the House of Lords, with the usual assurance on the part of the movers, "that articles to make good the charge against the Earl of Derwentwater and the other noblemen would be shortly exhibited." Nor did they lose any time in fulfilling this promise. In less than three days, the active industry of the Committee of the House of Commons, ably seconded by their chairman, the Mr. Lechmere already mentioned, had framed the necessary articles, which were then read at the bar of the House of Lords, and, on the 10th, the accused were called before their peers to hear the charges brought against them, after which, they were allowed a short time to prepare their respective answers.

If there was little of that heroism which so captivates the fancy in the brief outbreak of the Jacobites, there was even less of it exhibited by them, now they were called upon to undergo the penalties of failure. They had evidently not entered into the contest like men, who, playing for a great gain, are willing to stake as largely, and with a mind prepared to lose while it hopes to win; but rather resembled children, who have ignorantly lighted a train of fireworks, in anticipation only of their brilliance, and are frightened out of their wits when they find that such explosions can burn as well as illumine. Even Lord Derwentwater, though he had shown so much gallantry in the field, lost all the



spirit that should have animated him, when again called before the House to answer the articles of impeachment. Being brought to the bar by the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, he knelt down with much humility, till ordered by the Lord Chancellor to rise, and make such statement as he could in his defence. To deny that he had been in arms for King James would have been useless, since he had been taken *flagrante delicto*—to defend the act might have become a bold and chivalrous spirit, but would hardly have been prudent; Lord Derwentwater took the only course that held out a hope of safety, faint as it was—and, admitting the charges brought against him, expressed the deepest contrition for his conduct. In extenuation, he pleaded his youth and inexperience—the way in which he had been urged into rebellion by the circumstances of the moment, without any previous design or foresight—his generally peaceful habits, and his advice to those who were with him, at Preston, to throw themselves upon the royal clemency. In conclusion, he implored the mediation both of their Lordships and of the Commons in his behalf, which, he protested, would lay him under the highest obligation of duty and affection to his Majesty, and perpetual gratitude to both Houses.

Such a man might with great safety have been forgiven; he would scarce have proved dangerous under any circumstances; yet even this conviction—and it must have entered into the minds of all that saw and heard him—was insufficient to soften the rancour of party feelings, or the jealousy of the government. It was already determined that he and his principal associates should die; and all that now remained was to give the greatest effect possible to the pronouncing of the sentence, and to its execution when pronounced.



Westminster was duly prepared for the purpose, and thither the Lords repaired in solemn procession from their own House, the Chancellor (Earl Cowper) enacting the temporary part of Lord High Steward, in which character he was styled "your Grace," and was distinguished by other petty observances—so little real difference is there between the ceremonials of life and the tawdry fictions of the stage. It was, however, a scene well got up for effect, as minds are generally constituted; and even those the most prone to seek and find the ridiculous, must have felt that disposition considerably tamed by the certainty that the axe, in this case, was not intended for a plaything.

The business of the day now began with the usual proclamation, the Serjeant-at-Arms commanding silence—"Oyez! oyez! oyez!" A second proclamation followed, ordering the Lieutenant of the Tower to bring forth his prisoners; and, after a few seconds of anxious expectation to all present, the culprits were ushered in, preceded by the Gentleman-Jailor, with his axe; and, having knelt before the bar, they bowed profoundly to the High Steward and his peers. The Gentleman-Jailor, in the meanwhile, took his place at their left hand, with the edge of his axe turned from him.

These preliminaries adjusted, the impeachment of Lord Derwentwater and his reply were read, after which, being asked if he still pleaded guilty to the charges brought against him, he answered as before, "I do." He was then ordered to withdraw; but the ministers of the hour seem to have thought, with Macbeth, that—

"If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly;"

and before the day was over he was again called up, with



his companions in misfortune, to receive sentence. The Lord High Steward, according to the usual custom in such cases, which gives the show, but not the reality, of another chance of escape to the accused, demanded if he had anything to say why judgment should not be passed upon him. To this his lordship could only reply by repeating what he had already stated in his written answer to the articles of impeachment, concluding, in a voice scarce articulate, an affecting, though not very heroic, appeal to their compassion, with "The terrors of your lordships' just sentence, which at once deprives me of my life and estate, and completes the misfortunes of my wife and innocent children, are so heavy upon my mind, I am scarcely able to allege what may extenuate my offence, if anything may do it." He then again implored their mediation, in the same utter ignorance of those he had to deal with that he had all along displayed. What interference was likely to avail with the king or his advisers?

The same ceremonial of question and reply was gone through with the other prisoners, when, proclamation for silence having been again made, to give the greater solemnity to what was to follow, the court pronounced its judgment, condemning them all to the usual penalties for treason. Horrible as such a sentence was, either to hear or to utter, it proved insufficient to satisfy the hatred of those with whom it originated, without an attempt to bereave the condemned of that which they at all events looked upon as their only remaining consolation. The Lord High Steward—acting surely under other influence—gravely recommended them, at this last moment, to abandon the faith they had been bred up in, which, if they could have been persuaded to, the conviction must have made death yet more bitter, by showing



them that the very cause for which they had thrown away life was but a shadow. In this respect, the English Catholics differed not a little from the Highlanders; religious feeling had much to do with the rising of the former against the established government, whereas the latter were almost entirely influenced by a clannish attachment to the Stuarts.

The prisoners were now reconducted to their old places of confinement in the Tower, there to await the moment when the curtain should again rise for the completion of this tragi-comedy, in which the opposite ingredients of tears and laughter were so strangely mingled. In the meanwhile, the Lord High Steward, standing up in his place, broke his staff of office, and declared the commission ended. The peers then returned to their own house before finally breaking up, and may perhaps remind the reader, who has witnessed a military funeral, of the merry homeward march of the soldier, to the sound of fife and drum, after having deposited a comrade in his grave.

Courage alike to dare and to endure seems to be the quality of all others most indispensable to heroes, whether of history or romance, and Lord Derwentwater will, no doubt, lose much of the interest which would otherwise belong to his sad tale, by his utter deficiency in either. Not that the charge of cowardice could be fairly laid at his door; on the field of battle he had exhibited, as we have seen, an insensibility to personal danger that did him much credit; but still it was courage without enterprise; and it was now made plain that he was equally deficient in fortitude. He shrank with horror at the contemplation of death, from which there could be no escape, and which filled him with thoughts of pain and violence, to be met not in the ex-



citement of a struggle, or on a sick bed amidst consoling friends, but in cold blood upon a public scaffold, and while the heart was yet full of life and vigorous for resistance. To such a pitch did these moods at last arrive, now of terror, and now again of hopeless despondency, that it was deemed advisable two warders should remain with him, night and day, lest he should commit suicide. Strange inconsistency of human nature! —that men, from the very dread of death by the hand of others, should voluntarily inflict its pains upon themselves! And yet how often has this seeming contradiction been realized.

While he was more than expiating by this mental martyrdom any offences he might have committed, he was not forgotten by his friends, even amongst those who had adopted an opposite side in politics. The Duke of Roxburghe, Keeper of the Privy Seal for Scotland, as well as lord-lieutenant for the counties of Roxburghe and Selkirk, and Thomas Townshend, Viscount Sydney, then Under-Secretary of State, visited him more than once in his dungeon; Sir Richard Steele, in the House of Commons, warmly advocated the cause of mercy; and as a proof that strong exertions were being made in his favour, the first Lord of the Treasury declared that he had been offered a bribe of sixty thousand pounds to save him. The peers, too, who, as an unavoidable matter of duty, had pronounced the sentence of condemnation upon the accused, had no mind that it should be carried into effect, and petitioned the king in their favour, with the rational hope of being able to save at least some of them. But the reply was such as to destroy these illusions. “The King on this, and all occasions, will do what he thinks consistent with the dignity of the crown, and the safety of his people.” To this it



might have been answered, that no one ever yet secured his safety by shedding blood ; and that, if the dignity of the crown required human victims for its support, it was no better than the Moloch of the old idolaters, and the sooner it perished the better.

When everything else had failed, the Countess of Derwentwater, accompanied by two female friends, threw herself at the king's feet, to implore mercy for her husband. It was in vain. As a last resource, the Dowager Countess presented a simple and affecting petition in behalf of her sons. But both the king and his minister had made up their minds to exact the full penalty of the law's bond from all the culprits ; and when the clamours for mercy became somewhat loud in the House of Commons, Walpole angrily exclaimed, that "he was moved with indignation to see that there should be such unworthy members of this great body, as to open their mouths, without blushing, in favour of rebels and parricides." As, however, the minister found himself unable to stifle the general feeling by anything he could say, he adopted the more decisive measure of adjourning the House until the first of March, it being well understood how he meant to employ the interval.

The fatal twenty-fourth of February, the day fixed for the execution of Lord Derwentwater and his associates, at length arrived. At the hour of ten in the morning, a hackney-coach was in waiting to convey them to the Transport-office on Tower-hill, where a room had been prepared for their reception, being hung all round with black, while a railed-in gallery led to the place of execution. It had been arranged that Lord Derwentwater should be the first victim. As he walked through the gallery and ascended the steps, the curious



eyes of those nearest to him observed that he turned pale, though otherwise he appeared sufficiently composed, and master of his feelings. In his hand he carried a book, from which he prayed awhile, and then, having asked the sheriffs' permission to address the spectators, he advanced to the edge of the scaffold, that he might be the better heard by them. His speech, which he delivered from a written paper, was, in truth, little more than a recantation of his late recantation—a recalling of the penitential expressions he had so recently uttered at the bar of the House of Lords. But large allowances are to be made for the weakness when placed in trying situations. Before the Peers, he had played a saving, though not an heroic game for his life; and, having lost it, we may believe him sincere in this return to his first principles, however we ourselves may differ from them.

He now turned to the executioner.

“You will find,” he said, “something for you in my pocket”—it was two half-guineas—“and that gentleman”—pointing to a person who held his hat and wig—“has something more for you. Let me lie down once to see how the blocks fits me.”

Having satisfied himself upon this point, he knelt down beside it in prayer for a few moments, and, rising again, was assisted by the headsman in undressing himself for execution. When all was ready, he exclaimed, “I forgive my enemies, as I hope that God will forgive me;” and, again laying himself upon the block, he charged the executioner that, after the third time of his crying, “Sweet Jesus!” he should perform his office.

The pause that now followed was brief, but it could not well have been otherwise than awful to every one—and scarcely more so to him who was about to suffer,



than to the expectant witnesses of the horrid scene, or to the headsman who was to strike the blow. After a momentary delay, the victim was heard to murmur, "Sweet Jesus, receive my spirit—sweet Jesus, be merciful unto me—sweet Jesus——"

But in this moment came a bright flash of steel—a dull yet crashing sound—and the head was severed from its body. The executioner then lifted it up, and exposing it successively at the four corners of the scaffold, cried out each time, "Behold the head of a traitor! God save King George!"

The mutilated trunk was now, by the sheriff's order, wrapped in black baize, or, as some have told the story, in red cloth, which is still preserved as a relic at Hassop, the seat of the late Earl of Newburgh, and retains the evident marks of blood.

As no preparations seem to have been made for receiving the corpse on the spot, it was conveyed in a hackney-coach to his friends, while the head itself was set up as a spectacle above Temple-bar, according to the barbarous custom of those times, which had little respect for the dead when party-feeling was concerned. Here, however, it did not remain long. According to tradition current in the family, the Countess of Derwentwater had, beforehand, arranged a plan for its removal, which she now carried into effect with equal dexterity and courage. Disguised as a fisherwoman, and accompanied by another female, most probably belonging to that class, she passed under Temple-bar in a cart, when some persons, who had been previously bribed to the undertaking, dropped the head from above into her lap, and, strange as it may seem, she had the good fortune to get off with her prize in safety.

The best authenticated accounts tell us the Earl was



buried in the church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, near the altar; but there is also a tradition extant of his having found his last resting-place at Dilstone. The Ettrick Shepherd, Hogg, is a stanch advocate for the more popular belief, observing, in his "Jacobite Relics," that the body "was certainly carried secretly to Dilstone, where it was deposited by the side of the Earl's father, in his chapel. . . . A little porch before the farmhouse of Whitesmock is pointed out as the exact spot where the Earl's remains rested, avoiding Durham." This last little piece of circumstantial evidence, so ingeniously brought forward by the poet, may possibly remind the reader of a like kind of testimony in the "School for Scandal," where the tale of Sir Peter's duel is placed beyond doubt by the bullet that glided off from the mouth-piece at a right angle, and flew close by the postman, who was just then knocking at the door with a double letter from Northampton. It should, however, be remembered, that the "Jacobite Relics" are, for the most part, the production of Hogg's own pen; and he who could amuse himself with such a trick, is not the best or the safest guide through the mazes of antiquity. One thing, however, amidst all these doubts, is certain. Let the Earl's bones rest where they will, his memory is still cherished by the people of these parts, and lives in many a rude ballad. Even yet, the *Auroræ Boreales* are known amongst them as "Lord Derwentwater's Lights," because, according to the tradition, they were unusually brilliant on the night that preceded his execution.

Our narrative would to many seem incomplete, without a passing glance at the family of him in whose behalf we have been endeavouring to interest them. The wife of the unfortunate Jacobite died at Brussels, in the



August of 1723. His immediate male descendants are extinct, but the direct representative, in the female line, of the unhappy Earl is the present Lord Petre. The Hon. Charles Radcliffe, Lord Derwentwater's brother, married a Scottish peeress, and was the ancestor of Francis Eyre, Earl of Newburgh. The title of Derwentwater has never been restored, and the only indulgence shown has been the grant to the Newburgh family, in 1788, of a clear rental, amounting to two thousand five hundred a-year, out of the forfeited property, which was first settled on Greenwich Hospital, and afterwards sold to Mr. Marshall, of Leeds.



PRIVILEGE OF THE LORDS KINGSALE.

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LORD KINGSALE enjoys the hereditary right of wearing his hat in the royal presence. This singular privilege dates from a very remote period, and originated in the following circumstance:—

Sir John de Courcy, the renowned conqueror of Ulster, created Earl of that province in 1181, performed prodigies of valour in the Irish wars, and stood high in the favour of his royal master, Henry II.; but, upon the accession of King John, his splendour and rank having excited the envy of Hugh de Lacie, governor of Ireland, the Earl of Ulster was treacherously seized, while performing penance, unarmed and bare-footed, in the churchyard of Downpatrick, and sent over to England, where the king condemned him to perpetual imprisonment in the Tower. After his lordship, however, had been in confinement about a year, a dispute happening to arise between King John and Philip Augustus of France, concerning the Duchy of Normandy, the decision was referred to single combat, and King John, more hasty than advised, appointed the day, against which the King of France provided his champion; but the English monarch, less fortunate, could find no one of his subjects willing to take up the gauntlet, until his captive in the Tower, the gallant Earl of Ulster, was prevailed upon to accept the challenge. But when



everything was prepared for the contest, and the champions had entered the lists, in presence of the monarchs of England, France, and Spain, the opponent of the Earl, seized with a sudden panic, put spurs to his horse and fled the arena ; whereupon the victory was adjudged with acclamation to the champion of England. The French king, however, being informed of Ulster's powerful strength, and wishing to witness some exhibition of it, his lordship, at the desire of King John, cleft a massive helmet in twain at a single blow. The king was so well satisfied with this signal performance, that he not only restored the earl to his estates and honours, but desired him to ask anything within his gift, and it should be granted. To which Ulster replied, that, having lands and titles enough, he desired that his successors might have the privilege (their first obeisance being paid) to remain covered in the presence of his highness, and all future kings of England—which request was immediately granted. Thus arose this curious immunity, and generation after generation it has been since enjoyed by the Earl of Ulster's descendants, the successive Lords Kingsale :

And the King, he gave this graceful honour  
To the bold De Courcy's race,  
That they ever should dare their helms to wear  
Before the King's own face ;  
And the sons of that line of heroes  
To this day their right assume ;  
For, when every head is unbonneted,  
They walk in cap and plume !

Almericus, the twenty-third baron, appearing covered in the presence of William III., and that monarch expressing surprise at the circumstance, his lordship thus asserted his hereditary right :—



“Sire, my name is Courcy; I am Lord of Kingsale, in your Majesty’s kingdom of Ireland; and the reason of my appearing covered in your Majesty’s presence is to maintain the ancient privilege of my family, granted to Sir John de Courcy, Earl of Ulster, and his heirs, by John, King of England.”

William acknowledged the claim, and gave the baron his hand to kiss; whereupon Lord Kingsale paid his obeisance, and continued covered.



## THE LUCK OF EDEN HALL.

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The drinking glass of crystal tall,  
They call it The Luck of Eden Hall.—*Longfellow.*

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WHO has not heard of Eden Hall, and its fairy-goblet?

The tale, I ween, has oft been told  
In minstrel's song and legend old;  
And modern bards, with mimic strain,  
Have given its echoes back again.

And has that dream of days of yore  
Its influence lost on fancy's ear?  
And can its wonders charm no more  
The eye of reason, cold and clear?

Be ours the task, however it be,  
To open the book of mystery,  
And gather from its decaying page  
The signs which are half worn out by age.  
Then all attend, and believe the rhyme  
Is a voice from out the grave of time.

But the day of song, like the day of so many other things that once made the charm of life, has gone by; the poet's verse has too light and tinkling a sound to be heard amidst the clang of hammers employed in fashioning steam-engines, or beating out copper into wires,—thin, indeed, yet strong enough to curb that mighty giant, electricity, and compel him to do service



to his master, man. We therefore hold it best to turn out our Pegasus to graze, or rather to starve, upon the barren common of this worky-day world, amid so many of his fellows; while—to imitate the extravagance of eastern metaphor—we are content to walk in the wooden shoes of prose.

Eden Hall, in Cumberland, was, and is still, possessed by the Musgraves—a warlike and ancient family, that draws its lineage from one of the conqueror's companions, who obtained a grant of Scalesby Castle. Such a gift is the best testimony to his qualities as a soldier, for in those days the stout heart and ready hand were as necessary to retain, as to win estates; and to bestow lands upon one who could not defend them, would have been about as idle as to put into a child's grasp the heavy sword of a horseman, which, if he used at all, it could only be to the injury of his own person. The high repute of the first Musgrave had suffered no diminution in its descent through many generations; but rather, like some stream, had deepened and widened in its downward course from the fountain-head, till it swelled into a noble river. How far that descent had reached at the period of our tale, it is impossible to fix with any degree of certainty; and when we call its hero William, the reader should be pleased to recollect, that the Christian name has been arbitrarily given, though he must not, on that account, impugn the general truth of our narrative. The most material part of what we are going to relate was indubitably the *belief* of no distant generation; whether it believed wisely or not, is another question: at one time, the sun made a daily journey round the earth, and the dreams of the alchymists were scientific truths.

The Musgrave of our tale, whom, to suit our own



purposes, we have thus christened William, when he may have been Henry or Edward, was, as all his ancestors had been since the days of the Norman Conquest, an eager huntsman, and one who often followed his game from sun-rise to sun-down; at the same time, though of a hot and jealous temper, he possessed some gentler qualities, to which few of them could pretend a title; he could do more than write his name, which, in one who was not a churchman, might be reckoned akin to the marvellous; moreover, he could touch the harp with some degree of skill, was not ignorant of olden chronicles, and could extemporize a romance as readily as any troubadour. Such a character, it was plain, was equally qualified to shine in the field, and in lady's bower; no wonder, then, that he won the heart, and would have obtained the hand, of the fair Eleanor, had her father been as much alive to the value of these unusual gifts as herself, or if he had not been hardened by yet more important considerations against the possessor of them. The bold Baron, whom we shall call the Baron de Roseville—not to designate any actor in our tale too precisely—had settled, when Eleanor was scarcely five years old, that she should, in due time, be married to her cousin, Theodore. To this the child, so long as she was a child, had, of course, offered no objection—ignorance in her case being, as it so often is, the source of a great deal of happiness. It was a very different thing with the maiden. No sooner had she learned to think for herself on such matters, than her thoughts took the opposite direction to the baron's; and, not content with absolutely hating the cousin whom she was commanded to love, she must needs bestow her affections on Sir William Musgrave, whom she had been ordered to regard as the feudal enemy of her house.



This contumacy was stigmatized by the Baron as ingratitude of the blackest dye; he had begotten, fed, clothed, and lodged her, during seventeen years, and for her to entertain any wish or idea that had not received his previous sanction—or worse, which was in defiance of his expressed mandates—was a crime to be punished in any way his paternal lenity might deem proper. He had tried fasting upon bread and water in a lone turret-chamber, but the young lady had chosen to fall so ill in consequence, that he was forced to abandon his plan—another instance of perverseness which excited his especial indignation. Had he possessed a son to inherit his estate, he might have been tempted to push the experiment a little farther, even at the risk of serious mischief to the subject of it; but he had not; and, in the event of her death, there was none to whom he cared to leave his broad lands. In his own opinion, then, no man had ever possessed a more ungrateful daughter, or was more cruelly persecuted by fortune, than himself. What, he argued, could be worse than a child who would not do everything he wished her to do? or, what on earth was the use of gold and lands, if he could not make them a means of punishing those who had offended him?

To get rid of these unpleasant reflections, the moody Baron gave himself up more than ever to the chase—the only amusement of which a mind like his was capable; and as his absence, when he had once set out on these expeditions, might be safely calculated to last the day through, the lovers had frequent opportunities of meeting, and, in their turn, railed against the cruelty of fortune. At such times, the lady would leave her chamber, and descend into the castle gardens, to which the lord of Eden Hall had always ready access



by the connivance of the seneschal, whom he had bought over to his interest. The seneschal, however, boasted of a rigid morality; and, while he saw no crime in pocketing a bribe, stipulated, as an indispensable sacrifice to decorum, that the young lady's tire-woman should be present at these clandestine interviews.

The last sound of the baron's hunting-horn had died away in the near forest, when, as usual, Sir William was admitted by his ally at a private door in the garden-wall. At the same time, by a previous understanding, the lady sate in her bower, her favourite hawk upon her wrist, and the tire-woman occupied her wonted post, near enough to see, but not to hear, what was passing. Deprived thus of any benefit she might have derived from a pair of exceedingly sharp ears, she amused herself by speculating on the looks and actions of the lovers; and as they both were more than sufficiently wayward—he, from excess of jealousy, and she, from natural caprice—there was seldom any want of lively scenes to vary the dulness of such a meeting—dull, at least, so far as the mere spectator was concerned. On the present occasion, there was every appearance of this diversion being even carried to greater lengths than usual.

“Now the saints be our speed!” said the tire-woman; “my lady is in a rare mood to-day; for my part, I think she grows more wilful and freakish every hour; and if Sir William be in one of his jealous humours, their meeting will be a pleasant one. Oh, there he comes—humph! to judge now from his face, he's just in a right cue for a quarrel.”

Lucy had shown no want of shrewdness in these auguries; the gentleman was—he could not himself have told why—in that particular frame of mind, which



induces a man, if not to undervalue himself, at least to suppose he is undervalued by others, and to be suspicious accordingly. The lady's mood, at the moment, was precisely that most calculated to call such a temper into active operation. It pleased her at the time to be exceedingly cold and indifferent, not that her love had in reality suffered the least abatement, nor had she any purpose or design in it; the character was put on, as she put on so many others, from sheer capriciousness. There are some substances—sodium, for instance—that inflame upon coming into contact with water, a chemical fact that may serve to illustrate the way in which the lady's coldness acted upon the excitable condition of the lover.

“Good heavens, Eleanor!” he exclaimed—“what is the matter with you to-day?”

“Matter!—what should be the matter?” replied the lady, with wonderful indifference, and smoothing all the while the ruffled plumage of the favourite on her wrist. “So, pet!”—this was addressed to the bird—“what disturbs thee, now? Hath thy bright eye seen aught it likes not?”

“Upon my word, Eleanor,” said the angry lover, “I shall grow jealous of the falcon presently, if he monopolizes so much of your attention. I can't help recollecting it was given to you by——”

“By the gallant knight of Summerfield,” said the lady, interrupting him. “Poor fellow! he died a soldier's death, and for his sake I shall always love the bird.”

“Love the bird for his sake?”

“Why not? He ever thought of me with kindness.”

The Lord of Eden bit his lips, till the blood flowed from them, in order that his rage might not show itself



in words, well knowing from frequent experience, that he might say, in one unlucky moment, what he would repent for weeks. When he had mastered his feelings enough, as he thought, to speak without offending either by the tone or the import of his speech, he again turned to the lady, who continued amusing herself with the falcon.

“Forgive me, Eleanor, if I ask once again, what is the matter? Have I, in any way, had the misfortune to offend you?”

“No—not that I know of—not more than usual.”

“Not more than usual! Saints and martyrs! What is it you mean?”

“Did you ever see a nobler creature?” said the lady, gazing with admiration on the falcon, in which it seemed she was too much wrapt up to hear his question. “What an eye he has! as bright almost as his who gave him—alas! that we shall never look upon the gallant knight again!”

“Now, by all the fiends of treachery and falsehood——”

“Plait-il?” said the lady, in a tone of marvellous quiet, seeing that her lover either could not, or would not, go on with his angry speech—“Plait-il?”

“Eleanor!”

“Sir William!”

“It would almost seem that you love that foul kite better than myself.”

It was now the lady's turn to be indignant; and indignant she was, so far as her present state allowed her to be.

“Foul, he is not,” she replied; “neither is he a kite, but as noble a bird, with as strong a wing and keen an eye, as ever stooped upon its quarry.”



“Oh, no doubt—no doubt—a noble bird—and a noble knight who gave him!”

“Certainly.”

“And both more worthy of a lady’s love, than one so simple as myself can pretend to be.”

“Of which are you jealous?” said the lady—“the dead knight, or the living falcon?”

“Of neither,” replied Sir William, in a towering rage; “the one is just as worthy to trouble me as the other.”

“Poor fellow!” exclaimed the lady—but in such a manner as left it doubtful whether this compassion was intended for the bird, or her lover.

It may be said of compassion as of truth; they are both things which all men conspire to praise, yet few receive without either feeling humbled, or, as happened with Sir William in the present case, being driven into absolute fury. In a paroxysm of wrath, that scarcely allowed him to distinguish any of the objects before him, he snatched the falcon from her wrist, before she was aware of his intention, and dashed it with such violence against the stones that its head was literally shivered to pieces. In an instant Eleanor turned deadly pale; but it was not fear—not the horror which a young female might have been expected to feel at the sight of blood, but as deep a sense of indignation as ever agitated the breast of woman.

“You have killed him, then?” she said.

“Forgive me, my dear Eleanor,” replied the penitent lover; “I am already ashamed of my hasty passion. Believe me, if I have offended——”

“If you have offended!”

“Well, well, I own—I admit the offence, but it was love that——”



“Love!” again interrupted the lady, with bitter scorn; “thus—thus, I trample on it.”

And she trampled with her little feet upon the grass, as if it had been the object of her anger.

“But hear me, Eleanor——”

“I will hear nothing, sir. Quit this place directly, or I alarm the castle, and leave you to account for your presence here to my lord the Baron. What, ho!—seneschal!—seneschal, I say. Let go my dress, sir; I will not be detained. Help, help!”

“Blessed Virgin! what has happened?” exclaimed the tire-woman, running up in alarm at these cries.

“Help me raise the castle. Seneschal—seneschal!”

“Spare all this exclamation,” said Sir William, starting up from the knee, which he had bent to the earth, in the first feeling of humbleness; “if my presence is so hateful to you——”

“It is—it is! The smallest quill in the wing of yon poor bird, the slightest down upon its breast, shall from this moment be nearer to my heart than ever was your worthless self.”

“I can easily believe you, madam,” retorted the lover, his former passion of jealousy rekindling at these words, and stifling his momentary fit of penitence—“I can easily believe you. Farewell—farewell, for ever.”

The tire-woman, though accustomed to their quarrels, was too much alarmed by a dispute of such unusual violence, not to throw herself between the combatants, in the hope of preventing further mischief.

“For the love of all the saints, my lady—Sir William is going—I am sure you did not mean those angry words you used just now! Shall I not call him back again?”

But the indignant Eleanor either did not hear, or did



not choose to notice, this appeal, and walked off with a proud step to her lonely chamber.

The devil, it is well known, is a great watcher of opportunity, always seizing the moment when human passions are at the flood to throw such temptations in men's way as may lead them to their ruin. On this occasion he brought the Baron home from the chace at an unusually early hour, and almost at the same time the hated cousin, Theodore, on a chance visit to the castle, before the wrath of the maiden had abated. It is so common a thing for people, in the language of the coarse old proverb, "to cut off their own noses to be revenged on their own faces," that few will be surprised at a wilful and capricious being, like Lady Eleanor, throwing herself into the arms of her father, sobbing, as if her heart would break, and avowing herself ready to marry cousin Theodore at a moment's notice.

"But mind," she added—"mind, my dear father, it must be on the instant, or I cannot answer for myself."

The Baron, though used to the young lady's freaks, was somewhat surprised at this unexpected demonstration. He was, however, a crafty old fox, though, in general, too indolent to battle out his own projects; and, instead of asking "why or wherefore," immediately replied: "It shall be before the week is over."

"Sooner, my dear father!—sooner!" exclaimed the lady.

"Then sooner be it:—as soon as you please to name the day; I can answer for your cousin's making no objection."

Thus, upon so slight a cause, and in a little more than five minutes, was this match concluded, in defiance of love and hatred, but repentance full surely follows hasty resolution, as a headache is the natural conse-



quence of bad wine. With the next morning, Eleanor began to think she had been too precipitate in her anger, and would have done better had she taken a night's counsel of her pillow before she decided. To all hints, however, of this kind, the Baron turned a deaf ear; she had given her word—voluntarily given it—and now must abide by her promise. To reinforce his own authority, he called in that of the family chaplain, who assured her, in *verbo sacerdotis*, that, to recant now, would be much the same as a breaking of the marriage-vow, seeing that a mutual consent, once given, and that consent confirmed by the parental approval, was, in effect, a marriage of minds, and therefore holy. Although unconvinced by these subtle and erudite arguments, the lady, headstrong as she was in general, knew not how to extricate herself from the knot of her own tying.

All this had been duly conveyed to the discarded lover by Lucy, who naturally enough sided with her young mistress against her old master. But he reaped little benefit from the knowledge thus obtained, since it neither helped the lady *out* of her father's castle, nor himself into it; the Baron was much too wary to allow himself to be surprised, now that he saw himself so near the realization of all his wishes; and, instead of relaxing his vigilance, multiplied his defences exactly in proportion as he found himself approaching the desired end. It was in vain that the Lord of Eden Hall hovered about his enemy's fortress night and day; the private door which used to admit him so readily, was now double barred and bolted; the seneschal was nowhere to be seen, nor could he catch a glance of Eleanor, albeit he watched her turret-chamber for hours together.



It was now Midsummer Eve; the next day, as he learnt from his faithful ally, Lucy, was fixed for the wedding; and though the stars shone brightly in the heavens, and the moon had long since risen, he still held idle commune with his own thoughts as he sate, or rather lay, by the side of St. Cuthbert's Well. At a short distance from him, his good horse, with the bridle loose upon his neck, cropped the green pasture, retained there by nothing but his own choice, for he was untethered, either because the knight was too busy with matters of dearer import to heed such trifles, or because he trusted to the familiar and almost dog-like habits of the animal. On a sudden, the horse ceased from grazing, pricked up his ears, snuffed the air with his dilated nostrils, and showed other symptoms of anxiety. The knight saw the change, and addressed him as if he had been an intelligent creature: "How now, Caliph?—what is it you see or hear to frighten you?"

It might have well nigh seemed that the animal understood him, for he snorted as if in answer, pawed the ground impatiently, and showed every symptom of a wish to fly, but could not.

"Tut, tut, old friend! it must be all your fancy; the fields are open for a goodly space about us, and yet I can see nothing."

Still the poor brute remained in the same position, evidently terrified beyond measure, but, from some strange cause, unable to move from the spot. The action of the legs, of the head, and of every swelling muscle of his vigorous frame, showed that he was pulling desperately against something that held him back, in spite of all his efforts to get free. Sir William, in amazement, was rising to examine more closely into the mystery, when there arose a low music, of unearthly



sweetness, that stole like sleep over his senses—as gentle, yet irresistible, and with the same power of excluding all objects save itself. While he listened to these delicious tones, everything else was forgotten; love, anger, hope, fear, the blue sky above, the woods below, all were as if they were not. Unconscious of what he was doing, he began to pull and chew the little wild flowers that grew in the turf around, when, sight of wonder! there appeared, at no great distance from him, a host of fairies at their midnight revels. At that moment, the spell which had before held his senses prisoner, was broken.

“This, then,” he muttered to himself, “is what so frightened my gallant Caliph, who saw it all, no doubt, though I could not. How is it that I am now sensible of their presence? Ha! these flowers, so bitter in my mouth, and which I did not taste before—among them I must have eaten of the mystic leaf, which, they say, opens human eyes to the world of spirits. St. Cuthbert speed us! if they should happen, now, to be as sharp-sighted in spying out myself?”

To avoid discovery by the elfin crew, he cowered down behind the breast-work of the well, where he might watch without being seen in return—no unnecessary precaution, if all were true that was told of them. Tiny as they seemed, they had a power of working mischief that many creatures of larger mould might have envied; and it was generally said, that, if offended—and they were prompt enough to take offence—it was no easy matter to escape their malice: loss of sight and blighted limbs, or temporal misfortune, were amongst the most common consequences of incurring their displeasure; and sometimes they went so far as to carry off the culprit to their subterranean abodes, where



they would hold him for years in a state of servitude. Yet no one who had beheld these fanciful beings as the Knight now beheld them, could have thought other than good of them. To describe their doings, however, or their appearance, would be difficult; for how can human language, the result of human impressions, be expected to give an adequate idea of things above, or at least, beyond, humanity? With no more substance, as it seemed, than the shadows flung around by tree or hill, yet unlike shadows from the rainbow colours that glittered either as a part of themselves or their habits, they defied all comparison with any object of the visible world. Their very laugh was music, such as it sounds when gayest and sweetest, while their voices had a dangerous fascination with them, that, like the siren-song of old, left the hearer but little mastery over his own will. Some of the merry crew bathed in the liquid beams of the moonlight; some hunted the flitter-mice, or leathern-winged bat, with whoop and with halloo; others shook the acorns from the oaks, and began to mimic war with their companions; many danced in giddy roundrels upon the greensward, and, at every footfall, a daisy or a cowslip started up, as if the tiny feet had sown them; but the greater portion revelled with their king and queen, who might be recognised even more by their surpassing beauty than by their regal diadems. The table, at which these last were seated in goodly order, resembled, so far as it could be said to resemble anything, those long streaks of light which are so often visible upon the sea, when all around is dark and sullen. The food and wine before them were, probably, not more substantial, though, had the wine been drawn from the richest grapes of Burgundy or the Rhine, it could not have exercised a more cheering influence on the revellers.



“By my sceptre!” cried the little king, whose eyes began to twinkle merrily, “we are much beholden to our lady Moon; seldom has she brewed, with her summer beams, a richer vintage than what sparkles in our cup to-night.”

And so saying, he emptied at a single draught the contents of a glass cup, which, in his dwarfish hands, might have passed for a wine-barrel.

“The debauched little villain!” murmured the Knight, from whom all supernatural awe had by this time passed away—“the debauched little villain! such a cup as that! It is as if I had drained the great tun of Heidelberg!”

“Now, Titania, you must pledge us,” said the king, filling up the chalice, and presenting it to his consort, who, nothing loth, obeyed the marital injunctions.

With such excellent examples before their eyes, the elfin courtiers could do no other than enjoy themselves, and the goblet passed round, *regis ad exemplar*, with astonishing rapidity.

“I wonder,” said the Knight, whose fancy was mightily tickled by these festal doings—“I wonder what it is they are drinking; it smells not like claret—no, nor Burgundy—nor old hock—yet it should be brave liquor, by the sparkling of the rogues’ eyes, and the loudness of their talk. St. Cuthbert! it is to be hoped king Oberon maintains a sober troop of servants in reserve; for, by my faith, they will be wanted soon, to carry both lord and lady to their couches.”

Wilder yet grew the fairy frolic, and the longer he looked on, the more did the concealed knight enter into the fun of the scene. His spirits were no less exalted than if he had been draining the goblet in reality instead of imagination, as indeed it is a grievous mistake to



suppose that only wine has the power to intoxicate. Duller souls, we grant, may require the more substantial excitement of the cup, but in minds of a better sort, the mountain breeze, the tossing of the sea, or a bright blue sky, are any of them sufficient to produce a similar effect.

“I have a strong fancy to make one among them,” said the Knight, under an impulse he was no longer able to withstand. “Saint Cuthbert! but my blood boils strangely just now. *En avant! en avant!* a Musgrave to the rescue!”

And, starting from his place of concealment, he dashed in amongst them, snatched the goblet from the king, and applied it as eagerly to his mouth as if no liquid had entered there since morning. Luckily the cup had been drained dry, for had only a single drop remained to pass his lips, he had been lost to earth for ever. No mortal could drink of the fairies’ wine, or taste the fairies’ food, without becoming their bondsman and being carried off by them to their subterranean dwellings.

The king was astounded, as well he might be, both in right of his royalty and of his elfin birth, at such an outrage. An earthly monarch would have thought the whip and the dungeon too slight a punishment for an offender of this magnitude; what then must have been the feelings of Oberon, and he elevated by wine, or by something that had the same effect, when an insolent mortal had actually the assurance to snatch the goblet from his lips? But the very excess of such presumption proved the means of safety to the rash Knight; it had taken from the king all power of utterance for the moment, and before he could recover himself, Sir William had sprung upon his good steed, cup in hand, and



dashed off at a furious gallop. But it was not many instants before the fairies girded themselves up for the pursuit. Helter-skelter they fly—

O'r stone, through brier,  
O'r the dry land, through the mire,  
Down the cliff and up the hill,  
Faster, faster, faster still.

Well spurred, good Knight! well run, good horse! bravely hunted, fairies! Never did better sportsmen plant foot in stirrup—never did nobler stag fly before ye—hurrah! hurrah! But he gains the bridge—he passes it—it's all of no use, my little friends, and that you know, as well as I do: you have no power to traverse yonder water.

A running stream they darena cross!

The baffled fairies drew bridle, and the Knight, feeling himself in safety, did the same, and turned round to look at his pursuers,

“Bravely done,  
And bravely run,  
The prize is thine, for 'tis fairly won,”

said, or sang the elfin king, with a good humour that, all things considered, did him much credit. Certes, there are few of his mortal compeers who would have borne a like defeat with the same equanimity.

“Will you accept ransom for the goblet?” he continued. “A sack of pearls?—or a ton of gold?—or a diamond brighter than ever glittered in crown or coronet?”

“No,” replied the Knight, briefly; “pearls may lose their whiteness, gold may be wasted, and diamonds glad the eye of the beholder, not the heart of the wearer; but this cup will be a memorial to me, and to those



who come after me, that I once feasted with king Oberon."

"You say well," replied Oberon, with a gracious smile, that showed even fairies are not insensible to flattery—"you say well, Sir Knight, and well may it be with you in consequence. But remember—

"If that cup either break or fall,  
Farewell the luck of Eden Hall."

And the whole of the elfin troop took up the strain in chorus, laughing, and stamping with their little feet all the while like mad.

"Strange companions are ye to meet on St. John's Eve," muttered the Knight, half aloud; "and better, perhaps, missed than met with—and yet I know not; I have sat at many a banquet of friends that ended not so kindly as yours has done."

"Again you say well," exclaimed the king, his royal ears catching more than evidently was intended for them. "But remember—

"Remember, and your luck shall be  
While shines the sun and flows the sea;  
But broken once that magic glass,  
The star of Eden Hall shall set,  
And in its chambers weeds and grass  
Shall spring through marble green and wet,  
Unshelter'd from the storms of Heaven  
By roofs that Time's neglect has riven,  
While owls and bats and unclean things  
O'er long-quench'd hearths shall fold their wings."

To this chanted admonition the Knight was about to reply, when Caliph, again growing impatient of his supernatural acquaintance, though divided from them by a river, got the bit firmly between his teeth, and galloped homewards, in defiance of all his rider could



do to stop him. The rein, under such circumstances, was manifestly useless, and the spurs, which anger repeatedly buried in his flanks, only made matters worse, by urging his Arab blood to a state little short of frenzy.

Full glad was the Knight, when he got home, to betake himself to his couch; it is true he was too young and hardy to care either for the late hour or the slight fatigue he had undergone, yet the startling scenes to which he had been a party, as well as a witness, by jading the mental faculties, communicated a sympathetic weariness to his body. He slept, therefore, soon and soundly, and when he awoke at a late hour the next morning, he did indeed recollect his adventure with the fairies, but it was to believe they had been a dream, and not a reality. The cup, which met his eye on the table beside him, was the first thing that brought him to a clearer view of matters; a dream could have left no such substantial proof behind it, and as he examined his prize, it was no longer possible for him to doubt his having seen, with the eyes of the body, the elfin king and his tiny companions. This trophy of his valour was a glass goblet, of fair size, having on the top the letters I.H.S., which modern scepticism has availed itself of to show that it had originally been a sacramental chalice. But we hold hard and fast by the wisdom of our forefathers, that constant theme of eulogy when the spirit of innovation grows too clamorous, and believe as they believed in this matter, since, in so doing, we add to our own gratification.

A more acceptable prize could not have fallen into the hands of the lord of Eden Hall, for certainly, up to the present time, if Fortune had not visited him with any serious evils, the loss of his mistress excepted,



neither had she given him any particular cause to be thankful for her bounty. It could not be said of him, as a certain facetious dramatist was wont to say of a fortunate actor, "If he fell into the Thames, instead of being drowned, as in all reason he ought to be, he would rise to the surface with a gold-laced cocked hat upon his head."

It still wanted a good hour of noon, when the Knight, though not in general given to early potations, or indeed to excess of any kind, ordered a flask of Bordeaux wine to be placed before him, and filled his fairy goblet to the brim. In truth, it was no peculiar thirst of wine that made him a drinker at so unseasonable an hour, but rather that feeling which we may all remember to have animated us as children, when we could not rest till the new plaything was put to its proper uses. Perhaps, too, there might mingle with this natural weakness some vague notion that the virtues of the chalice would lie dormant till called out, as Aladdin's lamp must be rubbed before the genius of it was bound to lend his aid; if so, what spell could be more appropriate to the spirit of a wine-cup, than to bathe him over head and ears in wine? Be this as it may, he filled and drank to the health of King Oberon, but scarcely had he set down the empty wine-cup, before loud cries almost beneath his window announced that something extraordinary had happened. A crowd had gathered there about some object which their numbers hid from view, and when, throwing up the casement, he demanded what was the matter, so many voices answered at once, that it was some time ere he could make out, amidst this hubbub of sounds, that a rider had been thrown from his horse and killed.

"But who, knaves?—who?" exclaimed Sir William, hastily; "do none of you know him?"



“The Lord de Roseville’s nephew,” replied a dozen voices, in the same breath; “the noble Sir Theodore!”

“Sir Theodore!” echoed the Lord of Eden Hall. “Had the cup, or rather the spirit which inhabits it, any part or portion in this, I marvel? St. Cuthbert! could I believe it aught but mere accident, I would dash the chalice into a thousand pieces!”

He caught up the goblet to make good his words, but even then he heard, or thought he heard, the old warning again ringing in his ears—

“If that cup either break or fall,  
Farewell the luck of Eden Hall.”

“Now, is this aught but fancy?” he said to himself, as the sounds seemed most strangely to die away into the distance, more like a long-continued vibration than anything else. “It surely is imagination; and yet it were pity to break so rare a talisman upon no surer grounds; for rare it must be, if it is to get me out of all my troubles. I’ll fill it once again; and who knows—perhaps friend Oberon may choose to try his skill upon the iron heart of the Baron? Saint Cuthbert!—no; I had better let alone such help, for if he should find the old gentleman’s heart too hard to be wrought upon, he’s like enough, out of pure malice, to wring his neck!”

In this dilemma, the Lord of Eden Hall did, what probably many others would have done under the same circumstances—he adopted a middle course; he would neither destroy nor use the chalice; but locking it up carefully amidst other choice relics, left it to act or be passive as the spirit of the talisman should think proper.

We must pass over the next three months, during which nothing happened that could establish the pretensions of the cup to be a giver of good fortune. The



Knight, in consequence, began to be a martyr to that sickness of the heart, which is proverbially said to be the concomitant of hope delayed, and spent whole days in the forest, amusing himself, it may be, with the notion that he went there for the purposes of sport; but his bow remained unbent, and the shafts remained useless in his quiver, till the very deer had lost some portion of their shyness at his approach, and would gaze at him for a moment, ere they started off into the deeper recesses.

The day had been hot and sultry—one of those last, brief visitations, which sometimes break upon the close of the year, before winter finally sets in. A little wood-stream that rolled at the feet of the thirsty Knight, with here and there a sparkle on its shadowy surface, as the sunlight found an opening through the overhanging branches, tempted him to stoop and drink.

“By my halidame!” he cried, “the richest Bordeaux had not been so refreshing. Saint Cuthbert be praised for this and his other bounties! But what do I hear?—the cry of a woman in distress? Again!”

Instantly starting to his feet, he forced a way in the direction of the screams through the thick underwood, till, emerging upon an open glade, he was greeted by a sight that for a moment held him motionless from horror, but in the next, strung every nerve with double energy. The Baron was on one knee, unarmed, and with a face expressive of the liveliest terror, his right hand keeping back Eleanor, and at the same time supporting her head, which drooped upon it. A few yards off was a fierce stag, with huge antlers, who beat the earth angrily, and was evidently lashing himself up to make a rush at them. Unfortunately, the Knight, in his haste, forgot to resume the bow he had laid down



when he stooped to drink of the little rivulet; but there was no time to deliberate; he unsheathed his hunting-knife, the only weapon that remained to him, and flung himself between the enraged animal and his first enemies, although with no better hope than that of deferring their fate for a brief space by his own sacrifice. The stag, with what seemed a single bound, was springing forward—but chance combined with skill, courage, and youthful activity, to save him: at the critical moment, he swayed himself nimbly to one side, the stag's horns just grazing him, and plunged his knife into the very heart of the animal, which, on receiving the mortal thrust, rolled over at his feet, and expired without a struggle.

To describe the scene that followed would be prolonging our tale to little purpose, since every reader can so easily imagine it for himself. It is enough that the Baron, in the joy of his own and his daughter's escape, forgot all his long-cherished animosities, and was much more reasonable in his transports than he had been in his cooler moments.

“There is my hand,” he exclaimed to the Lord of Eden Hall. “I swear, as I am belted Earl, and by the good Saint Cuthbert—blessed be his name!—that I will give you my daughter to wife, whenever you choose to demand her.”

“Then,” said Sir William, hastily, “I demand her *now*.”

“*Now* be it,” replied the Baron. “Take her. Nay, never blush for the matter, damsel mine; he should wed you before that cursed brute's blood was dry upon his hands, but that we must needs wait for the return of Father Ambrose; the good man would never forgive us, if any save himself pronounced the marriage blessing.”



It was said that the bold Baron somewhat repented him of his haste, when he came to think the affair over, and would gladly have retracted, could he have done so with honour, or even safety; but he had pledged his word, and to break it would be a disgrace that nothing else could equal; he had called on Saint Cuthbert to be his witness, and to trifle with the saint implied perils, not the less to be dreaded because the nature of them was uncertain. It was plain that, like his daughter, on a previous occasion, he had slipped his neck into a noose of his own tying; so, after having been particularly fractious to all about him for several days together, he at last allowed the marriage to take place, and was not a little surprised to find himself quite happy and contented, when the thing was done, and could not be undone.

“By my halidame,” he cried, “had I known as much before, I had given her to the young dog long ago. It would have saved me many a heartburn, and I might, by this time, have been a jovial grandfather. Well, well! better late than never.”

When the wine-flask has been emptied of its better contents, there is little use in pouring out the dregs, since few would choose to drink of them. Yet a word or two, by way of *l'envoi*, will hardly come amiss. Know, then, gentle reader, that the fairy chalice may yet be seen at Eden Hall, in Cumberland, by those who have the good fortune to be invited guests at the table of Sir George Musgrave, the present owner of that ancient mansion. On rare occasions, the cup is brought from its sanctuary with all the honours due to so ancient a relic, and being filled to the brim with the choicest vintage, is presented to each guest in succession. Yet would we not advise the uninitiated in Bacchanalian



mysteries to lay rash hands upon it, seeing that he who drinks at all is expected to empty the goblet at a single draught, a feat which would puzzle any one who is not blest with untouched lungs. We have but to add, that the chalice still retains its original virtue, and that the luck of Eden Hall remains uninterrupted at the present hour.

The legend of the mystic goblet of the Musgraves has passed beyond these realms, and has formed a theme for the muse of foreign poets. Uhland's beautiful ballad on the subject has had the good fortune of being translated, and most ably too, (as might be expected,) by the great American poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



## MARY, LADY HONYWOOD.

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OF this lady, who was daughter and co-heir of Robert Waters, Esq., of Lenham, in Kent, and wife of Sir Robert Honywood, of Pett, in Charing, it is recorded that at her decease she had no less than 367 lawful descendants then living—16 children, 114 grandchildren, 228 great grandchildren, and 9 great great grandchildren.

The following singular story is related of the same remarkable woman :—

Falling at one time in a low desponding state of mind, she was impressed with the idea that she should be damned, and, exclaiming in a paroxysm of the malady, “ I shall be lost, as surely as that glass is broken,” she flung thrice, with violence, a glass which she happened to have in her hand, on a marble slab, by which she was standing, but the glass rebounded each time, and did not break. The story adds, that the circumstance wrought a complete cure, and had more effect in composing her mind than the reasoning of all the great divines whom she had consulted. A portrait was painted of her, in the act of flinging the glass.

She died at Markshall, in Essex, in 1620, in the ninety-third year of her age, and in the forty-fourth of her widowhood.



## AN IRISH WATER FIEND.

THE following curious incident is perfectly well authenticated; and, whether it be accounted for on the principle of ocular delusion, or on that of supernatural agency, it is at all events deserving of record from its romantic singularity. The hero of the tale was the Rev. James Crawford, Rector of the parish of Killynagrin, co. Leitrim. He was connected by marriage with the Kilcascan branch of the ancient family of Daunt.\*

In the autumn of 1777, Mr. Crawford had occasion to cross the estuary called "The Rosses," on the coast of Donegal, in order to avoid a round of several miles. The water was rather deep, but some men on the shore assured him they considered it still fordable. On a pillion behind him sat his sister-in-law, Miss Hannah Wilson. They advanced pretty far into the sea, until the water reached the saddle-laps, when Miss Wilson became so alarmed, that she implored Mr. Crawford to turn bridle, and get back as fast as possible to land.

"I do not think there can be danger," replied Crawford, "for I see a horseman crossing the ford not twenty yards before us."

\* His wife, Sarah Wilson, whom he married in 1760, was sister of the Rev. Thomas Wilson, Rector of Ardstraw, co. Tyrone, maternal grandfather of the present Mr. Daunt of Kilcascan, co. Cork. See "Landed Gentry."



Miss Wilson looked in the direction indicated, and also saw the horseman.

“You had better hail him,” said she, “and inquire the depth of the intervening water.”

Crawford accordingly checked his horse, and hallooed to the other horseman to stop. He *did* stop; and, turning round, displayed a ghastly face, grinning fiendishly at Crawford, who waited for no further parley, but faced about and returned to land as fast as the state of the rapidly rising tide would permit him. On arriving at home he told his wife of the spectral rencontre. He was setting his cravat at a mirror while he spoke; and, when he described the grin of the water-fiend, she observed, from the reflection in the glass, that his face turned white as death from the terror evoked by the recollection.

The popular belief was, that whenever any luckless wight was fore-doomed to be drowned in that estuary, the fatal event was foreshown to the doomed person by some such apparition as Crawford had seen.

Despite this monitory superstition—perhaps to show that he disregarded it—Mr. Crawford again attempted to cross the ford of the Rosses, upon the 27th of Sept., 1777, and was drowned in the attempt. His body was found in about three weeks afterwards, frightfully gnawed and mutilated by the fishes.

The writer of this narrative received his information from several old persons; among the rest, from an ancient lady still living, a member of the Crawford family. On being asked what she thought of the nature of the horseman who appeared to Mr. Crawford, “Oh, man,” she answered, very emphatically, “it was the *Deil* himself!—I have no doubt of it.”

The fact of the apparition is undoubted. The only



question is, whether it was a delusion arising from some species of ophthalmia. In support of its preternatural character it may be urged—

Firstly, That *two* persons saw it, namely—Mr. Crawford and Miss Wilson; and it is hard to suppose they were both at that moment afflicted with a simultaneous attack of ophthalmia.

Secondly, The “appearance” was not a *bond-fide* man on horseback; for the state of the water was such, that flesh and blood, whether human or equine, could not live in it; far less could a human rider display the ghastly *sang-froid* wherewith the mysterious horseman treated Crawford to a grin from his fiendish physiognomy.

Thirdly, The superstition attached by popular credence to the wraith, or kelpy, or whatever it was, the event unhappily verified, inasmuch as Crawford was drowned the next time he ventured into the estuary.

To all this it may be replied, that the nerves of the Rev. James Crawford and of Miss Wilson were in too perturbed a state from terror at the depth and roughness of the water, to permit them to form a calm and accurate judgment respecting the attitudes and actions of the horseman in advance; and, moreover, that if such an apparition were a supernatural indication of a watery grave to the beholder, Miss Wilson ought to have been drowned as well as her brother-in-law, inasmuch as she saw it, too. And with these brief commentaries, *pro* and *con*, we dismiss the tradition to the region of “visions, tales, and fantasies,” only repeating, that, so far as concerns the mere *appearance* of the equestrian figure in the water, no fact can be more satisfactorily authenticated.



ARTHUR O'LEARY, ESQ., COMMONLY CALLED  
"THE OUTLAW."

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IN the south-east angle of the nave of Kilcrea Friary, in Cork, is a humble tomb, covering the ashes of a gentleman of birth and family, whose melancholy story we shall give in a few words. It is a mournful commentary on the working of the penal laws in the sister kingdom.

Arthur O'Leary, Esq., of Raleigh, co. Cork, was born in the year 1747, being descended from the O'Learys, lords of Iveleary (in Irish, *Ibh Laoghair*—The O'Leary's County), a district of that shire now called Muskerry. Being of the Roman-catholic faith, he was debarred from holding a commission in the British army, and he therefore gratified his military genius by passing over to the Continent and entering the Hungarian service. On his return to Ireland, a few years after, he married Ellen, fifth daughter of Daniel O'Connell, Esq., of Derrynane (grandfather of the famous possessor of that name), and fixed his residence at Raleigh—a place situated as the song aptly designates it, on the "pleasant waters of the river Lee." He became a country gentleman, and held considerable personal property, the laws not then permitting Roman-



catholics to have real estates. From his old feudal descent and religious creed, he exercised a kind of chieftdom over the peasantry, that raised the jealousy of some of his neighbours who were of English blood. One of these, named Morris, took especial pride in a stud of fine horses, on which he spared no expenditure. Great, therefore, was his mortification when, on one occasion, the result of a heavy wager between himself and the "Irish" squire, was the defeat of a favourite racer. A hot teasing argument ensued. One of those busy-bodies that are the plague-spots of society, reminded Morris that the "law"\* forbade O'Leary, or any of his faith, having or keeping a horse exceeding 5*l.* in value; and the meddler suggested to him to tender that sum for the winner, and thus take him from his owner. In his excited state, Mr. Morris lent himself to this subterfuge, and publicly claimed the "Papist's" horse. O'Leary, as may be anticipated, refused surrendering the animal, declaring that, let the law be what it might, he would only part with the horse along with his life. A warrant for his arrest was drawn out by the magistrates, and on his resisting it, O'Leary was summarily outlawed. Soon after, a party of military were sent to his residence; and they encountered him and his servant riding on the road well armed. Shots were exchanged between the parties; and the unhappy "outlaw," pierced by a bullet through the brain, fell dead in the road adjoining his mansion.

He was buried among the old ruins of Kilcrea; and his epitaph, though in the English tongue, has something of the native temperament about it, so that we may conjecture it was the work of one of his clan:—

\* 7 Will. III., c. 5.



“Lo! Arthur O'Leary, generous, handsome, brave,  
Slain in his bloom, lies in this humble grave.

Died May 4th, 1773,

Aged 26 years.”

As illustrative, however, of the semi-barbarized thirst for vengeance that disgraces the Irish character, and of their unforgiving and unforgetting hate, we must give the conclusion of Mr. Morris's history. After O'Leary's death, a brother, who passionately loved him, conceived, like the Indian, that a duty now devolved on him to avenge his slain brother. But one thought possessed him, an awful overmastering longing to meet Morris, and to lay him dead at his feet. The other was on his guard, and took lodgings for safety's sake in the city of Cork. Thither O'Leary repaired, and day by day, unwearied, he watched his enemy. He cared not for food or rest; he felt no fatigue while he pursued his deadly scheme. At last, one evening, he marked Mr. Morris standing alone at his open window; and, running for a gun he had concealed near at hand, he fired at the unfortunate gentleman, and wounded him fatally in the side. O'Leary escaped to America, and died there unmolested a few years since.



THE LADY FREEMASON.

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THE Hon. Elizabeth St. Leger was the only female who was ever initiated into the ancient and honourable mystery of Freemasonry.

How she obtained this honour we shall lay before our readers, premising that our information is derived from the best sources.

Lord Doneraile, Miss St. Leger's father, a very zealous mason, held a warrant, and occasionally opened lodge at Doneraile House, his sons and some intimate friends assisting; and it is said that never were the masonic duties more rigidly performed than by the brethren of No. 150, the number of their warrant.

It appears that, previously to the initiation of a gentleman to the first steps of masonry, Miss St. Leger, who was a young girl, happened to be in an apartment adjoining the room generally used as a lodge-room, but whether the young lady was there by design or accident, we cannot confidently state.

This room at the time was undergoing some alteration; amongst other things, the wall was considerably reduced in one part, for the purpose of making a saloon.

The young lady, having heard the voices of the free-masons, and being prompted, by the curiosity natural to all, to see this mystery so long and so secretly locked up from public view, had the courage to pick a brick from



the wall with her scissors, and thus witnessed the two first steps of the ceremony.

Curiosity gratified, fear at once took possession of her mind, and those who understand this passage well know what the feelings of any person must be who could unlawfully behold that ceremony; let them then judge what were the feelings of a young girl under such extraordinary circumstances.

There was no mode of escape, except through the very room where the concluding part of the second step was still being solemnized, and that being at the far end, and the room a very large one, Miss St. Leger had resolution sufficient to attempt her escape that way, and with light but trembling step glided along unobserved, laid her hand on the handle of the door, and gently opening it, before her stood, to her dismay, a grim and surly *Tiler*, with his long sword unsheathed.

A shriek that pierced through the apartment alarmed the members of the Lodge, who, all rushing to the door, and finding that Miss St. Leger had been in the room during the ceremony, resolved, it is said, in the first paroxysm of their rage, to put the fair spectatress to death; but, at the moving and earnest supplication of her younger brother, her life was spared on condition of her going through the two remaining steps of the solemn ceremony she had unlawfully witnessed.

This she consented to, and they conducted the beautiful and terrified young lady through those trials which are sometimes more than enough for masculine resolution, little thinking they were taking into the bosom of their craft a member that would afterwards reflect a lustre on the annals of masonry.

Miss St. Leger was directly descended from Sir Robert de St. Leger, who accompanied William the Conqueror



to England, and was of that high repute, that he, with his own hand, supported the prince when he first went out of his ship to land in Sussex.

Miss St. Leger was cousin to General Anthony St. Leger, Governor of St. Lucia, who instituted the interesting race and the celebrated Doncaster St. Leger stakes.

Eventually she married Richard Aldworth, Esq., of Newmarket, a member of a highly honourable and ancient family. Whenever a benefit was given at the theatres in Dublin or Cork, for the Masonic Female Orphan Asylum, Mrs. Aldworth walked at the head of the Freemasons with her apron and other insignia of Freemasonry, and sat in the front row of the stage box. The house was always crowded on those occasions.

The portrait of this estimable woman is in the lodge-room of almost every lodge in Ireland.



## THE GREAT DOUGLAS CAUSE.

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The princely Douglas, and his glorious dame  
Advanced thy fortune, and preserved thy fame.

*Dean Swift.*

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IN the whole range of judicial investigation, no cause ever excited more intense public interest, involved more important results, or elicited, in its course, more extraordinary facts, than the memorable inquiry we are about to record. The prize at stake was, it must be confessed, one of inestimable value—no other than the right of succession to the representation and vast estates of the illustrious House of Douglas; and the romantic story of the heir was as striking and as marvellous as any the page of fiction relates. During the progress of the legal proceedings, popular excitement rose to the highest pitch; the learned men of the time became partisans of one side or the other; and, throughout Europe, the question was discussed and commented on. Dr. Johnson seems to have imbibed a violent prejudice in favour of the Duke of Hamilton's pretensions, but Boswell was as strongly enlisted in the interest of his grace's opponent.\* In

\* “While we were lamenting the number of ruined religious buildings which we had lately seen, I spoke with peculiar feeling of the miserable neglect of the chapel belonging to the palace of Holyrood House, in which are deposited the remains of many of the Kings of



the latter's life of the great lexicographer, frequent mention occurs of the Douglas Cause. The decision of the Court of Session, in 1767, led to serious rioting in Edinburgh;\* and the final reversal of that judgment by the Lords, two years after, was hailed by the multitude with transports of joy—the advocate, who rode post from London with the news, had the horses taken from his carriage, and was borne in triumph to his lodgings. In allusion to the litigation, Boswell goes so far as to say, that “the Douglas Cause shook the sacred security of birthright in Scotland to its foundation—a cause which, had it happened before the union, when there was no appeal to a British House of Lords, would have left the great fortress of honours and of property in ruins.” These are indeed strong terms, and can only be attributed to the zeal of the advocate. After all, the question was, simply, whether Mr. Douglas was, or was not, the son of those he *called* his father and mother. There was no attempt at “shaking the sacred security of *birthright*”—merely an investigation as to *whom* the birthright belonged. The wonderful interest

Scotland, and of many of our nobility. I said it was a disgrace to the country that it was not repaired; and particularly complained that my friend Douglas, the representative of a great house, and proprietor of a vast estate, should suffer the sacred spot where his mother lies interred to be unroofed, and exposed to all inclemencies of the weather. Dr. Johnson, who, I know not how, had formed an opinion on the Hamilton side, in the Douglas cause, silyly answered, ‘Sir, Sir, don’t be too severe upon the gentleman; don’t accuse him of want of filial piety! Lady Jane Douglas was not *his* mother.’ He roused my zeal so much that I took the liberty to tell him he knew nothing of the cause, which I do most seriously believe was the case.”—*Boswell's Life of Johnson*.

\* “It was said, I know not on what authority, that Boswell headed the mob which broke the windows of some of the judges, and of Lord Auchinleck, his father, in particular.”—*Walter Scott*.



the inquiry excited, seems to us almost unaccountable; but it is difficult at all times, and more especially after the lapse of years, to trace to their source the latent springs of action, and the capricious feelings of the popular mind. Many occurrences, of the most remarkable and striking character, are allowed to pass, almost disregarded, by, while others, oftentimes of much less singularity, catch the people's fancy, and are dwelt on with untiring eagerness. Possibly the veil of mystery that hung round the birth of the youthful heir to the Douglas property, was the peculiar charm that added zest to the investigation; and the sufferings and sorrows of the Lady Jane Douglas, failed not to win universal commiseration for her position, and to enlist many in her cause.

We will not venture even a glance at the brilliant history of the house of Douglas; the subject is too attractive to our genealogical predilections; and we fear that, once embarked on its resplendent stream, we could not resist the pleasure of following the current. Suffice it, for our present purpose, to say, that, at the opening of the eighteenth century, the honours of the Angus line of the descendants "of Sholto, the Douglas," were centred in Archibald, Duke of Douglas. His Grace's father, James, second Marquess of Douglas, had been twice married: by his first wife, his only child was James, Earl of Angus, who fell at the battle of Steinkirk: of the second, there was issue one son, Archibald, to whom we have just alluded, as inheritor of the family titles; and one daughter, the Lady Jane Douglas,—the heroine of our story. Her ladyship was one of the handsomest and most accomplished women of her age, and bade fair, in her youth, to have been one of the happiest of her family; but, unfor-



tunately, her fortunes were clouded in early life by the interruption of a nuptial agreement which was all but concluded between her and the Earl of Dalkeith, subsequently Duke of Buccleuch. Long after, till she was advanced in life, she resolutely rejected all offers of marriage, but in August, 1746, being then forty-eight years of age, she was secretly married to Mr. Stewart, afterwards Sir John Stewart, of Grantully. Mr. Stewart was a younger brother of no fortune, and he had no profession by the fruits of which he could hope to maintain his wife in any degree equal to her high rank. Their whole resources consisted of an allowance of 300*l.* per annum made to Lady Jane by her brother, the Duke, with whom she was, at the time of her marriage, on bad terms.

This misunderstanding with her brother was the reason assigned by Lady Jane for keeping her marriage secret; and, the more effectually to conceal it, she and her husband went abroad a few days after their wedding. They resided on the Continent, principally in France, from 1746 till the end of December, 1749. At the latter date, they returned, and took up their residence in London. They brought with them two male children, of which they gave out that Lady Jane had been delivered in Paris, at a twin-birth, in the month of July, in the year 1748. When they came to England, they were in the deepest distress for want of money, their only resource, the allowance from the Duke of Douglas, having been stopped in the month of July, 1749, before which time, her marriage with Mr. Stewart had been made public. In addition to the misery arising from this, Mr. Stewart was heavily involved in debt, and totally without the means of paying his creditors, who threw him into jail.



In this appalling situation, Lady Jane endeavoured, with all the self-devotion and heroism of her race—

“And Douglasses were heroes every age,”

to mitigate the sufferings of her husband; she strove, though in vain, to regain the favour of her brother, and, at length, quite worn out with distress, she addressed the following letter to Mr. Pelham, then Secretary of State:—

“Sir,—If I meant to importune you, I should ill deserve the generous compassion which I was informed some months ago you expressed, upon being acquainted with my distress. I take this as the least troublesome way of thanking you, and desiring you to lay my application before the King, in such a light as your own humanity will suggest. I cannot tell my story without seeming to complain of one, of whom I never will complain. I am persuaded my brother wishes me well, but, from a mistaken resentment, upon a creditor of mine demanding from him a trifling sum, he has stopt the annuity which he had always paid me—my father having left me, his only younger child, in a manner unprovided for. Till the Duke of Douglas is set right, which I’m confident he will be, I am destitute. Presumptive heiress of a great estate and family, with two children, I want bread. Your own nobleness of mind will make you feel how much it costs me to beg, though from the King. My birth, and the attachment of my family, I flatter myself, his Majesty is not unacquainted with; should he think me an object of his royal bounty, my heart wont suffer any bounds to be set to my gratitude; and, give me leave to say, my spirit wont suffer me to be burdensome to his Majesty, longer than my cruel necessity compels me.



“I little thought of ever being reduced to petition in this way ; your goodness will, therefore, excuse me, if I have mistaken the manner, or said anything improper. Though personally unknown to you, I rely upon your intercession : the consciousness of your own mind, in having done so good and charitable a deed, will be a better return than the perpetual thanks of,

“ Sir, your most obliged,

“ Most faithful, and most obedient servant,

“ JANE DOUGLAS STEWART.

“ St. James's Place, 15th May, 1750.”

Mr. Pelham humanely interested himself in her ladyship's behalf, and a pension of 300*l.* per annum appears to have been granted by the King.

But, by some cause or other unknown to us, although this munificence on the part of the Crown should have secured Lady Jane and her husband from want, and might even have enabled them to live in comparative comfort, yet they still continued to suffer from penury to a deplorable extent, Lady Jane having been obliged, more than once, to sell her clothes and other trifling effects, to support her husband, who remained still a prisoner in the King's Bench. She lived for some time, while Mr. Stewart was in prison, with the two boys, at Chelsea, and from the tenour of numerous letters which passed between the unhappy pair, produced in the legal process afterwards spoken of, they seem to have treated the children most affectionately, and in every respect as the kindest of parents. In 1752, Lady Jane went to Scotland, and attempted to effect a reconciliation with her brother, the Duke, but in vain—she was not even admitted into his presence. She returned again to London, leaving the children at Edinburgh,



under the care of a woman who had formerly accompanied her and her husband, as a servant, to the Continent. The youngest of the twins, who was named Sholto Thomas Stewart, died on the 14th May, 1753, which event seems to have deeply afflicted Lady Jane, who returned, shortly after it, to Edinburgh, and again unsuccessfully tried to effect a reconciliation with her brother. Her health was now completely broken, and, in November following, the unfortunate lady died at Edinburgh, disowned by her relations, and destitute, it is stated, not only of the appurtenances suitable to her high rank, but even of the common necessities of life.

Subsequently to her ladyship's death, the surviving twin, Archibald, was befriended by Lady Schaw, who, generously pitying his destitute condition, took him under her protection, and supported and educated him. Upon her death, he found an able friend in the person of a noble peer; and in the year 1759, Mr. Stewart, succeeding, by the death of his brother, to the estate and title of Grantully, executed, as the first act of his administration, a bond of provision in his favour for upwards of 2500*l.*, wherein he designated him as his son by Lady Jane Douglas.

Meanwhile, the Duke of Douglas continued obstinate in his refusal to acknowledge the child as his nephew. The Duke had, during the far greater part of his life, so entirely withdrawn himself from the world, and had lived in such constant retirement at his castle at Douglas, that there was little reason to expect that he would ever think of marriage, though that was an event much wished for by every friend of his family. However, the Duke disappointed the public expectation; for in the year 1758, he entered into a marriage, which, by what followed, proved to have been an event highly favour-



able to Mr. Stewart. The Duchess, who was eldest daughter of James Douglas, of Maines, seems immediately to have espoused the boy's cause with all that warmth which is natural to those who think they act upon the side of truth and humanity. But perhaps her Grace was rather too eager and keen in endeavouring to alter the sentiments of the Duke of Douglas, whether these sentiments were the effect of imposition, or of real conviction upon his part. Whichever of these was the truth, it is certain that the Duke and Duchess quarrelled upon the subject, and that their quarrel gave rise to a separation. But this did not continue long; the Duke and Duchess were soon, by the mediation of some friends, brought together, and effectually reconciled.

In the summer of 1761, the Duke of Douglas was seized with a distemper, which, in the opinion of his physicians, would prove mortal. His Grace was of the same opinion himself; and therefore, on the 11th July, 1761, when he was drawing near his end, he executed an entail of his whole estate in favour of the heirs whatsoever of the body of his father, James, Marquess of Douglas, remainder to Lord Douglas Hamilton, brother to the Duke of Hamilton, &c. &c. And of the same date, the Duke executed another deed, setting forth, that as, in the event of his death without heirs of his body, Archibald Douglas, *alias* Stewart, a minor, and son of the deceased Lady Jane Douglas, his sister, would succeed him; he therefore, by that deed, appoints the Duchess of Douglas, the Duke of Queensberry, and several other noble and honourable persons, to be his tutors and guardians.

Here was a surprising change in the fortunes of the destitute boy, who had seen her whom he believed to



be his mother “expire in a miserable garret, her last moments uncheered by the presence of any of her kindred, and had, after her death, depended for existence upon the bounty of strangers.”\* His guardians proceeded, immediately after the duke’s death, to have him put in possession of the estate of Douglas. He was served heir† before a jury, after the examination of a great body of evidence, the inquest having been attended by counsel on the part of the Duke of Hamilton,‡ who claimed the Douglas estate as heir male.

The guardians of the Duke of Hamilton were not convinced by the proof exhibited to the jury of the legitimacy of Douglas, and, with the view of eliciting the truth, they despatched Mr. Andrew Stuart,§ one of their number, to Paris. Mr. Stuart’s discoveries were, in his opinion, of importance, and his colleagues believed that they amounted to no less than a demonstration that the whole story of the pretended delivery,

\* Macmillan’s “Guide to the Chapel Royal and Palace of Holyrood,” a very interesting work, to which we are much indebted in this our summary of the Douglas cause.

† In such proceedings the king’s warrant is issued from his chancery to the judge ordinary of the place, desiring him to inquire, by a jury, into certain points mentioned in the brieve, amongst which the principal is, Whether the person claiming to be heir to the defendant is really so connected with him or not? and to report their verdict into the chancery along with the brieve.

‡ James-George, seventh Duke of Hamilton, (who was descended from Lord William Douglas, eldest son of William, first Marquess of Douglas, by his second wife,) became heir male of the Douglas family at the death of the Duke, and inherited the Marquisate of Douglas and Earldom of Angus. As such he laid claim to the estates.

§ Mr. Stuart published, in 1773, some very strong letters, addressed to Lord Mansfield, arraigning the conduct of his lordship during the progress of this celebrated litigation, and maintaining the rectitude of the Scottish decision.



as set forth in the service of Mr. Douglas, was an absolute fiction.

In these circumstances, three actions of reduction of that service were respectively raised at the instance of the Duke of Hamilton's guardians, Lord Douglas Hamilton, and Sir Hew Dalrymple of North Berwick, which actions were afterwards conjoined by the Court of Session. The effect of the conjoined action, if successful, would have been to declare that Mr. Douglas was not the son of Lady Jane, and, consequently, to set him aside from the estate.

This extraordinary law-plea excited so much attention at the time, and has obtained so great a celebrity since, that we venture to think the following summary of the proofs on both sides will not be unacceptable to the non-professional reader.

The proofs for Mr. Douglas consisted of—

- 1st. The depositions of several witnesses, that Lady Jane appeared to them to be with child while at Aix-la-Chapelle, and other places.
- 2ndly. The direct and positive testimony of Mrs. Hewit, who accompanied Lady Jane to Paris, to the actual delivery, at Paris, upon the 10th of July, 1748.
- 3rdly. The depositions of other witnesses with regard to the claimant's being owned and acknowledged by Lady Jane and Sir John Stewart to be their child, and the habit and repute of the country.
- 4thly. A variety of letters which had passed betwixt Sir John Stewart, Lady Jane Douglas, Mrs. Hewit, and others, respecting the claimant's birth.
- 5thly. Four letters said to have been written by Pierre La Marre, who, according to the defendant's account, was the accoucheur to the delivery of Lady



Jane, and which were presented as so many true and genuine letters.

Add to these, that a few days before his death, which happened in June, 1764, Sir John Stewart made a solemn declaration in presence of two ministers and one justice of the peace, declaring and asserting, as one stepping into eternity, that the defendant and his deceased twin-brother were both born of the body of Lady Jane Douglas, his lawful spouse, in the year 1748. Mrs. Hewit, who was charged with being an accomplice in the fraud, died during the law-plea of a lingering illness, and to the last persisted that all she had sworn about the birth of the defendant was truth, excepting some mistakes and errors as to names and dates, which she corrected in a letter to a reverend gentleman of the episcopal communion, to whom, when visiting her in the way of his profession, she again and again affirmed solemnly that what she had said as to the birth was true.

We have here a body of evidence which at first sight seems irrefragably to establish the genuineness of Mr. Douglas's claim; but no one can read the counter proof without acknowledging that it is well calculated to make him "perplexed in the extreme."

The pursuers maintained—

1st. That Lady Jane was not delivered upon the 10th of July, 1748, by the evidence of various letters written by Sir John Stewart and Mrs. Hewit upon the 10th, 11th, and 22nd July, 1748.

2ndly. That Lady Jane Douglas was not delivered in the house of a Madame La Brune, nor in the presence of a Madame La Brune or her daughter; under which head they brought various circumstances to show that no such persons as the Madame



La Brune in question, or her daughter, ever existed.

3rdly. That Lady Jane Douglas could not have been delivered either upon the 10th of July, or in the house of a Madame La Brune, because that, upon that date, and during several days preceding and subsequent to the 10th of July, Lady Jane Douglas, with her husband and Mrs. Hewit, resided at the Hotel de Chalons, kept by Mons. Godofroi, where it is acknowledged she was not delivered; and this *alibi* the plaintiffs asserted to be clearly proved by the testimony of Monsieur and Madame Godofroi, as well as by certain books kept by them, called the *livre d'expense* and *livre logeur* (book of expenses and lodger book.)

4thly. The falsehood of the delivery in the house of a Madame La Brune, upon the 10th of July, is also proved by Lady Jane's situation upon her arrival at the house of Madame Michelle, and by the incidents which happened during her continuance there.

5thly. Is stated the evidence of imposture arising from the studied concealment and mystery at Paris, in July, 1748, when Sir John and Lady Jane, with their confidante, Mrs. Hewit, carried with them from Paris to Rheims one child; and from their repetition of the concealment and mystery, upon their return to Paris, in November, 1749, when the same three persons brought from Paris to Rheims a second child.

Lastly. The plaintiffs brought a proof, that at Paris, in the month of July, 1748, a male child, recently born, was carried off from his parents, of the name



of Mignon ; and that, in the month of November, 1749, another male child, born in the year 1748, was carried off from his parents, of the name of Sanry. That both these children were under false pretences carried off from their parents by British persons then at Paris, and that these British persons were Sir John Stewart, Lady Jane Douglas, and Mrs. Hewit.

To these were added a most critical examination of the defendant's proof of Lady Jane's pregnancy, and a contrary proof brought to redargue it, and the proof of the non-existence of the Pierre La Marre, whom the defendant affirms to have been the accoucheur, with a proof of the forgery of the letters attributed to him.

On the 7th of July, 1767, the case came before the Court of Session, and so important was the cause deemed, that the judges, fifteen in number, took no less than eight days to deliver their opinions. The result was, that seven of the judges voted to sustain the reasons of reduction, and other seven to assoilize the defender ; the Lord President, who has no vote but in such a dilemma, voted for the reduction, by which Douglas, *alias* Stewart, lost both name and estate. An appeal from this decision having been taken to the House of Peers, the judgment of the Court of Session was reversed in the year 1769, and Douglas declared to be the son of Lady Jane, and heir of the Duke of Douglas. Archibald Douglas was created Lord Douglas by George III. in 1796, and his son James, third Lord Douglas, is the present peer.

The printed papers in this great law-plea make up a formidable array of huge volumes, and are in great request for the libraries of Scottish lawyers to this day. It is acknowledged on all sides that never was a more



creditable display exhibited on the bench than in the opinions delivered by the judges, many of whom were known by their literary efforts throughout Europe. Among these were Lord Kames, Lord Gardenstone, and Lord Monboddo, who voted for the defender, and Lord Hailes, who voted for the reduction.



LADY PRIMROSE.

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It is generally assumed that romance no longer exists amongst us as a part of actual life, and that they who would deal in fiction must seek for its fountain-head in the remoteness of bygone times. Unquestionably science has done much in the way of creating a spirit of "nil admirari" amongst all classes; ghosts are not now permitted to quit their proper homes and visit earth; or if at any time they intrude themselves upon the nursery, the only place likely to receive them—they are quickly expelled again, without the help of bell, book, or candle. Witches, instead of being transferred to their Satanic masters, *more majorum*, through the medium of a tar-barrel, are sent to Bedlam or to Bridewell, as the legal doctors may think their several cases require; and even the fairies show themselves nowhere, except on the stage, where they find indifferent representatives in troops of substantial damsels with gauze wings, and remarkably short petticoats, who would fain persuade us that they fly with the bat, or make their beds in the cowslip-cup. Still, if there is some truth, there is also much falsehood in the prevailing notion: if we have lost the romance of our forefathers, we have got in its place a romance of our own; and so must every age have, till human beings cease to be influenced by human passions; it is only



that, like poor Ophelia, we wear our rue with a difference, though many can imagine no legitimate hero of romance who does not stalk abroad with a helmet on his head, and a battle-axe in his hand, or who is not haunted by ghosts and goblins. The fallacy, however, is natural enough, and easily accounted for; the first romances, as a matter of course, reflected the times in which they originated; men, but little acquainted with the language or the history of previous ages, and other localities, were compelled to seek for their subjects in the busy scenes around them, so that, in fact, they held up the mirror to their own times, the most fantastic of their fables being yet portions of the popular belief; and now, because those creeds and customs have passed away, too many, with more haste than wisdom, are apt to conclude that the mirror itself is broken. To such readers, we would recommend the following genuine fragment of family history, not only as being exceedingly curious in itself, but as having afforded to Sir Walter Scott the groundwork of his beautiful little tale, "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror."

The scene of our story lies in a short alley, leading from the Lawnmarket, in Edinburgh, to the Earthen Mound, known as Lady Stair's Close. It should be remembered, however, that *alley*, in the northern metropolis, means something very different from the mean, dirty lanes of London, which were probably at no time the abode of any but the very poorer classes. The buildings in question were, for the most part, large and lofty, and if they wanted the finer proportions of our modern architecture, they were yet respectable from their antique and massive air, which effectually redeemed them from the charge of vulgarity, or even of inelegance. Having a peculiar character of their own, they admitted of no



comparison to their own disadvantage with the style now universally accepted as the model of architectural excellence. But the building to which we would more particularly call the reader's attention, was a substantial old mansion, not, perhaps, much distinguished from those around it, except as it stands in connexion with our present story. Massive it was, but not unusually so for the place and time; and on a stone over the doorway was sculptured a small coat armorial, with the initials W. G. and G. S., the date, 1622, and the legend, "Fear the Lord, and depart from evil." The initials are considered to have reference to one of the owners of the house, Sir William Gray, of Pittendrum, and his consort. The interior of this antique dwelling, with its lofty ceilings and double staircase, bore marks of having been, from the first, intended for tenants of the higher order, and, at one period, had been still more worthy of note, from its possessing a garden that extended towards the North Loch; the waves of time, however, rolling on, had swept away this green and pleasant boundary, much as the sea undermines and carries off either cliff or level field that stands in the way of its advance.

But it is with buildings, the work of human hands, as with many of the more ordinary features of human nature, to which interest often attaches, rather from the events or names connected with them, than from any striking peculiarity in themselves. The dwelling in question was, perhaps, one of these, or, at least, it has acquired an interest apart from what merely belongs to an ancient edifice, in having been the abode of Lady Eleanor Campbell, the widow of the celebrated Lord Stair, and grand-daughter of the chancellor, Earl of London, who had so nearly suffered the honour of martyrdom at the hands of Charles I., in dread, or in revenge



of his talents and influence with the Covenanters. Her first marriage was with James, Viscount Primrose, a man of dissolute habits and ungovernable passions, whose love for her, if he ever entertained any, was soon converted into hatred—no uncommon event in matrimony, it must be confessed, only it is not, in general, carried quite so far, nor attended with such results as in this instance.

It was the misfortune of the lady to have what is termed great strength of mind, a quality which, however to be desired otherwise, seldom conduces much to domestic concord. In proportion as she became more acquainted with the real character of her husband, her contempt for him increased, his low debaucheries being at no time redeemed by even a show of occasional affection for herself; on the contrary, the more the lady lectured on the enormity of his proceedings, the less pains the gentleman was at to conceal his growing aversion for her, till at length this feeling came to be so intense, it might well have been set down for a species of monomania. Night and day she occupied his thoughts, like the troublesome spectre of some goblin tale, whose obstinacy is proof against the usual modes of expelling such intruders. He determined to get rid of her, but still, when the moment came for striking the blow, something had always happened hitherto to prevent it; either the resolution which had suggested the idea failed him at the crisis, or some external hindrance interposed between him and his intended victim. But the devil seldom allows a bad purpose to be lost for want of opportunity; and however barren may be the soil on which the seeds of evil have been sown, he generally manages that they shall ripen at some time. How much more, then, will this be the case, when the ground is favourable, and the subject willing.



It had, by this time, become quite a common thing with Lord James to spend the whole night in drinking, and that, often with no great nicety in the choice of his associates; for, unlike Slender, he had not learnt the wisdom of getting drunk in none but virtuous company; in fact, he generally selected those whom, in common prudence, he ought to have avoided, so that mere intoxication was seldom the only folly of these meetings, their example and encouragement leading to things of a yet more questionable nature. In addition to all such matters, frays, in which swords were drawn, or, in default of them, chairs and pokers employed, were a common result, so that there really seemed to be a fair prospect of some lucky chance freeing Lady Eleanor from her marital fetters. "*Sed diis alitur visum.*" The fates had determined differently—at least, for the present.

On one of these occasions, the banquet had been prolonged through the whole night, and even for some time after the sun had risen. The greater part of the boon companions were lying under the tables, and, once fallen, they had been utterly unable to rise again; others slept with their heads upon the table, or remained half sliding from their chairs, to which they were held, or clung, as if by some invisible influence; two only, of all their numbers, could sit upright, and make use of their tongues and eyes after the manner of ordinary men; and these were Lord James and one of his nearest cronies, an old experienced toper, who had served both by sea and land, and was as little affected by all the good liquor he had been drinking, as the cask from which it had been drawn. His lordship's sobriety, or intoxication—for it would be difficult to say which it ought to be called—was of a very different kind; the wine had acted upon him as fire



acts upon green wood, which it cannot light up into a genial blaze, though it may compel it to burn away under a dull red glow; it had made him sullen and ferocious, but without taking from him the powers of speech or action, or even much diminishing his capacity for reflecting; in short, he was much in the condition that we sometimes see madmen in, when, notwithstanding their insanity, they see clearly enough the way to their own purposes, though they are precisely what they ought to have avoided. His more jovial companion soon grew impatient of this sullen fit, which left him as much alone as if he had been drinking by himself.

“What the plague’s the matter with you?” he said; ‘hang me, if that gloomy face of yours is not a libel on the good wine. As well drink water from the well-spring, if the claret is only to make you sulkier than usual, for which—so help me Saint Bottle!—there was no occasion.”

“Go to the devil!” was the polite rejoinder.

“All in good time,” replied the soldier; “hurry no man’s cattle.

“I’ll tell you what it is, Jamie; I’ll sing you ‘a little thing of my own *mak*,’ as the parish-clerk said when he gave out a new psalm of his own inditing:

“There was a Baron bold of York,  
And he led a merry life;  
And well he could rule full fourscore men,  
But he could not rule his wife.”

“What’s that you say?” growled Lord James, taking fire at what he conceived must needs be an allusion to his own family affairs. “What’s that you say?”

“I *say* nothing,” replied the genial compotator; “I only *sing*.” And he resumed his ballad:



“Of high birth came the haughty dame,  
 She was second but to few;  
 And the Baron felt he must buckle his belt  
 At the will of his high-born shrew.”

Without any more warning his lordship caught up the nearest bottle, and flung it at the songster, but his hand being somewhat unsteady from his night's potations, he missed his aim, and, instead of breaking the offender's head, only smashed a pane in the window behind him. Altogether unmoved by this warlike demonstration, the singer went on as if nothing had happened:

“The Baron said then to his merry men,  
 ‘Oh, how shall I tame this scold?  
 Whoever reads me the riddle aright,  
 He shall have a pound of gold.

“‘He shall have a pound, good avoirdupois,  
 It shall not lack a grain:  
 And, if he thinks I have cheated him,  
 The gold shall be weigh'd again.’

“Outspoke then Will, a hardy wight,—  
 ‘If so be that the case were mine,  
 I'd hold her fast in a dungeon cast,  
 And on dry bread should she dine.

“‘And there she should live with rats and mice  
 A lonely life and still;  
 And if that didn't bring her spirit down,  
 She might go to the devil for Will.’”

“No bad plan either,” muttered Lord James.

“You think so?” said the singer; “only hear the end.

“But the Baron stout shook his head in doubt—  
 ‘Pray, who's to *bell the cat*?  
 For the cat has claws on her velvet paws;  
 Come, who will aread me that?’”

“Who indeed?” again interrupted his lordship.



“ You shall hear,” replied the toper.

“ Then Dickon rose,—wise Dick of the hump—  
In council still unmatch’d :  
‘ If the cat have claws, I see no cause  
Why any one should be scratch’d.

“ ‘ I would take my stand with bow in hand  
At ten yards, or a score ;  
And a shaft I’d send, should her mewlings end  
She should never scratch me more.

“ ‘ Or, as arrows, I wis, will sometimes miss,  
Though hand and eye be true,  
I’d steal on the cat, pit a pat, pit a pat,  
And run her clean through and through.’ ”

“ Excellent advice !” exclaimed Lord James, catching up another water-bottle.

“ Holloa there !” cried the soldier ; “ no more of that fun ; you mayn’t miss me a second time, remember !”

But, without making any reply, his lordship emptied the bottle deliberately upon his own head, allowing the water to run down his face till, as the soldier observed, he looked marvellously like a half-drowned rat.

“ Ay,” he said, after this ablution had been duly performed, “ now we shall do ; my hand’s steady—no, confound it, not steady, but enough so for what I have to do.”

“ And what have you to do ?” said his companion.

“ Nothing that wants your help, so the fewer questions you ask, the better. I give you fair warning.”

“ Fair ?” replied the soldier ; “ it’s a foul mood you are in to-day. The Baron’s cat that I have been singing of could not have been a more awkward brute to deal with——

“ And the cat has claws on her velvet paws.”



“Then keep out of her reach,” said Lord James, “or you may chance to get a scratch that wont heal in a day.”

He rose up heavily, and with the caution of one who doubts his own steadiness, and, having wiped the water from his face, stalked forth in all that doggedness of spirit which only a mind like his, and under such circumstances, could have entertained. He had made up his mind to murder—the murder of his wife; the wine had completely set to rest any restraining qualms of conscience that he might otherwise have felt; and the song of his companion, whether levelled at him or not, had come at that particular moment of all others when he was most likely to be susceptible of its impressions.

The sun, as we have already noticed, had for some time risen, and Lady Eleanor was sitting, only half-dressed, at her toilette, doing her best to make a lovely face seem yet lovelier, that being a care which women seldom neglect, whatever at the time may be their troubles. It should be observed that the room was long, and that her table stood at one extreme end opposite the door, and by the side of a window that she had thrown open on account of the heat of the morning. Before the window hung a white holland blind, wavering to and fro in the wind, just enough, without showing the interior of the apartment to any prying eye opposite, to admit an occasional glimpse of sunshine, which thus flashed for a moment upon the looking-glass, and then passed off again. What was her terror when there suddenly appeared on the glass, mingling with her own features and the dancing light, the figure of Lord James, a drawn sword in his hand, and his face swollen to blackness with the intensity of evil passions. So gently had he entered that she had not heard his foot-



fall; and it was plain, from the slow, stealthy manner with which he still crept on, that he was totally unaware of her watching every movement of his reflected in the mirror. Always rapid in decision, she at once saw and embraced the only means that could possibly save her; high as the window was from the ground, no other chance of escape remained; and, jumping from it with the boldness of desperation, she alighted safely on her feet below, and immediately fled for refuge to Lord James's own mother. Nothing could have been more prudent, in her situation, than the choice of such an asylum; it afforded her not only present safety, but shielded her from all unworthy imputations. From that time she renounced her husband's society altogether, and shortly afterwards he went abroad.

With the departure of Lord James ends the first act of our historical drama. Before the curtain rises again, the reader must exercise his fancy so far as to imagine a considerable lapse of time, during which no tidings had been heard of him. Some supposed he was dead; others conceived that he had only flung aside his soiled name, as he might have cast off a threadbare garment, and adopted one of greater respectability; beyond question, a fair name would, in his case, have been the best of disguises, and one that would have sufficiently accounted for the general ignorance of his proceedings.

It was about this time that a foreigner, who had taken up his abode in the Canongate, obtained high repute amongst the good people of Edinburgh for his skill in the necromantic art: above all, it was said, he had a power of showing to the curious what their absent friends were about; and though he was not always, or even often, willing to exercise this gift, yet, whenever



he had been tempted to do so, his truth was invariably confirmed by subsequent acquaintance with the scenes and events which he had prefigured. Now, with all her supposed strength of mind, Lady Eleanor had not only a large share of curiosity, which might be forgiven to her as a quality inherent in her sex, but she was also abundantly superstitious; hence it happened that she became, on the sudden, very desirous of learning whether she was a wife or a widow, and with this view she sallied forth, late one evening, to seek the adept or necromancer of the Canongate, taking with her a female friend, more for the sake of appearances than with any idea of having or needing a protector. With the usual inconsistency of people who embark in such enterprises, they thought to conceal their real characters from the adept, at the very time they were giving him credit for the knowledge of persons and events a thousand miles away, and assumed the tartan screens or plaids of their servants to prevent their rank from being suspected. The weather, too, favoured their desire of escaping notice; for, being cold and stormy, few people were in the streets, and thus they passed unchallenged, till, just as they were about turning into a blind alley, in which they supposed was the adept's dwelling, a deep-toned voice close behind them, brought them suddenly, in great alarm, to a stand-still.

“You are mistaken, ladies; your road does not lie that way.”

Both involuntarily turned round upon the speaker, who, seen in that doubtful light, had something to startle them in his appearance: he was a tall, muscular man, dressed in black garments of a foreign and unusual fashion, and of singularly stern and forbidding features; yet there was nothing mean or vulgar either in his face



or manners; on the contrary, his carriage was dignified, and a habit of command showed itself in the lofty forehead and iron features. His complexion was a deep olive, and a pair of large black eyes burned like two live coals from under the massive brows that overhung them. Again this strange-looking personage repeated: "You are mistaken, ladies."

"In what are we mistaken?" said Lady Eleanor.

"In your way, for it lies not yonder;—in your disguise, for it hides you not from him whose eye can penetrate the veil of futurity. Think you those bits of tartan are not more easily seen through than the curtain which divides us from the world of spirits?"

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Lady Jane; "he must be the conjuror."

"I am he whom you seek," replied the stranger, haughtily; "and my abode is yonder, where a light is shining from the windows of the highest floor."

"A very indifferent landmark," said Lady Eleanor; "half a dozen windows are lighted up in the close you point to."

"True, Lady Eleanor; but look again."

"He knows you!" exclaimed Lady Jane.

"I know you!" repeated the adept. "And, once more, I say to you, look again;—tell me if, among all those lights, you see not one which, even to your dim sight, burns brighter, deeper, and purer than all the rest?"

They looked in the direction his hand pointed out to them, and had no difficulty in distinguishing the window meant, for the light in it had certainly something peculiar, though it had escaped their notice till their attention was called to it more particularly; it was remarkably white, unlike the flame of wax or oil, and yet, at the



same time, so powerful that it might have passed, in any other situation, for a beacon.

"Are you convinced now?" said the adept.

"I see the light you mean," replied Lady Eleanor.

"So do I," added her companion.

"Then follow me."

"And how are we to be sure that you are the conjuror—I mean the learned man of whom every one is talking?"

"By this token," said the adept, drawing close to her, and speaking in so low a voice as not to be overheard by her companion.

Lady Eleanor started, uttering a half-suppressed exclamation of surprise, not altogether unmingled with alarm.

"Are you satisfied?" asked the adept.

"Yes, yes," was the hurried reply; "you are either the man we seek, or the devil."

"Then, beacon, you have done your duty!" exclaimed the adept, and, as if it had heard his voice, the light in his chamber suddenly went out. "Now, then, follow me."

Lady Jane, whose first terrors had been not a little increased by all that passed, would fain have remonstrated against pursuing the adventure any further, but an imperative "Silence! come along!" at once quelled her feeble opposition.

The chamber to which the adept conducted them was at the back of the building, but it had a second door, connecting it, in all probability, with the room they had seen from the street. With an elegance of manners very unusual in the class he belonged to from his occupation, he placed chairs, and begging them to be seated,



went, as he said, to prepare all for the intended ceremony.

“In Heaven’s name!” cried Lady Jane, the moment the door was fairly closed behind him, “what was it the odious creature whispered to you in the street?”

“That which I have no mind to repeat, even to you, my dear Jane, so ask me no more questions. I thought full sure that there was only one person in the world beside myself who knew anything of the matter, and now—it’s very strange—he who could tell *that*, can, I well believe, tell anything and everything he chooses.”

“I wish we were well out of it,” said Lady Jane.

“Nonsense! What is there to fear?”

“My dear Lady Eleanor, this is all very well for you, who have the heart of a lion, but for me, who—”

“Who have not the heart of a mouse——”

“Well, I don’t deny it; I am a coward, and where’s the harm in saying so? If I were a man, indeed, which, thank Heaven, I am not, for then I should be forced to brawl and fight like the rest of them, I——”

“Hush! hush!—he’s here.”

The side-door opened as she spoke, and the adept re-entered, fully dressed for the part he had to play. His arms, legs, and feet were naked, except that he had on black velvet sandals bound about the ankles, and fastened with a stud of gold. A tunic of the same colour and material descended a little below the knee, but was so cut down in front as to leave a considerable part of his broad chest exposed to view. Underneath the tunic, again, he wore a stock, or drawers, of twisted silk, which, however, were well nigh hidden by the upper garment. In his hand he carried a small basket of



silver filigree-work, holding, as the fears of Lady Jane whispered to her, all sorts of diabolical implements. But the adept seemed to make small count of her, and addressed himself to the more courageous Eleanor.

“Have the goodness, lady, to leave your purse with your friend; gold or silver must not enter yon apartment.”

“Why, you don’t mean to say I am to remain here by myself?” exclaimed the terrified Lady Jane.

“Unquestionably,” replied the adept; “the spirits are a sullen race, and love the company of mortals as little as they do the daylight.”

“Oh!—I shall faint!—I know I shall—if you leave me alone here!”

“We must run the risk of that,” said the adept, with a smile that by no means tended to make her feel more comfortable. Like Lord Burleigh’s celebrated shake of the head, it might be construed to mean a great deal, if the spectator had only wit enough to comprehend it, and nothing very pleasant. But again the decisive spirit of Lady Eleanor silenced the opposition of her more timid companion, and, leaving her purse as the adept had directed, she followed him into the next chamber.

It was a large attic, with no furniture in it except the dark cloth drapery before the windows, and such few articles as were necessary to the coming ceremony. A hasty glance round the room showed Lady Eleanor that these were simply an old-fashioned arm-chair, and an altar of black marble, with a large mirror hanging over it in place of the picture, which, had it been a Catholic chapel, would have occupied the same situation. On the altar, before the glass, was a small brazen furnace,



full of some strange substance that burnt with a low blue flame, the only light visible in the chamber.

“Be seated, lady,” said the adept, when he had made fast the door at which they entered; “and, as you value life, let not fear or curiosity tempt you to breathe a single syllable; the consequences might be fatal to one or both of us. Be seated, I say, and breathe a silent prayer to the protecting saints, while I guard, as far as may be, the four entrances to evil.”

So saying, he took from his basket a yellow wax taper, and, having lighted it at the furnace, proceeded, with a measured step, to the eastern corner of the room, where he fixed it against the wall, and, bowing before it thrice, recited, in low tones, the mystical verse which called the better spirits to his aid:—

“Holy fire, born in air  
When the tempest rages there,  
Whatsoever be thy name,  
Lightning or electric flame,  
Soul of life, and soul of light,  
But for whom were endless night,  
Keep this portal free from sin,  
Let not evil enter in.”

As if in answer to this summons, a few wild but plaintive sounds rang or vibrated through the room, and died away again almost immediately. The adept, who listened with much apparent anxiety to this reply, then repeated the same ceremony at each of the remaining corners in succession; and well satisfied, as it seemed, with the result, now knelt with bended head and bare knee before the altar. Great was the lady's longing to break silence; but in good time, the adept rising, observed these refractory symptoms, and placed his finger



on his lips with such evident signs of alarm, that she caught a fresh feeling of terror from him, and remained dumb. She even thought his hand trembled as he drew a quantity of red powder from the basket and scattered it over the flames in a chafing-dish ; but this might have been her imagination, or, possibly, it was a trick of his craft, and only assumed as a means of increasing the effect he wished to produce upon her mind.

When the powder was flung into the furnace, a very singular change took place ; the blue flame turned to a crimson hue, which was instantly reflected on the glass to the exclusion of all the objects that had been visible upon it only a minute before. This, however, did not last for many moments, ere the ruddy glow gave way to volumes of smoke, or fog, that rolled over the surface of the mirror, wave after wave, and broke into flashes of light and foam as they reached the frame-work, beyond which they never travelled. When this was at the thickest, there came a sharp cracking sound, that made Lady Eleanor fully expect to see the shivered fragments fall on all sides, but, much to her surprise, upon the vapours thinning again, as they soon did, she found the glass was as whole as ever. And now occurred another change yet more extraordinary than the first had been. The haze, or whatever else it should be called, instead of being wholly dissipated, formed itself into a sort of distant picture, representing the interior of a church, the lights and shadows of the scene fluctuating every instant, and the colours being now faint, and now again vivid, like clouds wreathed in fantastic shapes about the setting sun, and perpetually changing under its influence from the palest to the brightest crimson. Presently, a priest appeared with his attendants at the altar, and a wedding train



stood before him, for in this picture, if it be not wrong to give it such a name, everything was moving; in fact, it might be rather likened to the shadows of a fantoccini show, the objects seeming distant, and as if seen through a thin veil interposed between them and the spectator. On a sudden, the whole seemed to be lighted up, though by some invisible means, and the figures coming out into bolder relief, she recognised in the shadowy bridegroom the exact counterpart of Lord James. Before she could recover from this shock, a stranger entered the church, his face in a great measure concealed by his cloak, and with the hurried step of one who felt he was over late. No one seemed to notice him, and for awhile he looked on without moving, but the moment the priest was about to join the hands of the bridal pair, he dropped his cloak, and rushed forward as if to interrupt the ceremony. In this figure, Lady Eleanor plainly saw her brother, or the likeness of her brother. Swords were drawn by him and the bridegroom, and several passes were exchanged, while all about them seemed too much confounded to interfere. She even heard, or fancied she heard, the very clashing of the steel, although in such a manner as to convey the idea of the sound coming from far off. In her terror she screamed aloud, and, clasping her hands together, exclaimed, "Gracious Heavens! my brother will be killed." No sooner had the words escaped her lips, than the whole scene became confused and broken up, the misty fragments rolling over each other and blending together, till they gradually passed away, and left the glass with no other objects upon it than those reflected from the chamber and dimly seen by the light of the furnace. At the same time, the tapers in the four corners went out with a hissing sound.



"All is over for the night," said the adept, in a hurried voice, as he caught her hand, "and the sooner we leave this room the better. Heaven grant, as it is, that no evil come of it."

Lady Eleanor suffered herself to be led back into the next room, without another word, greatly to the delight of her companion, who had suffered not a little from anxiety in her absence. This joy, however, underwent considerable diminution, if it did not change into something very like actual alarm, when Jane looked more narrowly at her, and found, as she used afterwards to say, that the unlucky ghost-seer had all the appearance of one who had been blasted by lightning; in no other way could she paint the dark, wild change that had come over her features, or the singular impression produced by it upon herself. But to many, no doubt, the strangest part of this strange story will be, the adept's refusing to accept of any remuneration; to all Lady Eleanor's offers he replied—

"No, Lady; what I have done this night, has not been for the sake of lucre; and had I known beforehand the danger we should incur—I speak for myself as well as for you—it is most likely that I should never have ventured. It is a sufficient reward for me, who know more of this matter than you can even guess, that we both stand here alive and uninjured."

"Was the fault mine in speaking?" asked Lady Eleanor, considerably puzzled by a disinterestedness so totally unexpected.

"The fault *was* yours," replied the adept, with a slight shudder; "but the spirits of fire did their duty: and well for us they did. Let me not, however, detain you any longer," he added, hastily taking up a lamp to light them down; "it is a late hour for ladies of



your condition to be walking alone in the streets, even though muffled in their servants' tartan screens; and besides, a storm is fast gathering; it will be much if you reach home before the rain comes down in torrents."

The first care of Lady Eleanor, when safe again in her own room, was to write down the particulars of her adventure, with the date, and even hour, of its occurrence. This document she sealed in her companion's presence, and locked it up in a private drawer, as a testimonial, if ever it should be required. Soon afterwards her brother returned from abroad, and, as may naturally be supposed, the very sight of this dear relation reminded her of the Magic Mirror, and made her anxious to put its visions to the test. Adroitly turning the conversation upon Lord Primrose, she inquired if he had seen or heard anything of that nobleman, in the course of his travels. To this her brother replied, that he hoped never again to see a person so truly infamous, seeming anxious, at the same time, to talk of any other subject. Unsatisfied either with his answer or his manner, both of which bore the evident marks of evasion, she pressed him yet more closely; adding, that she did not make the inquiry without good cause. Thus driven into a corner, the brother reluctantly confessed that he had seen Lord Primrose, and under such circumstances as made him most unwilling to mention his name again.

"*That* I can easily believe, if you saw him at all," said Lady Eleanor; "but what were they? Worse than those I already know they can hardly be; and, trust me, mine is no idle curiosity."

"If you must hear the whole," said her brother, still hesitating—"though, if you will take my word, it were better left untold——"



“No, no—go on.”

“Well, then—during my stay at Amsterdam, I got acquainted with a rich merchant——”

“If he’s not material to your story,” said Lady Eleanor, “I must pray you to leave him out.”

“But he is material.”

“Proceed then. This merchant——”

“Had an only daughter, the expected heiress of his fortune, which was immense. One day, when I called upon him, he told me the young lady was about to be married, and as the accepted lover was a countryman of mine, he hoped I would be present at the nuptials. This, as I had some important business to transact in the early part of the morning, I could not exactly promise; but I readily agreed, if the affair should be settled in time, to join the party in the church before the ceremony was concluded. Why, what’s the matter with you, Eleanor?”

“Nothing—nothing! Pray, go on!”

“I was late, as I had expected; but not too late to prevent the triumph of a villain, and the sacrifice of an innocent young girl. When I entered the church, the priest was just about to join their hands.—Again! what the deuce is the matter with you, Eleanor? you start at every word I say, as if you knew the whole beforehand. If that be the case, say so at once, and save me the trouble of repetition. I promise you, it is neither pleasant to tell, nor—Heaven save the mark!—over agreeable to hear.”

“Excuse me, my dear brother—I am nervous—foolish—no matter—go on.”

“Whom should I recognise in the intended bridegroom at the altar, but your precious husband, Lord James—that most accomplished of all villains who ever



died by axe or rope. I rushed upon him, sword in hand, and, to give the devil his due, in the short bout we had, he showed no want either of skill or courage. But, before we could exchange many passes, or see the colour of each other's blood, they separated us; and when the next day I would have brought the affair to a more decisive conclusion, lo and behold! he was gone—no one could tell whither. So, now that you have heard my story, let me in turn ask, what was it made you so curious? Had you received any intimation of it before?"

"One more question, my dear brother, and you shall know all, without disguise. Do you recollect the date of this occurrence?—though I can hardly suppose you do."

"You are mistaken, Eleanor; I recollect it well, from its connexion with the other business I mentioned, and which, being of a pecuniary nature, I have the precise date of it set down in my pocket-book."

This led to an explanation of what she had seen figured upon the mirror; and upon the memorandum being sent for, and opened, everything was found to correspond, even to the minutest circumstance.

"Well!" exclaimed the young man, after having examined this strange document for the hundredth time—"it all seems plain enough, and yet I can't help thinking that your adept was an impostor."

"Ah!" replied Lady Eleanor, "you have not forgotten, surely, what Hamlet says upon as curious a matter?—'There are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'"

"True," said her brother; "but I don't pretend to be a philosopher, and know nothing of what philosophy may dream. All I know is, that I can't swallow your



tale, cook it as you will, my dear sister. My appetite is very delicate in these matters."

Gladly would we interfere to expound this riddle, but for two reasons: in the first place, we are as much in the dark as any of our readers can be; and, secondly, we hold of stories as the gallant Sir Lucius O'Trigger did of quarrels—they are only spoilt by explanation. In lieu thereof, we will briefly relate what afterwards befel Lady Eleanor, although totally unconnected with the affair of the Magic Mirror.

In 1706, Lord Primrose died, unregretted by any one, and least of all by his widow, who thus found herself free from a yoke which, if she had not felt its weight for some time, might yet at any hour be again made a means of much annoyance. Being still both young and handsome, she had no lack of wooers; but a burnt child, they say, dreads the fire; and, wise from past experience, she had no mind to peril her fingers with Hymen's torch a second time. Even the celebrated Lord Stair, who had made a strong impression upon her heart, was unable to convince her mind, and could not persuade her to encounter the chances of marriage. Finding himself thus baffled, the desperate wooer had recourse to a stratagem, which could hardly be justified by the general coarseness and libertinism of his age; and which, in the present day, if it did not consign him to the pleasant occupation of the tread-mill, would, at least, banish him from all decent society. Singular enough, the very same plot had, at least a century before, made the groundwork of an old comedy, called *THE CITY WEDDING*, or *THE MERCHANT'S WEDDING*—we forget which—though it can hardly be supposed that Lord Stair consulted the elder dramatists for the best mode of subduing a reluctant widow. It was simply



this. By bribing a faithless domestic, he contrived to get admitted during the night into a small closet in the lady's house, which had a window opening on one of the principal thoroughfares, and which served both as an oratory and a dressing-room to the apartment wherein she slept. When the morning had somewhat advanced, and the street below began to be thronged, his lordship showed himself, only half-dressed, at the open window—a sight which, of course, attracted the attention and the remarks of the different wayfarers, each commenting upon it after his own fashion. The young and thoughtless laughed, the grave looked still graver, and the scandal-mongers—by far the greater portion of those passing by—were delighted at having such a tale to tell, of one who had hitherto defied their malice. All attempts on the lady's part to make the world comprehend the truth were utterly fruitless; the more she explained, the more they were not convinced; so that, in the long run, she was forced to give her hand to the offender, though ready to cry all the time from pure vexation.

Notwithstanding this ominous beginning, the honest chroniclers have insisted that the match was a happy one; the gentleman was perfectly free from vice or blemish—except it was an over-fondness for the bottle, and a propensity to beating his wife when under its influence—a saving clause, which will remind many of the virtuous dame who protested that, let alone thieving, and one other little fault, she defied any one to say, black was the white of her eye. But, out of evil sometimes cometh good; and so it happened here. His lordship one night got intolerably drunk, and in that state struck the lady so violent a blow in the face, that, in a moment, she was covered with her own blood;



having performed which feat of arms, he quietly went off to sleep, with a happy ignorance of what he had been doing. Unable to digest the affront, Lady Eleanor passed the night on a sofa, without making any attempt to stanch the wound, so that when morning came, and the sleeper awoke, she presented a spectacle that was not a little puzzling to a brain not yet quite recovered from the previous night's potations. An explanation ensued; when the nobleman, who, in his better moments, was both sensible and generous, felt so ashamed of himself, that he at once took a solemn vow never to touch any liquor for the future, save that which had been measured out and apportioned to him by her own hand; and, what is more surprising, he kept the oath religiously to his dying day. Never would he join any convivial party to which he could not take his Hebe; and never did he exceed the limit which, in her prudence, she thought fit to allow him; when the time came for her retiring with the other ladies, she would regularly pour out a certain quantity to be drunk in her absence, and no temptation, either by coaxing or ridicule, could induce him to exceed the allotted modicum.

Lady Stair survived her husband twelve years, dying in 1759, at Edinburgh, where she had long taken the lead in the best society. She was then far advanced in years, was somewhat remarkable for the brusqueness of her manners, and is said to have been the first lady of the northern capital who kept a black servant in her establishment.

And now, if any one should feel inclined to exclaim, with the gentle Desdemona, against the flatness of our conclusion, we can plead an excuse that Iago could not—we have been giving a true narrative, and not a mere fiction.



THE FIRST EARL OF MARCHMONT.

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SIR PATRICK HUME, Lord Polwarth and Earl of Marchmont, was raised to the peerage by King William III., for having taken a leading and active part in opposition to the arbitrary measures of the courts of Charles II. and James II.; for which attempts he was long persecuted with the most unrelenting spirit. His near and dear relative, the high-minded Baillie of Jerviswood, had been seized and incarcerated, and so virulent was the court party, that Sir Patrick deemed it absolutely necessary to secrete himself. The sufferings he subsequently endured, and the heroic conduct of his daughter, Grizzel, a girl about eighteen years old, form an interesting episode in the annals of the Marchmont family. The following details are derived from a MS. written by Sir Patrick's grand-daughter, and still preserved by his descendants :

“After persecution began afresh, and my grandfather, Baillie, again in prison, Sir Patrick thought it necessary to keep concealed; and soon found he had too good reason for so doing, parties being continually sent out in search of him, and often to his own house, to the terror of all in it, though not from any fear of his safety, whom they imagined at a great distance from home, for no soul knew where he was but my grandmother and



my mother, except one man, a carpenter, called Jamie Winter, who used to work in the house, and lived a mile off, on whose fidelity they thought they could depend; and were not deceived. The frequent examinations, and oaths put to servants, in order to make discoveries, were so strict, they durst not run the risk of trusting any of them. By the assistance of this man, they got a bed and bed-clothes carried in the night to the burying-place—a vault under ground at Polwarth Church, a mile from the house—where he was concealed a month, and had only for light an open slit at the one end, through which nobody could see what was below: his daughter went every night by herself at midnight, to carry him food, and stayed with him as long as she could, to get home before day. In all this time my grandfather showed the same constant composure and cheerfulness of mind that he continued to possess to his death, which was at the age of eighty-four. All which good qualities she inherited from him in a high degree. Often did they laugh heartily, in that doleful habitation, at different accidents that happened. She, at that time, had a terror for a churchyard, especially in the dark, as is not uncommon at her age, by idle nursery stories; but when engaged by concern for her father, she stumbled over the graves every night alone, without fear of any kind entering her thoughts, but for soldiers and parties in search of him, which the least noise put her in terror for. The minister's house was near the church; the first night she went, his dogs kept such a barking as put her in the utmost fear of a discovery; my grandmother sent for the minister the next day, and upon pretence of a mad dog, got him to hang all his dogs. There was also a difficulty of getting victuals to carry him, without the servants suspecting; the only way it



was done was, by stealing it off her plate at dinner into her lap : many a diverting story she has told about this, and other things of a like nature. Her father liked a sheep's head, and while the children were eating their broth, she had conveyed most of one into her lap ; when her brother, Sand (the second Lord Marchmont) had done, he looked up with astonishment, and said, 'Mother, will ye look at Grizzel ; while we have been eating our broth, she has eat up the whole sheep's head.' This occasioned so much mirth among them, that her father at night was greatly entertained by it, and desired Sandy might have a share in the next.

" His great comfort and constant entertainment (for he had no light to read) was repeating Buchanan's Psalms, which he had by heart, from beginning to end ; and retained them to his dying day. Two years before he died, which was in 1724, he desired my mother to take up that book, and bade her try if he had forgot his Psalms, by naming any one she would have him repeat ; he missed not a word in any place she named to him, and said they had been the great comfort of his life, by night and day, on all occasions.

" As the gloomy habitation my father was in was not to be long endured but from necessity, they were contriving other places of safety for him ; amongst others, particularly one under a bed, which drew out, on a ground floor, in a room of which my mother kept the key. She and the same man worked in the night, making a hole in the earth, after lifting the boards, which they did by scratching it up with their hands, not to make any noise, till she left not a nail upon her fingers,—she helping the man to carry the earth as they dug it, in a sheet, on his back, out at the window into the garden. He then made a box at his own house, large



enough for her father to lie in, with bed and bed-clothes, and bored holes in the boards for air; when all this was finished, she thought herself the most secure, happy creature alive. When it had stood the trial of a month, of no water coming into it, which was feared from being so low, and every day examined by my mother, and the holes for the air made clear, her father ventured home, having that to trust to. After being at home a week or two, the bed daily examined as usual, one day in lifting the boards the bed bounced to the top, the box being full of water; in her life she was never so struck, and had nearly dropped down, it being at that time their only refuge. Her father, with great composure, said to his wife and her, he saw they must tempt Providence no longer, and that it was now fit and necessary for him to go off, and leave them; in which he was confirmed by the carrier telling for news he had brought from Edinburgh, that the day before Mr. Baillie, of Jerviswood, had his life taken from him at the Cross, and that everybody was sorry, though they durst not show it. As all intercourse by letters was dangerous, it was the first notice they had of it; and the more shocking, that it was not expected. They immediately set about preparing for my grandfather's going away. My mother worked night and day, in making alterations in his clothes for disguise; they were then obliged to trust John Allen, their grieve, who fainted when he heard that his master was in the house, and that he was to set out with him on horseback before day, and pretend to the rest of the servants that he had orders to sell some horses at Morpeth fair. Accordingly, my grandfather getting out at a window in the stables, they set out in the dark; though with good



reason it was a sorrowful parting, yet after he was fairly gone they rejoiced, and thought themselves happy that he was in the way of being safe, though they were deprived of him, and little knew what was to be either his fate or their own."

Thus far the manuscript carries us. Sir Patrick had not been gone a few hours, when a party of soldiers arrived in pursuit. They fell in with the servant, Allen, but missed the object of their search, who had accidentally separated from him. After this miraculous escape, Sir Patrick contrived to make his way, by unfrequented routes, to London, and thence to accomplish a passage over to Holland, where he was received with open arms by the Prince of Orange. The next year he accompanied the Earl of Argyll in his unfortunate expedition, and suffered the consequences of defeat. His estate was confiscated, and a high reward offered for his apprehension. But the same Providence that had watched over him before, still aided and preserved him. After a brief concealment in the mansion of Lainshaw, the house of his friend, Mr. Montgomery, he found means to escape to France, and to travel, as a physician, through that country to Bordeaux, whence he embarked for his former place of refuge — the court of the Prince of Orange. There he continued three years and a half, devoted to the education of his children. Brighter prospects, however, soon opened. The abdication of James, and the accession of William to the British throne, were the immediate precursors of Sir Patrick's elevation. His forfeiture was rescinded by Parliament; he was sworn a Privy Councillor, nominated a Commissioner for the then projected Union, and created a Peer of Scotland, as Baron Polwarth, the King, at the same



time, granting to him "An Orange ppr. ensigned with an Imperial Crown," to be placed in a surtout in his coat of arms. But his greatness did not end here. In 1696, Lord Polwarth became High Chancellor of his native country; and in the following year received an Earl's coronet, with the title of Marchmont. His lordship died 1st August, 1724, in the 84th year of his age, and was buried in the Canongate Churchyard, by the side of his devoted and much-loved wife. Her ladyship had predeceased him twenty years. A page in the Earl's Bible contains a tribute to her memory. "My wife," says his lordship, "was of a middle stature, of a plump, full body, a clear, ruddy complexion, a grave, majestic countenance, a composed, steady, and mild spirit; of a most firm and equal mind; never elevated by prosperity, nor debased or daunted by adversity. She was a wonderful stay and support to me in our exile and trouble, and an humble and thankful partaker with me in our more prosperous condition; in both which, by the blessing of God, she helped much to keep the balance of our deportment even."

Before our narrative is closed, a few words must be added, as to the fate of his lordship's faithful guardian and preserver, his daughter, the Lady Grizzel Hume. Her ladyship is portrayed by Rose, in his observations on Fox, as "an able, prudent, warm-hearted, and affectionate woman." A few years after her father's return from Holland, she became the wife of George Baillie, Esq., of Jerviswood, and lived to the age of eighty, beloved and respected. Her present representative is the Earl of Haddington. Of the Marchmont family itself, the existing heir is Henry, Lord Polwarth.

The pretty ballad of "Grizzel Hume" tells the story with elegance and truth:—



When midnight flung o'er earth and sea,  
Her solemn veil of gloom,  
All fearless and alone was she,  
The Lady Grizzel Hume—  
Lighted beneath that sable sky  
By her young heart's fidelity.

With eyes of hope, and peace, and truth—  
Violets half-hid in snow;  
Wearing the glory of her youth  
Upon a cloudless brow;  
Oh! seldom hath the silent night  
Look'd down upon so fair a sight!

She glides along the shadowy copse,  
By field, and hill, and tree,  
Light as the noiseless dew, that drops  
When none can hear or see;  
Before her home at last she stands,  
And lifts the latch with trembling hands.

“Oh! speak, my child, the night is dark,  
Thou comest pale and fast!”  
“I heard the startled watch-dog's bark,  
As his long lair I past,  
And hurried on, in fear lest he  
Should rouse some lurking enemy.”

“And couldst thou pass the churchyard drear,  
Nor pause in chilly dread?”  
“Nay, mother, wherefore should I fear  
The mute and peaceful dead?  
I only thought how calm they sleep,  
Who neither feel, nor fear, nor weep.”

“Did not thy weary footsteps stray?  
The path was dark and long.”  
“Oh, God was with me on my way,  
And so my heart was strong:  
I ever thought the stars did shed  
A gracious blessing on my head.”



“And didst thou see thy father’s face?”

(But here she paused to weep):

“Ah, mother, yes! I pray for grace  
His sweet behest to keep;  
He bade me labour still to make  
Thy spirit happy, for his sake.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“He bade me pray at morn and eve  
That God would make him strong,  
Calmly to die, but never leave  
The right, nor love the wrong.  
I pray,—sweet mother, join me thus,—  
‘God give my father back to us.’”

\* \* \* \* \*

Full oft, when fairer days were come,  
Beside a peaceful hearth,  
That father bless’d his God for HOME,—  
The happiest place on earth;  
And bent his head, and smiled to see  
His daughter’s first-born climb his knee.

Then, as the wondering child would gaze  
Into the old man’s face,  
He told of dark and troublous days,—  
Defeat, despair, disgrace;  
Of Sedgemoor’s field—oh! bitter word!  
And lone Inchinnan’s fatal ford.

And how, through many a weary day,  
In want, and woe, and gloom,  
A hunted fugitive, he lay  
The tenant of a tomb,  
With one weak girl, so pale and fair,  
His ministering spirit there;

How that bold heart and child-like form  
Night after night would brave  
The blast, the darkness, and the storm,  
To seek his lonely cave—  
He paused, to show, with grateful pride,  
The blushing matron at his side.



## MARIA, DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

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ABOUT the year 1730, Mr. Edward Walpole, (afterwards a Knight of the Bath,) returned from his travels on the Continent, where the munificence of his father, the famous statesman, had enabled him to make a brilliant figure; and so very engaging was he found by the ladies, that he had no other appellation in Italy than that of "*the handsome Englishman.*" Mr. Walpole had lodgings taken for him, on his return, at a Mr. Rennie's, a child's coat-maker, at the bottom of Pall Mall. On returning from visits or public places, he often passed a quarter of an hour in chat with the young women of the shop. Among them was one who had it in her power to make him forget the Italians, and all the beauties of the Court. Her name was Clement: her father was at that time, or soon after, postmaster at Darlington, a place of 50*l.* per annum, on which he supported a large family. This young woman had been bound apprentice to Mrs. Rennie, and employed in the usual duties of such a situation, which she discharged (as the old lady used to say) honestly and soberly. Her parents, however, from their extreme poverty, could supply her but very sparingly with clothes or money. Mr. Walpole observed her wants, and had the address to make her little presents in a way not to alarm the vigilance of her mistress, who exacted the strictest



morality from those under her care. Miss Clement was beautiful as an angel, with good, though uncultivated parts. Mrs. Rennie had begun to suspect that a connexion was forming, which would not be to the honour of her apprentice. She apprised Mr. Clement of her suspicions, who immediately came up to town, to carry his daughter out of the vortex of temptation. The good old man met his child with tears; he told her his suspicion, and that he should carry her home, where, by living with sobriety and prudence, she might chance to be married to some decent tradesman. The girl, in appearance, acquiesced; but whilst her father and mistress were conversing in a little dark parlour behind the shop, the object of their cares slipped out, and, without hat or cloak, ran directly through Pall Mall to Sir Edward's house at the top of it, where, the porter knowing her, she was admitted, though his master was absent. She went into the parlour, where the table was covered for dinner, and impatiently waited his return. The moment came; Sir Edward entered, and was heard to exclaim with great joy, "You here!" What explanations took place were of course in private; but the fair fugitive sat down that day at the head of his table, and never after left it.

The fruits of this connexion were three daughters and one son, viz.—Louisa, wife of Frederick Keppel, Bishop of Exeter; Maria, afterwards Lady Waldegrave, and subsequently Duchess of Gloucester; Charlotte, Countess of Dysart; and Colonel Walpole; in the birth of whom, or soon after, the mother died.

Never could fondness exceed that which Sir Edward cherished for the mother of his children; nor was it confined to her or them only, but extended itself to her relations; for all of whom he some way or other pro-



vided. His grief at her loss was proportioned to his affection. He constantly declined all matrimonial overtures, and gave up his life to the education of his children. He had often been prompted to unite himself to Miss Clement by legal ties, but the marriage was prevented by the threats of his father, Sir Robert, who avowed, that if he married Miss Clement, he would not only deprive him of his political interest, but exert it against him. It was, however, always said, by those who had opportunity of knowing, that had Miss Clement survived Sir Robert, she would then have been Lady Walpole.

About the year 1758, his eldest daughter, Laura, became the wife of the Hon. Frederick Keppel, brother to the Earl of Albemarle, and afterwards Bishop of Exeter. The Miss Walpoles now took a rank in society in which they had never before moved. The sisters of the Earl of Albemarle were their constant companions, and introduced them to persons of quality and fashion: they constantly appeared at the first routs and balls, and, in a word, were received everywhere but at court. The shade attending their birth shut them out from the drawing-room, till marriage (as in the case of Mrs. Keppel) had covered the defect, and given them the rank of another family. No one watched their progress upwards with more anxiety than the Earl Waldegrave. This nobleman (one of the proudest in the kingdom) had long cherished an affection for Maria. The struggle between his passion and his pride was not a short one; but ended in the victory of the former. The nuptials took place in 1759; and from that period the Countess's amiable conduct, through the whole life of her lord, added respect and esteem to the warmest admiration. In April, 1763, about five years



after, the small-pox attacked his lordship, and proved fatal. His lady found herself a young widow, of rank and beauty. Had Lord Waldegrave possessed every advantage of youth and person, his death could not have been more sincerely regretted by his relict. At length, she emerged again into the world, and love and admiration everywhere followed her. She refused many offers; amongst others, the Duke of Portland loudly proclaimed his discontent at her rejection. But the daughter of Mary Clement was destined for royalty! The Duke of Gloucester was not to be resisted, and two children, a prince and a princess, were the fruits of her marriage with his Royal Highness: hence it came within the bounds of probability, that the descendants of the postmaster of Darlington might one day have swayed the British sceptre.



## THE DESCENDANTS OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

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AT the decease of his father, Oliver, RICHARD CROMWELL succeeded to the sovereign power; it has been remarked, as tranquilly and as unopposedly as though he had been the descendant of a long line of princes; yet his reign lasted but seven months and twenty-eight days. He subsequently resided abroad until about 1680; but where his various peregrinations led him is not known with any degree of certainty. On his return to England, he appears to have assumed the name of Clark, and to have resided at Serjeant Pengelly's house at Cheshunt; to the end of his life, courting privacy and retirement, and cautiously avoiding so much as the mention of his former elevation, even to his most intimate acquaintance. He died at Cheshunt, 13th July, 1712, in the 88th year of his age. Pennant mentions, that his father had told him that he used often to see, at the Don Saltero Coffee House at Chelsea, poor Richard Cromwell, "a little and very neat old man, with a most placid countenance, the effect of his innocent and unambitious life." By Dorothy, his wife, daughter of Richard Major, Esq., of Hursley, Hampshire, he had three daughters, the youngest of whom, the wife of John Mortimer, Esq., F.R.S., died at the age of twenty, without issue; of the other two, Miss Elizabeth Cromwell and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. Luson says—"I have several times been in com-



pany with these ladies ; they were well bred, well dressed, stately women, exactly punctilious ; but they seemed, especially Mistress Cromwell, to carry about them a consciousness of high rank, accompanied with a secret dread that those with whom they conversed should not observe and acknowledge it. They had neither the great sense nor the great enthusiasm of Mrs. Bendysh ; but, as the daughter of Ireton had dignity without pride, so they had pride without dignity." Their unfilial conduct to their father remains a sad blot on their memory ; and the meekness of poor Richard Cromwell makes their want of feeling more especially painful. The male representation of the Lord Protector Oliver's family, vested, at the decease of this his eldest son, in the descendant of his second, HENRY CROMWELL, of Spinney Abbey, at one time Lord Deputy of Ireland, who, at the decease of his father, quietly resigned his government, and returned to England, where he continued afterwards to reside as a country gentleman, at Spinney Abbey, in Cambridgeshire, unconcerned in the various changes of the State, and unembittered by the ills of ambition. By Elizabeth, his wife, eldest daughter of Sir Francis Russell, Bart., of Chippenham, he left, at his decease, in 1673, five sons and one daughter. To the latter, Elizabeth, wife of William Russell, Esq., of Fordham Abbey, we shall refer in the sequel. Of the sons, all died without issue except the second, HENRY CROMWELL, Esq., who sold Spinney Abbey, and, entering the army, attained the rank of major. His death occurred in 1711. By Hannah, his wife, daughter of Benjamin Hewling, a Turkey merchant, he had a large family, of which the only son, whose descendants still exist, was THOMAS CROMWELL, who, "*sic transit gloria mundi*," carried on the business of a sugar-baker on Snow Hill, and died in



Bridgwater-square, London, Oct. 2, 1748. He married, first, Frances Tidman, and by her was father of a daughter, Anne, the wife of John Field, of London.\* He married, secondly, Mary, daughter of Nicholas Skinner, a merchant of the city, and had, to leave issue, an only son, OLIVER CROMWELL, a solicitor of eminence, and clerk to St. Thomas's Hospital, who succeeded under the will of his cousins, the Miss Cromwells, to an estate at Theobalds, Herts, which had been granted by Charles II. to General Monk, for his services in restoring the monarchy. Mr. Oliver Cromwell married, in 1771, Mary, daughter and co-heir of Morgan Morse, Esq., and left an only daughter and heir, ELIZABETH OLIVERIA CROMWELL, of Cheshunt Park, born in 1777, who married, in 1801, Thomas Artemidorus Russell, Esq., and had several children. With this Oliver Cromwell, who died in 1821, the male line of the Lord Protector's family expired. Elizabeth Cromwell (daughter of Henry Cromwell, the Deputy of Ireland) left, by her husband, William Russell, Esq., of Fordham Abbey, seven sons and six daughters. Of the former, Francis Russell, Esq., baptized at Fordham Abbey, 1691, was father of Thomas Russell, Esq., a military officer, whose daughter, Rebecca, married, first, James Harley, Esq., by whom she had no issue, and, secondly, William Dyer, Esq., of Ilford, a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for Essex, by whom she had William Andrew Dyer, Esq., two other sons, and two daughters. Of the daughters of Elizabeth Cromwell and William Russell, the eldest, Elizabeth, married Mr. Robert D'Aye, of Soham, who became so reduced that he

\* The issue of Anne Cromwell and John Field were, 1, Henry, of Woodford, Essex; 2, Oliver; 3, John, an Officer in the Mint; 4, William; 5, Anne, *m.* to Thomas Gwinnell; 6, Elizabeth; 7, Sophia; 8, Mary; and, 9, Letitia, *m.* to the Rev. John Wilkins.



died in a workhouse, and his descendants sank into the lowest grade of life; the fourth, Mary, wedded Martin Wilkins, of Soham, a gentleman of some property; the fifth, Margaret, formed a very humble connexion; and the youngest married Mr. Nelson, of Mildenhall, by whom she had a son, a jeweller, and a daughter, who, after the death of her husband, Mr. Redderock, an attorney, kept a school at Mildenhall. How pointedly does this sad story of the downfall of Oliver Cromwell's family tell of the instability of all human greatness! Within the scope of a single century, and after the lapse of a few generations, we find the descendants of one who in power equalled the mightiest princes of the earth reduced to the depths of poverty, and almost begging their daily bread.

The Lord Protector's daughters were, 1. BRIDGET, married first to Lieutenant-General Henry Ireton, and secondly to General Charles Fleetwood; 2. ELIZABETH, married to John Claypole, Esq.; 3. MARY, married to Thomas, Viscount Fauconberg; and 4. FRANCES, married first to the Hon. Robert Rich, grandson of the Earl of Warwick, and secondly to Sir John Russell, Bart., of Chippenham. Of these ladies, the eldest left, by her first husband, one son, Henry, who died *sine prole*, and four daughters—Elizabeth, wife of Thomas Polhill, Esq., of Otford, in Kent; Jane, wife of Richard Lloyd, Esq.; Bridget, wife of Thomas Bendyshe, Esq., of Southtown, in Sussex; and the youngest, the wife of Mr. Carter. Mrs. Bendyshe, who seems to have been an exact counterpart of her grandfather Oliver's character, is thus described by a contemporary:—"I was young, not more than sixteen, when Mrs. Bendyshe died, in 1727 or 1728; yet she came so often to my father's house, that I remember her person, her dress, her manner, and her



conversation (which were all strikingly peculiar) with great precision; and I have heard much more of her than I have seen; she was certainly, both without and within, in her person and in her spirits, exactly like her grandfather; her features, the turn of her face, and the expression of her countenance, all agreed very exactly to the excellent pictures I have seen of Oliver in the Cromwell family." Mrs. Bendyshe had as much of Cromwell's courage as a female constitution could receive, which was often expressed with more ardour than the rules of female decorum could excuse. The following instance is narrated:—Happening to travel in a London stage, in company with two gentlemen who had swords on, she informed them of her descent from Oliver, and, as usual, was extolling him with rapture, when one of her fellow-travellers had the bad taste and feeling to cast reflections on his memory. Mrs. Bendyshe rebutted them with spirit, and on the coach stopping, instantly drew the other gentleman's sword, and challenged the maligner to single combat.

Cromwell's second and favourite daughter, Mrs. Claypole, was, it is recorded, a warm partisan of the royal cause, and did not hesitate, on her death-bed, to remonstrate with her father on the guilt of his ambition. She died at the early age of twenty-eight, and was interred in Westminster Abbey. Oliver's third daughter, Mary, who became the second wife of Lord Fauconberg, but died without issue, is described by Burnet as "a wise and worthy woman, more likely to have maintained the post of Protector than either of her brothers." Dean Swift, who knew her, says she was "handsome and like her father." Of the youngest daughter, Frances, we learn that at one time it was contemplated to effect a reconciliation between the exiled Charles II. and Oliver,



by bringing about a marriage between his majesty and this lady; but all advances on the subject, although sanctioned by the king, were rejected by Cromwell. By her first husband, the Hon. Robert Rich, who died at an early age, she had no child; but by her second, Sir John Russell, she was mother of a numerous family.



## VISCOUNT ALLEN.

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OF the late Joshua, Viscount Allen, the last of his race, many diverting anecdotes are related, not only as regards his early days, when a young officer of the Guards, but with reference to those eccentricities in which he persevered until the latest period of his life.

Colonel Allen, before he succeeded to the title, was somewhat embarrassed in his circumstances, and was obliged occasionally to undergo the disagreeable ordeal of dunning. One creditor he had put off so frequently with promises which he had been unable to perform, that his moral courage was not sufficient to enable him to face him when he called, and he was reduced to the disagreeable necessity of denying himself. The poor tradesman was always too late: the Colonel was on guard, had just gone out, or would be home in an hour, by which time he was dressed, and really out. One morning Mr. — took his station at the door of the gallant officer's lodging in Mount-street, at seven o'clock, and intimated to the servant, about ten, that he had watched his master home the previous night, knew he had not yet gone out, and should therefore wait and see him. His pertinacity was so great, that the Colonel was obliged to admit him, and as soon as he was dressed all but his coat, he slipped on his dressing-gown, and placing himself at a table with a very difficult



piece of music before him, he seized his flute, upon which instrument his lordship was a proficient, and desiring that Mr. —— might be admitted, he struck up as the man was ascending the stairs, and, as he entered, hastily bade him take a seat, when, to the astonishment and delight of the creditor, he played the whole piece, remarking all the time the pleasure his listener appeared to derive from his efforts. When he had concluded, he made many excuses for not having attended to him, but observed that in practising music it was difficult to learn any piece, if once he suffered himself to be interrupted. He saw, too, that Mr. —— was fond of music; (which was the fact)—and if so, he would play him one of Beethoven's finest pieces arranged for the flute. The man's civility would not permit him to refuse so kind an offer, and the Colonel went into the next room to get the music, when he adroitly put on his coat and hat, and, descending the back stairs, left the house, and not until several hours had elapsed did the poor man ascertain that his bird was flown.

It is no scandal to observe that the estates of the viscounty were very small, and did not produce more than sufficient for his lordship to keep up the appearance of a gentleman of fashion. Some people, in allusion to his lordship's want of hospitality, had ill-naturedly observed, in reference to his mansion in Merrion-square, Dublin, that the door was enormous, but so few had ever seen the interior, that it was doubtful if there were any house behind it. Upon the death of the fifth viscount, Colonel Allen succeeded to the peerage, and the small patrimonial estates, and it was found expedient to arrange with his creditors, upon the most rigidly economical principles, so much so, indeed, as rather to partake of the character of a composition, which was



subsequently the cause of much annoyance to his lordship, whose strong inclination to sarcasm naturally induced his friends, who occasionally laboured under the effects of his cutting satire, to retaliate whenever they found an opportunity. Lord Allen was a very tall, stout, dignified, and pompous person, and when he took a dislike to any man, was far from generous in his attacks. The deeper he cut, the greater was the satisfaction he derived. The world gave him but little credit for feeling, and he appeared to be perfectly indifferent to the feelings of others. If he could raise a laugh in the clubs at the expense of any of his dear friends, his vanity was satisfied; he felt he had achieved a triumph which, in the piping times of peace, was as glorious as a victory over the enemies of his country.

The following anecdote, which so well illustrates his lordship's character upon this point, will, we are sure, be as properly appreciated as the retaliation of the party attacked will be relished, notwithstanding its severity.

Lord Allen, from some cause or other, had taken it into his head to make a butt of a gentleman highly esteemed by all who knew him, who happened to be a member of the same club with his lordship, and hearing that this gentleman, who was a Banker, had petitioned the Commissioners of Woods and Forests to remove a monument which had been placed opposite to his house of business, asked him one day, in a rather imperious manner, his motive for joining the inhabitants of the district in the petition. The Banker replied, that it collected a quantity of idlers and dirty boys about the spot, to the great hindrance of business, and the annoyance of his neighbours.

“Oh,” said his lordship, “of course every man knows



his own business best, but I should have thought it rather advantageous to you than otherwise."

"How so, my lord?" replied the Banker.

"Because," said his lordship, "while you are standing idle at your own shop door, it would prevent your seeing the crowds of people flocking to the respectable banking-house of Messrs. Bullion and Co., on the opposite side of the road."

Of course his lordship's spleen was gratified, for the whole club was convulsed with laughter; but the triumph was only of short duration, for the Banker soon learned that his lordship—whose peculiarly pompous manner had obtained for him the *sobriquet* of "King," by which title, and no other, was he commonly known amongst his intimate friends—had previously arranged with his creditors by the payment of ten shillings in the pound.

The banker was determined to be revenged, and within a few hours, before the novelty of "King Allen's last" had subsided, he went to the club, when it was crammed with members, and having claimed their attention, observed, that if "King Allen's" coronation were to take place, and his champion were to throw down his gauntlet in Westminster Hall, he would pick it up.

"Why? why?" observed Lord Allen.

"Why? why?" resounded from all the members of the club.

"Because," said the Banker, "I find he has assumed a title to which he has no claim, for he has compounded with his creditors, and paid them ten shillings in the pound; he is therefore no king, but merely a half-sovereign."

The anger of the Viscount knew no bounds, and many,



who were truly delighted with the Roland the Banker had bestowed upon his lordship in return for his Oliver, nevertheless declared that it was too severe, absolutely cruel—a cruelty, however, which gave exquisite delight to those who most censured the repartee.

One of the eccentricities of Lord Allen was the whiteness of his cravats, which, for the greater portion of his long life, he invariably sent to Shrewsbury to be washed, no matter where he happened to be; as he had often declared that there was but one *blanchisseuse de cravattes dans le monde*.



SIR JOHN HAWKWOOD.

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WE are about to present to our readers one of the great captains of the martial times of King Edward III., the renowned Sir John Hawkwood, so celebrated by the chroniclers for wisdom, valour, and prowess, who, though bred an humble fashioner of doublets, achieved high reputation and goodly estate in the brave and boisterous profession of arms—a soldier of fortune, serving sometimes under the standard of a pope, an emperor, or a king, and sometimes beneath his own bold banner: for, under the feudal system, when the legislative as well as executive power vested in the strong arm alone, a free-booter and a man-at-arms were nearly, if not altogether, terms of precise similitude. The soldier had then—should his services not be required by his liege lord—full liberty to wage war where-soever and against whomsoever his good will and good sword directed him, for his own advantage solely, governed by no other principle, and amenable to no other law. Of that description of adventurer, Hawkwood is regarded as one of the most eminent and valiant, as he certainly was one of the most fortunate of his times.

The honour of our hero's birth belongs to the county of Essex, where his ancestors are said to have held lands, and to have been of note in the reigns of Kings John and Henry III.; be that, though, as it may, John



Hawkwood was born in the reign of Edward II., at Heddingham-Sible, in Essex, the son of Gilbert Hawkwood, a worthy tanner and leatherseller of that place, and at Heddingham he remained and received the rudiments of education, until of competent age to acquire some handicraft trade, for which purpose he was removed to London, and bound apprentice to a well-doing honest tailor, of East Cheap. Here he soon acquired celebrity for his courageous and daring spirit amongst his fellow-apprentices, a body notorious for turbulency and riot, the dread alike of Court and City in those days. Whether that daring spirit induced Hawkwood voluntarily to exchange the needle for a lance, or whether, as the penalty of some sanguinary brawl, he was forced to become a soldier, we know not; but we do know that, from the tailor's workshop he embarked to join the King's (Edward III.) armies, then engaged in the French wars, and henceforward adopted the trade of arms. In these wars Hawkwood became soon so famous, that he was raised from the position of a common soldier to the rank of captain, and for further services had knighthood conferred upon him by the King himself, he being then accounted the poorest knight of the army. His deeds of valour were highly appreciated by his general, the Black Prince, but more especially his gallant bearing at the battle of Poitiers. On the subsequent conclusion of peace between France and England, Sir John, finding his estate too insignificant to maintain his title and dignity, and "being loth," saith the chronicler, "to return to his trade," associated himself with companies called Late-comers, and continued a soldier of fortune. Froissart says: "At this period there was, in Tuscany, a right valiant English Knight, called Sir John Hawkwood, who had there



performed many most gallant deeds of arms; he had left France at the conclusion of the peace of Bretigny, and was at that time a poor knight, who thought it would not be any advantage to him to return home; but when he saw that, by the treaties, all men-at-arms would be forced to leave France, he put himself at the head of those free companions, called Late-comers, and marched into Burgundy. Several such companions, composed of English, Gascons, Bretons, Germans, and of men from every nation, were collected there. Hawkwood was one of the principal leaders with Bucquet and Carnello, by whom the battle of Brignais was fought and won, and who aided Bernard de la Salle to take the Pont de St. Esprit." Hawkwood and his companions continued to ravage Champagne, Burgundy, Dauphiny, and other eastern parts of France, and having defeated all that attempted to oppose them, spread terror even to the very gates of Avignon, at that time the residence of the Pope and Cardinals; so that, to get rid of such unwelcome guests, his Holiness was obliged not only to pardon the past, but to pay them a large sum of money beside. From thence he led into Lombardy part of the companions, called the White Band, consisting of about five thousand horse and fifteen thousand foot, for the most part English, with whom he most effectually assisted John, Marquis of Montferrat, against the Dukes of Milan. The Marquis led them over the Alps, after he had paid them sixty thousand francs, of which Hawkwood received for himself and his troops, ten thousand. Hawkwood did not, however, adhere long to the fortunes of the Marquis of Montferrat, but forsook his service when Lionel of Clarence, son of King Edward III., came to celebrate his marriage with Violante, daughter of Galeaccio, Duke of Milan, having been appointed Captain



of the Guard to the Prince, in which capacity he attended at the nuptials.

Hawkwood subsequently, with the permission of the Duke of Clarence, entered the service of the Duke of Milan against the States of Montferrat and Mantua. In this campaign he was so successful, and acquired so much fame and wealth, that his name and valour became renowned and terrible throughout the entire of Italy; and so great was the estimation in which the Duke of Milan and the ducal family held him, that Barnabas, the Duke's brother, gave his natural daughter, the Lady Domitia, with a yearly revenue of 10,000 florins, in marriage to the gallant Englishman; yet, notwithstanding his great alliance, Hawkwood abandoned the standard of Barnabas, and joined that of his enemy; some allege because of the sudden death of his master, the Duke of Clarence, four months after his marriage, which Sir John attributed to poison; others, more correctly, assign Hawkwood's withdrawal from the service of Milan to the single motive which swayed all his actions, a better prospect of making his fortune elsewhere. Subsequently he plundered many towns in Lombardy, and took possession of two; one of which he sold to the Marquis of Este for 20,000 crowns, and the other he retained himself for a considerable time. Having thus augmented his fortune, and his forces increasing with the means of providing for them, Sir John, seeking new adventures and a new scene of action, was retained by Pope Gregory XII. against the papal towns in Provence, which had revolted, but were soon restored to obedience by the English general, for which the governorship of five towns was conferred by his Holiness upon him.

Froissart says, in reference to Hawkwood's services to the church: "Sir John Hawkwood and his companions



remained in Italy, and were employed by Pope Urban as long as he lived in his wars in the Milanese. Pope Gregory, successor to Urban, engaged him in the same manner;" and he adds, "Sir John had also a profitable employment under the Lord de Coucy, against the Count de Vertus and his barons, in which, some say, Lord de Coucy would have been slain, if Sir John Hawkwood had not come to his assistance with five hundred combatants, which he was solely induced to do because the Lord de Coucy had married one of the King of England's daughters. This Sir John Hawkwood was a knight much inured to war, which he had long followed, and had gained great renown in Italy from his gallantry." These wars being concluded, Hawkwood's aid was courted by several free cities and states of Italy, more especially by the two rival commonwealths of Florence and Pisa, which were then striving for the sovereignty. Florence being at first the higher bidder, Sir John sided, of course, with the Florentines, but for awhile, when he went over to the Pisans, and again returned to the Florentines. Upon this occasion the celebrated lines of Lucan were, with great truth, applied to him :

Nulla fides pietasque viris qui castra sequuntur,  
Venalesq; manus, ibi fas ubi maxima merces.\*

He continued, however, to the last, general of the Florentines, and served them so zealously and so successfully, that he was styled the founder of their republic. "At length (says the chronicler) the valiant knight, loaded with honour and riches, died at a very advanced age, at Florence, in 1394. The senate, out of gratitude

\* Nor faith, nor honour, warms the hireling's breast,  
For him he fights, whose pay is deemed the best.



for his services, and to perpetuate his exploits, deposited his body in the cathedral of Santa Maria Florida, under a sumptuous monument, over which there is his effigy on horseback, armed at all parts, with hawks flying through a wood in his shield, being a rebus of his name."

A great portion of his wealth was conveyed into England, and his friends and executors erected for him an honorary cenotaph in the church of the parish of Hedingham-Sible, in Essex, beside founding a chantry. From the effigies on the monument, it would seem that he had two wives, by one of whom, the Lady Domitia, he had one son of both his own names, a knight also, who was naturalized in 1406 or 1407.

Sir John Hawkwood was one of the founders of the English hospital at Rome, for the entertainment of indigent travellers. Contemporary and succeeding chroniclers and historians are lavish in his praise, especially Sir John Froissart and T. Walsingham, and, in later times, Paulus Jovius and Nicholas Machiaveli. But they strangely distort his name. Froissart calls him Acton; Jovius, Acuthus; which others have turned into Sharp; and, finally, others call him Gyovanno Agutho (John of the Gules). Julius Feroldus composed four verses in commendation of him, which have been thus translated :

"O Hawkwood, England's glory, sent to be  
The bulwark and the pride of Italy,  
A tomb just Florence to thy work did raise,  
And Jovius rears a statue to thy praise."

The army of Sir John Hawkwood attained the character of being the most perfect school of military discipline, and from it proceeded many great captains of



subsequent renown: in fine, Sir John himself was esteemed, both by friend and foe, one of the greatest captains of the age.

Sir John Hawkwood held the manor of Hawkwood, in the parish of Hedingham-Sible, in Essex, of the Earl of Oxford; and his son, another Sir John Hawkwood, Knight, mentioned above, held it after him.



## LORD CLIFFORD, THE SHEPHERD.

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Glad were the vales, and every cottage-hearth;  
 The Shepherd-lord was honoured more and more;  
 And, ages after he was laid in earth,  
 "The good Lord Clifford" was the name he bore.

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HENRY, tenth Lord Clifford, and Baron Vesey, son and heir of the famed Lord Clifford, of the wars of the Roses—immortalized by Shakespeare's muse—succeeded to the hereditary honours of his illustrious house at the early age of seven, by the death of his father at the battle of Towton. To protect him from the vengeance of the Yorkists, then in the ascendant, it was deemed necessary to disguise the young Lord in the mean habit of "a Shepherd's Boy," and to consign him to a herdsman's care.

———— he wanders forth at will,  
 And tends a flock from hill to hill:  
 His garb was humble; ne'er was seen  
 Such garb with such a noble mien.

In that lowly condition he lived for twenty-five years, without any education, even so much as learning to write, lest it might lead to his discovery. On the accession, however, of Henry VII., he emerged from the Fells of Cumberland, with the manners and ideas of his humble associates. He was altogether illiterate, though far from deficient in natural understanding: but



the consciousness of his own deficiencies depressed his spirits, and he determined on retiring to the solitude of Barden, in Craven. There he found a retreat equally favourable to taste, to instruction, and to devotion. The narrow limits of his residence show that he had learned to despise the pomp of greatness, and that a small train of servants would suffice him who had lived to the age of thirty a servant himself. His early habits, and the want of those artificial measures of time which even shepherds at the present day possess, had given him a taste for observing the motions of the heavenly bodies; and he now resolved to seek amusement and instruction in the study of astronomy, under the guidance of the good and learned canons of Bolton, some of whom are said to have been well versed in what was then known of the science. In these peaceful employments, Clifford spent the whole reign of Henry VII., and the first year of the following. But in 1513, when almost sixty years old, the Shepherd Lord received a principal command in the army which fought at Flodden, and proved that the military genius of the family had not been chilled in him by age, or extinguished by habits of peace:

Now another day is come,  
Fitter hope and nobler doom;  
He hath thrown aside his crook,  
And hath buried deep his book;  
Armour rusting in his halls  
On the blood of Clifford calls;—  
“Quell the Scot,” exclaims the Lance—  
Bear me to the heart of France,  
Is the longing of the Shield—  
Tell thy name, thou trembling Field;  
Field of death, where'er thou be,  
Groan thou with our victory!  
Happy day and mighty hour,  
When our Shepherd in his power,



Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,  
To his ancestors restored  
Like a re-appearing star,  
Like a glory from afar—  
First shall head the flock of war!

Lord Clifford survived the battle of Flodden ten years, and died 23rd April, 1523, aged about seventy. He married, first, Anne, only daughter of Sir John St. John, of Bletshoe, cousin-german to Henry VII.; and, secondly, Florence,\* daughter of Henry Pudsey, Esq. By the latter he had one daughter, Dorothy, wife of Sir Hugh Lowther, of Lowther; and by the former, three sons and four daughters. The eldest son, Henry, eleventh Lord Clifford, lived upon bad terms with his father for several years, in consequence of his youthful dissipation; to

\* The gradual advancement of this lady is remarkable; her father was an esquire, her first husband a knight, her second a baron, her last the grandson of a queen. She survived her father-in-law, who was slain at Towton, ninety-seven years; and, having conversed with several of the principals in the war between the Houses, must, in the middle of the next century, if her memory remained, have been a living chronicle, fraught with information and entertainment.

Florence Pudsey was daughter of Henry Pudsey, Esq., of Bolton, grandson of Sir Ralph Pudsey, the faithful protector of King Henry VI. after the fatal issue of the battle of Hexham. The first husband she matched with was Sir Thomas Talbot of Bashall, the heir-apparent of the knightly and historic family of Talbot of Bashall, the senior line of the illustrious house of Shrewsbury. He and his father, Sir Thomas Talbot of Bashall, adhering to the Yorkist party, co-operated with Sir James Harington and Sir John Tempest in capturing Henry VI. Betrayed by a monk of Abingdon, the unhappy monarch was, in the month of June, 1465, taken by the Talbots as he sat at dinner at Waddington Hall, a seat of the Tempests, where he had found an asylum for several months. He escaped for awhile, but was captured by the two Sir Thomas Talbots, near the Bungerly hipping-stones, on the Ribble, across which he had fled for concealment in Clitheroe Wood, and he was by them conducted towards London. These events form the subject of one of Roby's Lancashire traditions. Warwick met Henry at Islington, and had the



supply the means for which he turned outlaw, assembled a band of dissolute followers, harassed the religious houses, beat their tenants, and forced the inhabitants of whole villages to take sanctuary in their churches. He is said, however, to have been reclaimed in good time, and was created, 18th June, 1523, Earl of Cumberland, besides being made a Knight of the Garter. The barony of Clifford is now enjoyed by his lordship's descendant, Sophia, Baroness de Clifford.

We cannot better conclude our reference to the good Lord Clifford, the Shepherd, than by adding Sir Egerton Brydges' sonnet:—

TO HENRY, LORD CLIFFORD.

I wish I could have heard thy long-tried lore,  
Thou virtuous Lord of Skipton! thou couldst well  
From sage experience, that best teacher, tell  
How far within the SHEPHERD'S humble door

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cruelty to subject his former sovereign to the indignity of having his legs bound with leather straps to the stirrups of his horse. In this degraded state, the King was led through Cheap and Cornhill to the Tower, where he remained for the next five years. Harington received for his services lands belonging to Tunstall of Thurland, and the Talbots and Tempests received annuities out of Bolland and Tickel until they could be provided with lands. A tradition has been preserved that the luckless Prince predicted that there would be nine successive generations of his captors, the knights of Bashall, consisting alternately of a wise and a weak man, after which the name would be lost—a prediction, however, which the result has not verified. Sir Thomas Talbot, the younger, died 13 Henry VII., and having no issue, was succeeded by his brother Edmund, ancestor of the subsequent Talbots of Bashall, whose late representative and heir-general was Richard Hughes Lloyd, Esq., of Plymog, Gwerclas, and Bashall. Sir Thomas's widow wedded (as mentioned in the text), for her second husband, Henry Lord Clifford, representative of the princely Cliffords. After his death, Florence took for her third husband, Lord Richard Grey, younger son of Thomas Marquis of Dorset, and grandson of Margaret Widvile, Queen of Edward IV.



Lives the sure happiness, that on the floor  
Of gay baronial halls disdains to dwell,  
Though deck'd with many a feast, —and many a spell  
Of gorgeous rhyme, and echoing with the roar  
Of pleasure, clamorous round the full-crown'd bowl  
Thou hadst (and who had doubted thee?) exprest  
What empty baubles are the ermine stole,  
Proud coronet, rich walls with tapestry drest,  
And music lulling the sick frame to rest!—  
Bliss only haunts the poor contented soul!



## CHARLES BRANDON, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, K.G.

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THE Plantagenet kings ruled with despotic sway—their diadem was achieved by the sword, and by the sword they retained it. Yet it was under the sceptre of these arbitrary princes that this green land of ours acquired the care-lacking and joy-inspiring appellation of “Merrie England,” and that her sons became so famous in the annals of heroism, chivalry, and romance. It was under the sceptre of these arbitrary princes that the fields of Cressy, Poitiers, and Azincourt were fought and won, and it was under the same iron rod that the great Charters were unrolled on the plain of Runnemedede, to be sealed and signed by an absolute monarch. Though the race was despotic and cruel, and heartless many of its princes, the chivalric bearing, high courage, and martial renown of our early sovereigns cast a redeeming light around their memory, sought for in vain in the dark annals of their immediate successors, the Tudors and the Stuarts.

The age of feudalism was pre-eminently the age of chivalry. It lasted for more than four hundred years, from the battle of Hastings to that of Bosworth, from the triumph of the first William to the defeat of the last Richard, and for the whole of that turbulent and semi-barbarous era, a passion for feats of arms, military pageants, and regal progresses, so entirely engrossed the



public mind in England and France, that for the enjoyment of such "sports and pastimes," the people of both countries lavished freely their blood and their treasure, in wars waged solely for the renown and aggrandizement of their sovereign lords and feudal taskmasters, bringing themselves nothing but toil, peril, and indigence. Of these exhibitions, the most splendid and the most popular was the Tournament, or Passage of Arms. —"Were their distresses," says Sir Walter Scott, "ever so great, the poor as well as the rich, the vulgar as well as the noble, in the event of a tournament, which was the grand spectacle of the age, felt as much interest as the half-starved citizen of Madrid, who has not a real left to buy provisions for his family, feels in the issue of a bull-feast, neither duty nor infirmity could keep youth or age from such exhibitions." It has passed away though, and is now only remembered amongst the gorgeousness of the rude age in which it flourished; more refined, if not more spirit-stirring, exercises prevail instead, and a recent attempt to revive even the shadow of "a passage of arms" proved altogether so abortive, that there can be no apprehension of the lists being again brought into fashion.

The Plantagenet era, as we have already remarked, was essentially the era of the Tournament, but still the gorgeous pastime found favour under the Tudors, and received marked encouragement at the gay court of the Eighth Henry. Of that epoch, the most romantic character was CHARLES BRANDON, the son of Sir William Brandon, Standard-Bearer at Bosworth, who fell by the hand of King Richard, on that memorable field. From his early youth, he was a devoted lover of all martial exercises, and soon rivalled the most renowned heroes of antiquity in his skill and success at the tourney.



In the year 1510, while yet in the bloom of youth, he appeared at Westminster, in the solemn jousts held in honour of Catherine of Arragon, in the dress of a recluse, begging of her highness permission to run a tilt in her presence. The boon he obtained, and then instantly flung off his weeds, and came out well armed. He next signalized himself at the jousts at Tournay, in 1511, instituted by Margaret, Princess of Castile, in compliment to his Royal Master. The place was flagged with black marble, and the horses were shod with felt, to prevent them from slipping. From this encounter, he carried off as a prize the love of Margaret, but the English knight had no heart to return in its place; his was become captive to Mary, the sister of Henry VIII. of England. Unable to conquer his flame, although the King gave the lady in marriage to Louis XII. of France, Brandon followed her over in character of ambassador. At that time, Francis, Duke of Valois, the Dauphin, proclaimed a tournament in honour of the Queen, which was to be held at her coronation in Paris. Brandon, who had been created Duke of Suffolk, heard of the proclamation, and requested of the King permission to be present. Having obtained consent, he went, attended by the Marquis of Dorset and his four brothers—the Lord Clinton, Sir Edward Neville, Sir Giles Capel, and Sir Thomas Cheyney. The Duke of Valois chose Charles Brandon and the Marquis of Dorset as his aids, in all the martial exercises of the time.

Drayton, the poet, thus refers to this celebrated tourney. Mary is supposed to be addressing the gallant Brandon:—

When thou to France conducted was by fame  
 With many knights, which from all countries came,  
 To see me on St. Denis, on my throne,  
 Where Lewis held my coronation;



Where the proud Dauphin, for thy valour sake,  
 Chose thee at tilt his princely part to take;  
 When as the staves upon thy caske did light,  
 Grieved therewith I turned away my sight.  
 But when I saw thy proud unconquered lance,  
 To bear the prize from all the flower of France.

County St. Paul, our best at arms in France,  
 Would yield himself a squire to bear thy lance.  
 Galeas and Bounarm, matchlesse for their might,  
 Under thy tow'ring blade have crouched in fight.

Brandon replies—

When Marquis Dorset and the valiant Grayes  
 To purchase fame, first croste the narrow seas,  
 With all the knights, that my associates went  
 In honour of thy nuptial tournament;  
 When on the tilt my horse like thunder came,  
 No other signal had I but thy name;  
 Thy voice my trumpet, and my guide thine eyes,  
 And but thy beautie I esteemed no prize  
 That large limb'd Almaine, of the giant race  
 Which bare strength in his breast, feare on his face,  
 Whose sinewed arms with his steel-temper'd blade,  
 Thro' plate and mail such open passage made;  
 Upon whose might thy Frenchmen's glorie lay,  
 And all the hope of that victorious day;  
 Thou saw'st thy Brandon beat him on his knee,  
 Offering his shield a conquered spoyle to thee.

The incident of "the Almaine," which Drayton records, was this:—

The French, envious of the success of Brandon, introduced into the lists a gigantic German, whom they thought of incomparable strength and prowess, in order to conquer, by superior force, the British knight. The German encountered him, but the duke appeared so likely to come off conqueror, that the French tried to save their champion. The English combatant made a second essay, caught his opponent round the neck, and



beat him so violently with the pommel of his sword, that the blood came out of the side of his casque. The French then interfered again, and conveyed their champion away.

Soon after, the aged husband of the young and beautiful Mary died, and left her at liberty to receive the addresses of the Duke of Suffolk. Their attachment was reciprocal, and the royal widow informed her lover of her predilection for him, by sending word that she gave him four days to consider whether he would marry her or not. Suffolk readily consented. Francis I. favoured his suit, for he wanted Mary to return to England. Charles carried her from France, and at his wedding had a magnificent tournament in honour of his royal bride, at which he himself tilted. The livery and trappings of the duke's horse upon the occasion were half cloth of gold, and half cloth of frieze, with the following lines on them, allusive to his union with the royal bride :—

Cloth of gold do not despise,  
Though thou art matched with cloth of frieze :  
Cloth of frieze be not too bold,  
Though thou art matched with cloth of gold.

Suffolk, in addition to the advantages of so exalted an alliance, derived immense wealth from this marriage with Mary Tudor. Her jointure was sixty thousand crowns annually, and the personal property which she was allowed to bring to England was estimated at two hundred thousand, together with a celebrated diamond, of immense price, called "le miroir de Naples."

By his illustrious spouse, his Grace had one son, Henry, Earl of Lincoln, who died young and unmarried, and two daughters—Frances, wife of Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset, and Eleanor, Countess of Henry



Clifford, second Earl of Cumberland. Of the former, the eldest daughter was the incomparable and ill-fated Lady Jane Grey, in whom all the high spirit and chivalrous feeling of her grandfather, the gallant Charles Brandon, were combined with the beauty, the wit, and the accomplishments of his royal bride.

In this brief memorial of the gallant Charles Brandon, we have regarded him only in his character of “*preu Chevalier*”—

the president  
Of nobleness and chivalrie.

His brilliant services on the battle-fields of France belong more properly to the page of general history: otherwise, we might have dwelt on his daring valour in the desperate action with a French squadron off Brest, in 1513, and on his prowess at the sieges of Therouanne and Tournay; we might have told of the renown he won at the Battle of Spurs, in command of the vanguard of the English army, as well by his invasion of France, in 1523, and we might have closed the stirring narrative with his capture of Boulogne, in 1544.

Suffice it for us now to add, that his Grace died 14th August, 1545. By his will, executed in the previous year, he ordered that a cup of gold should be made of his Collar of the Garter and given to the King; that the ceremonies of his funeral should be conducted with a frugality and a plainness very unusual at that time: to use his own words, “without any pomp or outward pride of the world,” and that his body should be buried in the collegiate church of Tatteshall, in Lincolnshire. These injunctions were not, however, followed. The King had his departed favourite interred with sumptuous magnificence, and at his Majesty’s sole charge, in St. George’s Chapel, Windsor.



THE HEIR OF THE GLANVILLES.

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It was the late hour of nine at night—late that is for the days of Charles the First—and yet the tavern of the Golden Hawk was well nigh deserted, and had been so for the last three hours, although one of the most favourite resorts of the gallants in the neighbourhood of Powles, as St. Paul's was then familiarly called. Three visitors alone were to be seen there; one occupied a corner by himself; the other two were lazily discussing a quart of sherry amidst clouds of smoke of their own raising, while they half reclined upon the benches. As regards these last, there was a considerable difference in their ages, and even more so in their manners; the younger had all the appearance of a man who had been bred up amidst the luxuries of fortune, and although his face was haggard, and his cloak was soiled, it was plain enough to see that he was, in the language of the times, a cavalier; the elder was in the prime of life, or even something beyond it, and had an air of good-humoured swagger, which, with the farther evidence of his buff belt, sun-burnt cheeks, and enormous black moustaches, gave ample grounds for setting him down as a soldado—as one, that is, who had seen service.

For some time the worthy compotators persevered in this sleepy silence, when the soldier, who had just



brought his pipe to an end, suddenly burst out with—  
“Sir Francis, as I hope thou wilt be one day, when thy old father, the excellent Sir John, exchanges the furred robe of a judge for a woollen shroud—I pray of thee to expound me one small matter?”

“And what is it?” asked the other.

“Why, is it not strange, now, that Frank Glanville should sort and consort with a fellow like me, wasting his time in taverns, drinking, dicing, and brawling, when he might be a man of worship, and, for aught I know, sitting on the same bench with his father? I should like to know the reason of it.”

“The same reason, I suppose, that makes a tavern-hunter, drinker, dicer, and brawler, of Master Dick Tavestock.”

“The cases are not alike,” replied the soldier, filling up his pipe again. “My money went long ago, so did my character, so did my good fortune; but you have prospects—at least you would have, if you played your cards better.”

“I defy any one to play his cards better, or troll the doctors better than I do,” replied Francis, wilfully mistaking him, though in a manner that showed he felt the rebuke.

“In that sense I grant you; but I spoke of playing your cards with the grave judge your father—humouring the old man in his whims—foiling the plans of the fox, your brother.”

“What plans?” demanded Frank.

“Folks say he’s a good young man, a nice young man, a steady young man, one that wears a well-starched ruff, wipes his mouth cleanly after a single glass of sherris, sticks to his law-books—in short, a chip of the old block!”



"And what then? what is it to me whether he drinks one glass or a dozen? I'm not to pay for them, am I?"

"No, you're only to pay for what he does *not* drink."

"The devil I am."

"Why now, only tell me one thing; isn't it as easy to write John as Frank? and though you be an elder brother, the judge can do as he pleases with his own."

Frank was now fully roused from his apathy; starting up, he exclaimed, "You don't mean to say that the judge has really any thought of disinheriting me?"

"More unlikely things have come to pass," replied the soldier.

"And who the devil has put this into your head? it never came there of itself, I'll be sworn."

"Perhaps not," replied the soldier; "but there it is, however."

"Come, come, Dick, this is no joking matter. Tell me where you got your information, and I shall the better know what to think of it."

"I'll tell you what to think of it; think that it's true, and see how it may be best mended. It will be cursedly unpleasant when the old one dies to find you have more cause to mourn for yourself than for him."

"Well, Dick, I know you love me——"

"To be sure I do," interrupted the other; "the next best friend to him who has fought at one's side, is the honest fellow who drinks with one from night till morning, and never flinches."

"Then, I think, you might say how you came by the knowledge of this."

"Oh, a little bird whistled it in my ear, but whether it was a goldfinch or a blackbird, I can't recollect just now, and it does not much signify; were it my case



I should certainly render brother John incapable of inheriting by knocking him on the head."

"Why, you don't mean this seriously?"

"Don't I, though!"

"Nonsense; you don't mean it, and if you did, it would little matter; I hold John incapable of playing me false. Even were it not so, he shall come to no harm from me. I have wronged many—myself perhaps most of all—but I will not wrong him."

"Bravely mouthed—diavolo!"

"What's the matter now?"

"It's my belief old square-toes in the corner yonder, has been overhearing us all this while. Did you see the look he cast our way just now?"

"What signifies? I have said nothing that I would not just as lief say in Powles or from the standard in Chepe."

Whether he had heard them or not, the old man, who had all the appearance of a wealthy merchant, took no notice of this remark, but summoned the drawer, and having discharged his moderate reckoning, quietly left the room; in passing them, however, he gave them a brief but searching glance, which made the soldier's wrath blaze up in an instant: he dashed down his cup, and swore lustily that he would crop the merchant's ears for him, a threat he was likely enough to have executed, if Francis had not interfered. It was not that the latter had in general the slightest objection to these tavern-brawls, but there was something in the mild, sympathizing glance of the stranger, that for a moment called into action the better feelings, which, though they had long lain dormant in him, had never been totally extinct. Neither was the soldier's wrath of a very enduring kind;



laughing at himself, he returned the half-drawn sword to its sheath, and applied himself once more to the wine-cup. But even this occupation, it seemed, had lost its relish, for he set it down again with a grimace as if it had been physic.

"It's a queer thing," he said, "but drink as I will I can't comfortably get drunk like other people. And yet I have been soaking till sack and sherris have no longer any taste in my mouth, more than so much water."

"Why then, since no one appears likely to visit the Golden Hawk to-night, suppose we hunt abroad for something to amuse us. If we can find no jolly fellows like ourselves who are willing to exchange a few blows with us in the way of love and good fellowship, we must e'en content ourselves with drubbing the watchmen, or being drubbed by them—it does not much matter which."

"Not a fico, lad—not a whit—not a jot, so as we have a row of some kind."

And forthwith the boon companions sallied forth into the night.

At the time of our narrative—our true narrative, be it remembered—the streets of London were lighted in a way that was only calculated to show the darkness, and to dispel so much of it as might better enable the thieves and the disorderly of all sorts to carry on their separate vocations. The watchmen were for the most part selected, not from their fitness for the office, but because they were fit for nothing else, and with their brown bills, and cressets instead of lanterns, they were anything but remarkable for maintaining order. The spirit of the age too was favourable to coarse indulgence; robbery itself, though a crime in the eye of the law, was far from



being so severely condemned by public opinion, and he who felt disposed to play the midnight robber either in the city or on the highways, might do so in exceedingly good company. In general, therefore, it was unnecessary to go far or wait long in search of adventures suited to the tastes of a roystering blade, as they then called the wild debauchee and Mohock of a latter period. Accordingly they had not gone far beyond St. Paul's churchyard, when from one of the many small streets opening into the greater thoroughfare, like so many lesser blood-vessels opening into a larger artery, they heard the clash of swords, mingled with brutal oaths and cries for help. Such sounds were music to the ears of our two wild-bloods, who instantly started off for the spot as if by mutual consent, when upon turning the corner they saw a man with his back against the wall defending himself as best he might against three ruffians. The moon being bright and shining full upon the scene, they had no difficulty in discovering that the weaker party was the stranger of the Golden Hawk.

"Voto de Dios!" exclaimed Tavestock; "'tis the old fellow we took for a citizen; but when did a flat-cap ever stand upon his defence in such soldierly fashion?"

"He may be the devil for aught I care," said his companion; "but being as he is, one against three, I'll do my best to help him."

"Agreed," replied the soldier; "fair play for ever!"

And with this cry they both drew their swords, and without more warning set upon the assailants, who finding themselves thus opposed to equal numbers when they least expected it, immediately took to their heels. The aid, however, had but just come in time. It is true that the two or three wounds the old man had received



were too slight to be worth speaking of, but even in this brief struggle his strength had begun to fail him, for it was only by the exercise of an activity far beyond his years that he had succeeded in keeping the ruffians at bay. In another minute the affair had probably been settled by his death. The first impulse of the two allies was to pursue them, but the authoritative tone of the old man checked their purpose.

“You shall run into no useless danger on my account,” he said; “there is no telling how near others of the gang may be.”

The valiant captain scouted the idea of danger from such scum of the earth, as he called them, protesting that he had often stood single-handed against a dozen taller fellows; but the stranger was peremptory; his age and manner both carried command with them, notwithstanding his gentleness; and farther, to assure himself of their obedience he requested they would see him safe home to his lodgings in the neighbourhood of the Savoy. To such a request there could be no decently demurring, and the captain complied, the rather as he hoped on some future occasion to make the night's adventure a means of drawing the old gentleman's purse-strings.

On reaching a narrow street not far from the Savoy, the old man knocked at the door of a house which stood at the extreme end, where it was closed in by an iron railing preventing any thoroughfare.

“Here,” he said, “we must part for the present, for mine is an orderly household, and brooks no late hours. But you now know my lodgings, and when I farther tell you that I am William Crymes, of Killworthy, near Tavistock, in Devonshire, no more need be said to-night.”



“Tavistock! why they call me Tavestock,” exclaimed the captain. “By Saint George and his dragon to boot, I would we were as near in blood as in name.”

“I said my name was Crymes,” replied the old man drily.

“Did you?” retorted the unblushing soldier, “then it is your estate which is my namesake; and no offence to you, old gentleman, it were the better kinship.”

“Be it so! I have no inclination to dispute that or anything else you may choose to advance at this late hour. Let me see you both to-morrow at midday, till when, God be with you.”

The street door opened while he was thus speaking, and the old man having entered, it was closed again without farther question. The two boon companions stood looking at each other for a few moments in dumb surprise at such laconic proceedings, and then simultaneously burst into a fit of laughter.

“The old gentleman,” said Francis, “stands on little ceremony with his friends.”

“As little,” replied the soldier, “as I would with a tavern-drawer, or my landlord’s fubsy wife when there’s no rent owing;—marry, when I’m six months in arrear, as will sometimes happen, ’tis another matter. But nevertheless, and notwithstanding, as you lawyers say, I’ll make something out of the old fellow—something handsome, too—and of *that* you may rest as certain as of death, or quarter-day, or any other thing equally agreeable.”

The next day, as the appointed hour drew nigh, Francis began to think that however excellent a companion the captain might be in a tavern, his buff jerkin and military oaths were not the best suited to the me-



ridian of a grave family: what was still worse, the *noscitur e socio*—or, according to the vernacular proverb, *Birds of a feather flock together*—might be applied in the present case, which he was sensible would be little to the honour of Master Francis Glanville—an individual whose interest he felt himself particularly bound to study. Now, without exactly knowing why, he had a strong desire to stand in the good graces of his new acquaintance, which he thought could not be better done than by paying his intended visit alone; and, as good luck would have it, when he had mounted up to the dingy attic tenanted by the Captain in the purlieus of White Friars, he found that worthy fast asleep, from the effect of the previous night's debauch.

"It would be a pity to wake him," said Frank to himself, with a smile expressive of much internal satisfaction; and, having crept down the stairs no less gently than expeditiously, he speeded off to his appointment.

To his demand of whether Mr. Crymes could be seen, the servant who had opened the door to him replied by showing him into a small, oak-panelled chamber, and requesting that he would sit down, and wait awhile.

Thus left to himself, Francis began to examine the family portraits that made a part of the panelling, being let into it without frames, and almost seeming to be painted upon it. Amongst this goodly collection, which from the various costumes looked marvellously like a masquerade, he had no difficulty in recognising the picture of his new acquaintance—a stiff, wooden affair, but still so formidable a likeness, that it was impossible for the most unpractised eye to mistake it for a moment. By its side was the portrait of a young girl, the work of a different hand, or else the charms of the original had



inspired the artist, and taught him to paint in a way very different from his usual style. Francis became irresistibly smitten.

“Was ever anything half so beautiful!” he exclaimed. “What eyes!—what a forehead!—white and polished as ivory!—what cheeks!—the carnation blending with the lily!”

The rustling of silk, and a light “Ahem!” made him suddenly turn round, when who should stand before him but the undoubted original of the portrait he had been so much admiring. It would be hard to say which blushed most deeply, the gentleman or the lady; and yet there was an arch smile about the lips of the latter, that seemed to say she enjoyed the joke not a little.

Frank bowed, and stammered out something, he scarcely knew what; but the lady—blessings on the modesty of the ladies! they have ten times the assurance of your male animal—the lady, making a profound courtesy, at least as much in mockery as in compliance with etiquette, informed him that her father, though in no danger, was still too much indisposed, from the affair of the night before, to see any one just then, but would gladly receive his preserver the moment his health would allow of it.

To this Frank replied by expressing his hopes, and his thanks, and his delight, that the old gentleman was in no danger, till, having exhausted these topics, he was suddenly brought to a stand-still, unwilling to quit the charmer, and yet not knowing how to prolong the conversation. A few minutes only had wrought a marvellous change in the bold reveller. The fact was, he had fallen in love—over head and ears—love at first sight; and, like most gentlemen in that unhappy situation, was disposed to make himself pre-eminently ridi-



culous. But as such scenes, however pleasant to the actors therein, have little or no amusement for the spectator, we may as well drop the curtain.

The next day he repeated his visit—the next, and the next—still without seeing the old man, but always growing more enamoured of his daughter. In this way a fortnight passed, when, instead of being invited, as usual, into the little oak parlour, he was informed that the old gentleman had set off that very morning for Tavistock.

“Set off this morning for Tavistock, and it was only yesterday that he was too ill to see me! Is Miss Elizabeth at home?”

“Miss Crymes has gone with her father.”

By the time the door was shut—and it did not long remain open, the servant seeming but little disposed to protract the conversation—Francis had satisfied himself that the old gentleman, like many other great promisers, was inclined to forget the service of the past, and turn his back upon him. The first feeling, naturally enough, was that of high indignation against Mr. Crymes; but it in the next moment took another turn, recoiling upon himself, and he began to think that if the old man had discovered his passion for his daughter, and had in consequence taken this way of nipping it in the bud, he had only acted after the fashion of the world.

“How,” he exclaimed, in the bitterness of self-accusation, “how could I think that any man of name and substance would bestow his daughter’s hand upon one like myself, a bankrupt alike in character and fortune? If I am neglected, spurned like a hound from the door, it is no more than a fit reward for my own folly. He who plants a brier, has no right to look for grapes; he who sows the storm, must expect to reap the whirlwind.



And yet, methinks, the old man might have used more courtesy in his scorn or his prudence, whichever it may have been. He need not have shut the door in my face, as if I were a beggar, whose importunity must be got rid of, the sooner the better. But it is ever thus; once wrong, and always condemned!"

For the next week his mood underwent so many changes, and all of such extremes, that the Captain, who in his way was really attached to him, began to tremble for his reason. It was alternately a scene of the wildest debauchery, and a remorse that bordered upon madness, till by the tenth day he was so wasted, and had become so altered from his former self, that his best friends would scarcely have recognised in him the gay and handsome Frank Glanville of a short time previous. His chambers were in the Temple, and there he lay, extended upon a sofa, gazing vacantly on the river and the white sails of the boats that danced along merrily in the breeze and sunshine. It was a pleasant sight enough for any one who had been in a fitting temper to enjoy it; but such was not the case with our unlucky friend Francis.

As he lay in this state, there came a gentle knock at his chamber-door; and upon his calling to the person without to enter, a serving-man made his appearance, clad in a sober livery, such as beseemed one who followed a substantial rather than a fashionable master. He was the bearer of a note, which proved to be from the old gentleman, containing a laconic invitation to visit him without delay. Upon reading this letter, a flush of indignation passed over Frank's cheek, and starting up under the impulse of this new current of feelings, he exclaimed: "Tell your master I can't come—I won't come!"

The domestic looked at him with surprise.



“Have you not heard me, fellow? or are you so dull that you can’t understand me? Say to your master, I wont come; and the sooner you are off with your message the better. I wish to be alone.”

And the terrified domestic, fully convinced that he had a maniac to deal with, bolted out of the room, and flew down the stairs at his utmost speed. By the time, however, that he had got to the bottom, Frank repented of his violence, and hurried out to recal him; but in the next instant his mood changed again, like the weathercock veering about on a gusty day, and, closing the door hastily, he flung himself again upon the sofa.

An hour or more had passed in this way, when, without any previous notice, the old man made his appearance. He cast a hasty, inquiring glance at the invalid, as if to satisfy himself that what he had heard of his state was true; and then, before the latter could make up his mind how to receive him, he began in a tone of sympathy, that showed anything but diminished interest in the fortunes of his young friend.

“I am sorry,” he said, “to find you in this condition—sad! sad!—and I much fear the tidings I bring are not of a kind to heal mental or bodily suffering. *Fear*, did I say? it was an ill-chosen word, I am only too certain.”

Frank gazed at him with wonder, and no slight degree of interest, but he made no reply. The old man, his eye still intently fixed upon him, continued,—

“Since we last parted I have been busily engaged in your service, and I did hope at one time to have been the bearer of more pleasant tidings in requital for the good office you rendered me the other night. Your father——”

Frank started at the word; and seeing the old man



hesitate, requested with some impatience that he would proceed.

“Have you, then, the courage,” he replied, “to hear the very worst that can be told you?”

“I can guess it without telling; my father has disinherited me. But if not a kind man, he is a just man; and so may Heaven prosper me as I will give him good cause to revoke that sentence ere many months have gone over my head. The tale of our Fifth Harry, who from a wild prince became a sober king, shall no longer be a doubtful one; I will show by myself that it is possible—very possible. Yes, by Heavens, I will fling aside my follies as I would a garment that I had grown ashamed of; and my father shall see that the disinherited Frank is as well worthy of his regard as the cold, prudent John—he who does nothing from the heart, but all from the head, and is charitable without sympathy.”

“A wise and wholesome resolution,” said the old man, who had listened to this wild tirade with a peculiar look that could hardly have escaped Frank’s notice, had he not been so much carried away by his own feelings—“a wise and wholesome resolution. It cannot fail to bring a blessing with it, though not in the way you expect. But you have not as yet invited me to seat myself, and I am old, as well as somewhat weary from my yesterday’s travel.”

Francis started up with many apologies, and placed a chair for his visitor, who, as he seated himself, took him kindly by the hand, and continued in a tone of the deepest sympathy.

“Bear with me if I am tedious, for it is the fault of age; and, moreover, there is a part of my tale that I am in no haste to come to. I had learnt by chance, at



a time when I least thought I should ever take the interest I now do in your concerns, that Sir John Glanville intended to disinherit you in favour of your younger brother. From the conversation that passed between you and your companion at the tavern the other night, I could not help thinking, whatever might have been your follies, you deserved better than to be made a mere cast-away. Still, this was no business of mine; and, assuredly, I should not have felt myself justified in interfering but for what followed. When you saved my life from those same midnight ruffians the case was altered; it became my duty to exert myself in your behalf, and I lost no time in calling at your father's lodging; he had gone down to his hall of Tavistock; I followed him; he was too ill to see any one. I called again the next day—the next—and the next—still the same answer, with the addition that he was much worse than before. Now I am not suspicious—Heaven forbid I should be, for it is the mark of something wrong in one's self—but I saw that in any case the time was come for decisive measures, and I requested an immediate interview with your brother, who I understood was in attendance upon Sir John."

"And my brother?" exclaimed Frank.

"He acceded to my request. I explained the reason of my coming down, that I was determined to open Sir John's eyes to the injustice he was about to commit, or had committed rather."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, I used no reserve for the matter—very foolishly you may perhaps imagine, but it's a way I have; I always go straight to the mark without disguise, and so I hope I shall always do."

"And once again, my brother? what answer made my brother?"



“That Sir John was in a state of delirium, and therefore unfit to hold communication with any one; but the moment a change took place for the better he would let me know, if I thought proper to remain in the neighbourhood.”

“Go on, sir, I beseech you.”

“Well, I had not come so far to return without my errand, so I gave your brother notice that I should take up my abode in Tavistock, at the Green Eagle, where I would abide until I heard from him. Upon this understanding we parted. And sure enough upon the fifth day after my first visit came a messenger in hot haste to summon me back to the hall again. Your brother was below, waiting to receive me, and in a few words informed me that as Sir John was now sensible, I might see him if I pleased; but that he felt assured it would be useless as regarded yourself, and painful to your father, who had not long to live.”

Francis groaned heavily, and turning away his head, exclaimed, in a suffocating tone, “What needs any more?—he is dead!—my poor father!”

“Nay, but hear me out; for in this cup of misery, bitter as it is, there is yet one drop of comfort, which may help to render more tolerable the draught that must be swallowed. I persisted; whereupon, your brother said, in his usual cold manner, ‘It was my duty, sir, to warn you of what would be the likeliest results of your proposed interview. I have done so; you refuse credence to my assertions, and it is now, therefore, my duty to let you put them to the proof, by bringing you to Sir John. I am ready.’”

“Ah, there, indeed,” cried Frank, “I recognise my brother—his duty—always his duty. How often have I mocked him for that very phrase! And now, go on, sir



—go on, I entreat you ; keep me not a moment longer on the rack than needs must be.”

“ Briefly, then, I was conducted to the bed-side of the dying man ; and, seeing at the first glance that not a moment was to be lost, I entered with little preface upon the object of my mission. I told him all I knew, and all I hoped of you—for I do hope *of* you, and *for* you—so much so indeed that I could verily—but *that* is for another hour. And your poor father ! believe me, his heart once again warmed towards you. While I spoke, his broken eye lighted up with a joy that seemed to me something more than earthly ; he pressed my hand feebly to his bosom, and struggled to say something to your brother John, but all we could make out was your name, and he died with it upon his lips. Be of comfort then, my young friend ; you have indeed lost your father’s estate, but you have not forfeited his blessing.”

We have dwelt upon these details, gleaned with much labour, and almost grain by grain, from various sources, because without them the singular catastrophe of this family tradition, though borne out by facts, would seem incredible. What next intervenes may be hurried over without much injury to the general understanding of the story.

Stimulated by his love for Elizabeth, the disinherited followed his law-studies with an unflinching ardour that made weeks do the work of months, and months the work of years. His lamp burnt late at night, his curtains were drawn early in the morning ; and no sooner had the old gentleman convinced himself that this was no passing impulse, but a fixed and enduring determination, than he helped the student liberally with his purse, and at length gave him indirectly to understand that if



he would persist in the same course for two years longer there should be no opposition made to his union with Elizabeth. The goal, thus set before him, was indeed a distant one, a speck it might be called in the horizon of the future, but it was clearly visible, notwithstanding; and in addition to all this, his pride—and what stronger impulse does the human heart acknowledge?—urged him to continue as he had begun; above all, he would show his brother that he could do without him.

The two allotted years had at length passed away, employed by Francis with little or no cessation in laying the foundations of that knowledge which distinguished him in after life; and what was more, he had fully convinced his friendly monitor that his reformation was real, and likely to be permanent. It was now therefore agreed that he should be shortly married to Elizabeth; and, as such things are seldom long in getting abroad, to the extent at least of the parties' immediate circle, the news came to the ear of John Glanville; for what else could have induced him to invite his brother, as he now did, to a solemn feast of reconciliation? Frank had still so much of the ancient Adam in him as made him strongly inclined to reject this proffered kindness; but Mr. Crymes happened to be present when the note came to hand, and urged him in a way that admitted of no denial to accept it. "Fraternal hatred," said the kind old man, "is a bad preparative for the holy sacrament of marriage. It is most fitting, that when you approach the altar it should be with a heart void of offence to man and Heaven, or little good will come of it."

It was with no pleasant feelings that Frank prepared for the meeting with the brother from whom he had been so long divided; but Elizabeth and her father had



also been invited, and, though with some strugglings of the spirit, he determined so to play his part as not to shame himself in their eyes. Upon entering the hall, into which he was at once conducted by the servant, he found the party was to be limited to themselves; the table was spread for four only, and the old man, who was there already with his daughter, stood leaning on the back of a chair, and anxiously watched the scene of meeting. In the next moment, John had stepped forward, and, having welcomed him kindly but gravely, led him to the seat at the head of the table.

“Excuse me, brother,” said Frank, drawing back; “the seat of honour in my father’s house is yours by my father’s will, and to me that will must be sacred. Long may you live to enjoy it!”

Old recollections came upon him as he spoke, opening up the fount of all his better feelings, and when he pressed John’s hand, it was with a warmth of which but a minute before he would have thought himself incapable. The old man’s eyes filled with tears; Elizabeth trembled and turned pale, but smiled at the same time; and in that smile Frank would have felt himself amply rewarded for any sacrifice. Even the stoicism of John was evidently affected, though he endeavoured to maintain his usual staid demeanour.

“It is well said,” he replied, “but, nevertheless, you must, for once, oblige me in this small matter. And now, brother Frank, that we are all seated, be pleased to uncover the dish before you.”

Frank complied, but started back upon opening it, and dropt the cover.

“What have we here?” he exclaimed. “Parchments!”

“Even so,” replied his host; “the deeds that transfer



our father's estates to his natural heir—that is, to yourself.”

Frank, for the moment, was absolutely struck dumb by the bewilderment of his feelings, and looked from one to the other, his lips quivering, but unable to give utterance to any intelligible sound. In the benevolent smile of his old friend, it was plain to see that the latter had been prepared beforehand for what had just taken place; while poor Elizabeth between joy and surprise seemed on the very point of going into hysterics. At length Frank exclaimed, yielding to the irresistible impulse of the moment: “And yet, for two years, you have left me to struggle single-handed with the world!”

“It was my duty, Frank; for so our father would have acted while unassured of your constancy in better courses. Had he lived to see this welcome change in you, there can be as little question that he would have restored to you your natural inheritance. In his name, therefore, I give back to your reformation what you had forfeited by your misconduct;—for IT IS MY DUTY.”

To tack a moral to our tradition—for why should not truth have its moral, as well as fable?—the rigid fulfilment of a duty brought, as it generally does, a blessing with it. In due process of time, John Glanville became a Serjeant-at-Law, was elected Recorder of Plymouth, served in several parliaments, and received the honour of knighthood from Charles at Whitehall (7th of August, 1641), and died in high repute, on the 2nd Oct. 1661, when he was buried at Broad Hinton. Of the principal personage of our story, little more has come down to us; but we may safely infer that his age fulfilled the promise of his youth, for he, too, received the honour of knighthood, and died Sir Francis Glanville.



## THE DECADENCE OF FAMILIES.

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“ Vain transitory splendours ! could not all  
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall ? ”

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A VERY interesting Paper might be written on the rise and fall of English families. Truly does Dr. Borlase remark that “ the most lasting houses have only their seasons, more or less, of a certain constitutional strength. They have their spring and summer sunshine glare, their wane, decline, and death.” Take, for example, the Plantagenets, the Staffords, and the Nevills, the three most illustrious names on the Roll of England’s Nobility. What race in Europe surpassed in royal position, in personal achievement, our Henrys and our Edwards ? and yet we find the great-great-grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, daughter and heiress of George Duke of Clarence, following the craft of a Cobbler at the little town of Newport in Shropshire, in the year 1637 ! Besides, if we were to investigate the fortunes of many of the inheritors of the royal arms, it would soon be discovered that

“ The aspiring blood of Lancaster,”

had sunk into the ground. The princely stream flows at the present time through very humble veins. Among



the lineal descendants of Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, sixth son of Edward I., King of England, entitled to quarter the royal arms, occur Mr. Joseph Smart, of Hales Owen, butcher, and Mr. George Wilmot, keeper of the turnpike gate at Cooper's Bank, near Dudley; and among the descendants of Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, fifth son of Edward III., we may mention Mr. Stephen James Penny, the late sexton at St. George's, Hanover Square.

The last male representative of the great Dukes of Buckingham, Roger Stafford, born at Malpas in Cheshire, about the year 1572, was refused the inheritance of his family honours on account of his poverty. He sunk into utter obscurity. This unfortunate youth went by the name of Fludd; indignant that his patronymic of Stafford should be associated with his humble lot.

Of the Nevills—the direct heir in the senior line, Charles, sixth Earl of Westmorland, lived to an advanced age in the Low Countries “meanly and miserably,” and George Nevill, who was created Duke of Bedford by King Edward IV., that he might be of suitable rank to espouse the Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, was eventually degraded from all titles and rank, on the ground of indigence.

*En passant*, the mention of these “men of royal siege” recalls to mind the family of one who at a period subsequent to their times ruled where they had ruled. The Cromwells were of consideration and high county standing, in Huntingdonshire, seated at the fine old mansion of Hinchinbroke, and descended, in the female line, from Cromwell, Earl of Essex, of the time of Henry VIII. Their chief, as well as many of the family, fought manfully under the royal banner. At the present time, seven Peers of the realm trace descent from the Lord



Protector, viz., the Earls of Morley, Chichester, Rothes, Cowper, Clarendon, De Grey, and Ripon, but, as a contrast to this fair side of the picture, it must be honestly confessed, that within a hundred years after Oliver's death, some of his descendants were reduced to the depths of poverty, almost begging their daily bread. It is a singular fact, that an estate, which was granted to George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, for *restoring the monarchy*, should, by intermarriages, eventually vest in the late Oliver Cromwell, Esq., of Cheshunt, who died in 1821, being then the last direct male descendant of the Protector.

Such has been the decadence of our Royal Plantagenets, and the mournful decay of many a peerage family that "had been glorious in another day." This natural decline is the inevitable destiny—sooner or later—of all things human. In the ranks, too, of the unennobled aristocracy, time has effected wondrous changes. The most stately and gorgeous houses have crumbled under its withering touch. Let us cast our eye on what county we please of England, and the same view will present itself. Few, very few, of those old historic names that once held paramount sway, and adorned by their brilliancy a particular locality, still exist in a *male* descendant. It has been asserted, we know not exactly with what truth, that in Herefordshire, a county peculiarly rich in ancient families, there are but two or three county gentlemen who can show a male descent from the proprietors recorded in the Visitations. In the North, these genealogical vicissitudes have been hastened by the influence of manufacturers' gold, which has done so much to uproot the old proprietary of the soil, that one marvels how in Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire such families as Townley, Gerard, Blackburne,



Blundell, Trafford, Fairfax, Foljambe, Hamerton, and Wentworth, "have stood against the waves and weathers of time." Others, of no less fame and fortune, have passed altogether away, and others have dwindled from their proud estate to beggary and want.

The story of the Gargraves is a melancholy chapter in the romance of real life. For full two centuries, or more, scarcely a family in Yorkshire enjoyed a higher position. Its chiefs earned distinction in peace and war; one died in France, Master of the Ordnance to King Henry V.; another, a soldier too, fell with Salisbury, at the siege of Orleans; and a third filled the Speaker's chair of the House of Commons. What an awful contrast to this fair picture does the sequel offer. Thomas Gargrave, the Speaker's eldest son, was hung at York, for murder; and his half-brother, Sir Richard, endured a fate only less miserable. The splendid estate he inherited he wasted by the most wanton extravagance, and at length reduced himself to abject want. "His excesses," says Mr. Hunter, in his History of Doncaster, "are still, at the expiration of two centuries, the subject of village tradition, and his attachment to gaming is commemorated in an old painting, long preserved in the neighbouring mansion of Badsworth, in which he is represented playing at the old game of Put, the right hand against the left, for the stake of a cup of ale."

The close of Sir Richard's story is as lamentable as its course. An utter bankrupt in means and reputation, he is stated to have been reduced to travel with the pack-horses to London, and was at last found dead in an old hostelry! He had married Catherine, sister of Lord Danvers, and by her left three daughters. Of the descendants of his brothers, few particulars can be ascer-



tained. Not many years since, a Mr. Gargrave, believed to be one of them, filled the mean employment of parish clerk of Kippax.

A similar melancholy narrative applies to another great Yorkshire house. Sir William Reresby, Bart., son and heir of the celebrated author, succeeded, at the death of his father, in 1689, to the beautiful estate of Thrybergh, in Yorkshire, where his ancestors had been seated, uninterruptedly from the time of the Conquest, and he lived to see himself denuded of every acre of his broad lands. Le Neve states, in his MSS. preserved in the Herald's College, that he became a tapster in the King's Bench Prison, and was tried and imprisoned for cheating in 1711. He was alive in 1727, when Wotton's account of the Baronets was published. In that work he is said to be reduced to a low condition. At length he died in great obscurity, a melancholy instance how low pursuits and base pleasures may sully the noblest name, and waste an estate gathered with labour and preserved by the care of a race of distinguished progenitors. Gaming was amongst Sir William's follies—particularly that lowest specimen of the folly—the fights of game cocks. The tradition at Thrybergh is (for his name is not quite forgotten) that the fine estate of Dennaby was staked and lost on a single main. Sir William Reresby was not the only baronet who disgraced his order at that period. In 1722, Sir Charles Burton was tried at the Old Bailey for stealing a seal; pleaded poverty, but was found guilty, and sentenced to transportation, which sentence was afterwards commuted for a milder punishment.

In Ireland the vicissitudes of families have been the most remarkable. The civil wars of Cromwell and William III. doomed many of the old native houses to



utter spoliation, and reduced the descendants of royal and noble lineages to the lowest grade in the social system. Under the frieze coat of many a humble peasant may flow the blood of Ireland's ancient kings; and in the sunburnt, starving mendicant, a genealogical enquirer might perchance discover the representative of the O'Rorkes, the O'Reillys, the O'Briens, or the O'Sullivans, of those times—

When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,  
Led the red-branch knights to danger;  
Ere the Emerald gem of the western world  
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

Sir Francis O'Neill, the sixth Baronet of Claneboys, a scion of Ireland's ancient dynasty, lived, a very poor man, on the estate of the late Lord Netterville, at Douth, near Drogheda, where he rented a small farm from his Lordship, at one fourth its value; unable, however, to pay that, he was ejected. This unfortunate descendant of royalty had the patent of Baronetcy in his possession. One of his sons was employed, about thirty-five years ago, at a small inn near Duleck, in the capacity of "Boots and Ostler!"

Fifty years hence, when the Encumbered Estates Act shall have worked its course, a future genealogist may add some curious instances to those cited.

In Scotland family annals exhibit examples of the same striking vicissitudes. Fraser of Kirkhill relates that he saw John, Earl of Traquair, the cousin and courtier of King James VI., "begging in the streets of Edinburgh in the year 1661." "He was" (these are Fraser's own words) "in an antique garb, and wore a broad old hat, short cloak, and panniers breeches, and I contributed in my quarters in the Canongate towards



his relief. We gave him a noble, he was standing with his hat off. The master of Lovat, Culbockie, Glenmoriston, and myself, were there, and he received the piece of money from my hand as humbly and thankfully as the poorest suppliant."

Lord Lindsay, in his enchanting volumes, "The Lives of the Lyndsays," gives a pathetic description of the fate of Lady Jean Lindsay, the only child of the twelfth Earl of Crawford, who succeeded to the title on the death of his father in 1609, and is known as "the Prodigal Earl."

"Much, indeed," proceeds Lord Lindsay, "may be said in palliation of this nobleman's excesses—his life was one of suffering from the cradle to the tomb. Left motherless at an early age and neglected by his father, (whose suspicious heart may possibly have wronged his second wife, as he had previously broken the heart of the bride of his youth, the fair Lillas Drummond,) the young Master was left entirely to the care and superintendence of Mr. Peter Nairn, his 'pedagogue,' whose letters to Edzell and Lord Menmuir, from the University of St. Andrew's, portray most touchingly the desolation in which they lived.—'Our letters,' he writes in 1598, 'are not received, the bearers boasted and threatened, our board is not paid in time—our meat therefore is 'panis angustiae' to us—we are in all men's mouth for the same,—three years since the Master gat any clothing, saif one stand (suit) at the King's beand in our town. I have supplyit thir defects as my poverty and credit could serve,—there is no hope of redress but either to steal of the town, or sell our insight (furniture), or get some extraordinar help, gif it were possible. Haifing therefore used your Lordship's mediation, [I] thought guid to crave your counsel in this straitness—



as it were betwix shame and despair. The Master, beand now become ane man in stature and knowledge, takes this heavily but patiently, because he is, for his straight handling, in small accompt with his marrows,—yet, praisit be God! above all his equals in learning. We have usit,’ he adds, ‘since your Lordship’s beand in St. Andrews, all possible moyen, in all reverence (as we ought) and humility,’ in dealing with the Earl, ‘but little or nothing mendit.’ And an earlier letter mentions the tears shed by the Master when, after long expectancy, his father visited the town—and left it without seeing him. His heart crushed, his self-esteem wounded, his attempts to win his father’s love rejected, all the sweet affections of his nature were turned to gall, his intellect ran to waste, and, on attaining the independence of manhood, he gathered a band of broken Lindsays around him, and revenged his childhood’s misery upon society. Love might yet have reclaimed him, but his marriage proved unfortunate—and a divorce released both wife and husband from what had become a mere bond of bitterness. I have little more to relate of him, except the strange circumstances of his latter years. Reckless and profuse, and alienating the possessions of the Earldom in a manner which, however unjust, could not, it would seem, be legally prevented, a solemn council was held by the family, who determined to imprison him for life, in order to prevent further dilapidation; they accordingly confined him in Edinburgh Castle, where he spent his remaining years under surveillance, but acting in every respect otherwise as a free agent.\* Hence the epithet by which he is fre-

\* “This singular procedure is related as follows in an ‘Information,’ or Memorial, by Jean and Margaret Lindsay, daughters of Sir John Lindsay, K.B., eldest son of Sir Henry Lindsay, afterwards



quently distinguished by contemporary genealogists, of 'Comes Incarceratus,' or the Captive Earl. He died in the castle, in February, 1621, and was buried in the chapel of Holyrood-house, leaving only one child, Lady Jean Lindsay, an orphan, destitute and uncared for, and fated to still deeper debasement, having run away with a common 'jockey with the horn,' or public herald, and lived latterly by mendicancy—'a sturdy beggar,' though mindful still of the sphere from which she had fallen, and 'bitterly ashamed.' An aged lady related her melancholy history to Crawford the antiquary, who flourished during the early years of last century, adding that she remembered seeing her begging when she herself was young. Shortly after the Restoration, King Charles II. granted her a pension of one hundred a-year, 'in consideration of her eminent birth and necessitous condition,' and this probably secured her comfort during the evening of her days."

twelfth Earl of Crawford, 'anent the feuing and wadsetting' (mortgaging) the lands of Finhaven and Carriston—Earl David, they say, 'being a great spender, his friends took upon them to put him in the Castle of Edinburgh, and give him ane provision yearly, all his friends consenting thereto, except Sir Harry, his uncle, who was our goodsire (grandfather), who was at London in the meantime, and how soon he heard of his imprisonment, came to Scotland to see what the business meant; so the said Earl David, knowing that Sir Harry was his nearest heir, the said Earl David, having but one daughter, presently enterit the said Sir Harry in his haill lands, [he] taking the burden of the debt upon him. The said Sir Harry sold Kilfauns and Charteris Hall, and payit the said debt, &c.—*Haigh Muniment-room*.—Nevertheless, Earl David remained in duress the rest of his life, though executing deeds, and carrying on correspondence, evidently proving that his confinement was not on account of mental incapacity."



## THE

## DREAM OF SIR THOMAS PRENDERGAST, BART.

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EARLY appointed to a regiment of horse, Thomas Prendergast, the heir of a distinguished Anglo-Norman family, long seated at Newcastle, co. Tipperary, had already risen to the command of a troop, when the revolution took all chance of promotion away from the Irish Catholics. Ardent and sanguine in temper, he was persuaded to promise adhesion to Lord Aylesbury's conspiracy for the restoration of King James, which was unfortunately altered by some of the inferior leaders into the Assassination Plot. From such a perversion of the original plans his honourable mind recoiled with horror; and it is well known to readers of English history how, when compelled by religious feeling to place the King upon his guard, he nevertheless withstood with fortitude both promises and threats, even when they came from the mouth of William himself; absolutely refusing to give the names, or assist in convicting any of the conspirators, until that friend at whose solicitations he had become a party to the original plot, gave information against him. For his conduct then, and subsequently, he was warmly praised in both houses; and the King having marked his own sense of it by a grant of one of the forfeited estates, the Parliament, when subsequently



revoking even the grant to the successful De Ginkell, Earl of Athlone, confirmed that only which was made to Sir Thomas Prendergast.

His subsequent life was a busy one. In love, war, and politics, the three main objects of human ambition, he was alike successful. In Love's gay realms, he obtained from that gentle god the fair and well-dowered hand of Penelope Cadogan, the only sister of the gallant General Cadogan, whose dashing bravery, worthy of his ancient lineage and descent from Britain's earliest monarchs, subsequently won him the Earldom and high commands which doubly ennobled his later years. In those bloody but glorious fields which owned Mars as presiding deity, and which at that period were to all Europe the only valued school of good breeding, he found himself where early inclination and education led him. He was again placed on active service, and of the many achievements which added glory to the banners of England in Anne's stirring reign, there were but few where his charger was not foremost in the fight. In politics, also, he performed his part. Returned member for Monaghan in 1703, on the interest of Lord Cadogan, he attached himself to the party of that nobleman, the friend of Marlborough, in England—whilst in matters which only concerned Ireland, he voted with his illustrious cousin, the great and unfortunate Duke of Ormonde.

The periods when war and politics left him leisure for calmer enjoyments, he spent in the company of Love—now in London, mixing in the gay bubble-wafting stream of fashion—now in Ireland, adorning his new properties with woods and gardens, or resting his busied mind amid the time-honoured towers and groves of Newcastle. Its proud battlements, the safeguard of his family for five centuries, looked over the broad expanse



of the lovely Suir, which, after leaving Cahir Castle, the seat of the tragical event in his family we have already described, here washed the walls of his ancestral residence, on its picturesque way to Clonmell and Waterford—towns which had once looked to the Prendergasts and their kinsmen the De la Poers, for feudal protection and friendly aid, but where commerce was already beginning to create a class hostile to the rough and proud aristocrats who formerly ruled them. But the Irish towns still contained many a sturdy retainer whose fathers had bled for the old Catholic chieftains, in the disastrous wars which may be said to have gone on without ceasing from the time of Elizabeth to that of Anne, and who looked with clannish love and respect upon each son of the house they fought for of old.

James Cranwell was one of these. Born in Clonmell, his father's residence was close to old St. Francis's Abbey: and though the humble brethren who once inhabited the venerable monastery had been banished from its now mouldering walls, yet Catholic devotion still brought many to pray with sighing among its ruins. Here young Cranwell read with interest the time-worn epitaphs on the grey stones which marked the graves of the bygone Prendergasts; here he heard his mother recount with pride the many gallant deeds in which his father and his grandfather had been the humble partners of the great lords of Newcastle, whose territories then extended from Cahir to Cappoquin, and from Fethard to Clogheen; mingled with the lands of other powerful barons, but stoutly defended by the good swords of their owners. In her son's estimation, they were the first family in his native land, the great house of Ormonde, the Lords Palatine of his county, alone excepted; for *they* were almost looked upon as a sovereign race in bold



Tipperary. He determined to attach himself to one of a name which thus possessed such strong hereditary claims upon his loyalty, and he soon prevailed upon Sir Thomas to take him into his service.

And never was master more faithfully served. Cranwell lived in an age when the distance between master and servant was kept with less strictness than with us in the nineteenth century; and he belonged to a country where even now a stranger is struck with the almost family interest manifested by dependents in the success or misfortunes of their superiors in "the great house." And he fulfilled his various duties with such zealous honesty, that it was with a heart truly heavy that Sir Thomas, after he had lived many years in his service, received the information that his favourite attendant had been suddenly and dangerously attacked by illness. Every care that money could procure, every attention that affection could prompt, was lavished upon the worthy patient; but all was in vain: Death had marked him as his own, and a few brief days' struggle saw him yield up his honest spirit to the relentless monarch. "How calmly resigned Cranwell is!" exclaimed Sir Thomas, as he paced up and down the dying man's room; "and yet his call has been very sudden." "You and I have risked a more sudden one before now, Sir Thomas," answered the faithful domestic, "when we have rushed together past the cannon's mouth, and yet it is not every soldier who is prepared for death."

Three years passed by—three busy years—distinguished not so much by the war of words and parties at home, as by that of monarchs and armies abroad. The campaigns in Spain, marked alternately by victory and reverse; those in Flanders, where the fight of Ramillies in itself was worth a hundred minor checks, had been



brought to a glorious climax by the great battle of Oudenarde, where Cadogan's brigade, to which Prendergast was attached, bore a prominent part in the fight, carrying the post of Heynam after a very brilliant contest. The rest of the campaign, turning mostly upon the slow success of siege operations, Sir Thomas took advantage of some changes of the forces actively employed, to apply for leave to join for a short time his fair consort at her house in London: a permission which her brother, so entreated, and for such a motive, could not refuse. September was already shedding its autumnal lights about the foliage which even then covered the banks of Father Thames, when the returning soldier found himself gliding along from Greenwich to London, as fast as the smartest watermen on the river could make their well-trimmed vessel fly.

And now he disembarked at the crowded stairs—and now rushed along the hurried streets—and now was clasped in the loving arms of his expecting wife. An evening of anxious and exciting inquiries, of pleasant anecdotes of the past, and gay hopes of the future, followed. Sir Thomas had to recount the dangers and glories of the unended campaign; Lady Prendergast, the progress of the dear little ones, who enlivened the hours wearied by her lord's absence with charms and graces of body and mind.

At length dark night compelled the long separated pair to stop, for a few hours, their fond communings about past and future, and to yield to sleep their wearied limbs. Hardly had they retired to rest when the drowsy god plunged them both in the deepest slumber. The lady dreamt of her husband and children, of peace abroad and pleasures at home, of London luxuries and Irish improvements. She thought her loved spouse should



never leave her more, but stay where he could train the mind and curb the spirit of his handsome and only son, then in his sixth year, the age of all others when a child is most charming to its parents.

But Sir Thomas—of what dreamt he? A figure appeared before him which for many years he had not seen. He looked and doubted, and looked again; but could doubt no more. The figure wore the old livery of the Prendergasts; it was James Cranwell. The gallant baronet, who had never trembled at the battle's loudest roar, felt an unaccountable dread at seeing again this old and faithful servant: and he could hardly muster the words necessary to bid him that welcome which his heart refused him, and to inquire wherefore he came. "It is well to be prepared for death, Sir Thomas Prendergast," was the answer. "You will die upon this day year." The warning delivered, the figure vanished; and when Sir Thomas, shuddering, raised himself in his bed, and looking round, saw the room empty, daylight yet far from the horizon, and the smouldering embers still reddening the grate, he felt it was but a dream—a singular, but still undoubted dream. Nevertheless, the circumstance struck him so vividly, that he made a memorandum in his tablets the following morning, stating the warning he had received—a memorandum found among his papers after his death; and in which he professed to "have no faith in such superstitions."

A few months rolled on, and peace was apparently certain to be concluded. Louis XIV. made every concession that could reasonably be asked from a monarch in his position; but the selfishness of those who commanded the allied forces led them to claim such conditions as they knew would drive the iron into the aged monarch's soul, and force him to another struggle. And



they succeeded: the humiliated, but still haughty and powerful monarch broke off the negotiations, and both parties prepared anew to water the plains of Flanders with their blood. Prendergast was ordered again to join the division of the allied forces under Cadogan, but this time he was himself given the command of a large detachment, with the rank of Brigadier-General.

Tournay was taken after a long and gallant defence, and Mons was threatened. The French marched to relieve it, and Marlborough, proceeding to support some of the detached portions of the allied army, suddenly and unexpectedly found himself opposed to the vast body of men whom Louis had still been able to bring into the field. 12,000 men were there before him, unprepared for battle, but formidable from their courage, their numbers, and their great commanders. It was on the ninth of September, and whilst Prendergast was placing his brigade in its proper position, his sceptical mind could not help feeling satisfaction at the imminent battle. From the state of both armies, the contest would doubtless be decided that day; it would probably terminate the campaign; the danger would be over with the fight; and he had that moment remembered that it was on the tenth of the same month in the previous year that he had arrived in London, and consequently on the morning of the eleventh he had received his singular warning. What therefore were the feelings which even he could not smother when it was announced to the army that Marlborough would make no attack that day! Some distrust in his own forces made him postpone the engagement until he received expected reinforcements: and as this delay gave time to the French to cover their position with redoubts, the result was to render Malplaquet the most dearly bought victory



ever fought by a British general, the number of killed having doubled that which fell at Waterloo.

The tenth passed with none but partial contests; and all was preparation for the awful trial of strength and courage which was to be decided upon the following day. That the battle would be bloody all knew: and Prendergast at last felt there might be truth in the mysterious warning. Whilst others slept he prepared himself, as best he could, for meeting him who is Lord also of the battle: and when the morning light first appeared, struggling through the surrounding fog, he mounted his favourite charger with the feeling of one who had bid adieu to all that is dear to him. Wife, children, and father all appeared before his mind; the latter then nearly in his hundredth year. On all he earnestly prayed a blessing; and then and from henceforth thought only of his Queen and his duty.

The fight was long and fierce, the blood of both armies fell in torrents, and many of those on either side most illustrious for command, personal bravery, and noble descent, swelled the immense list of victims to the sanguinary furies of the day. Among the list of the gallant dead drawn up in the British camp that night was found the name of Brigadier-General Sir Thomas Prendergast!

Our story is ended. But we will add a brief notice of the Brigadier's children. Sir Thomas, his only son, was a distinguished member of both the Irish and English Parliaments: and Postmaster-General in Ireland. He died whilst a patent was drawing out raising him to the Viscounty of Clonmell; leaving no issue by his wife, Anne, only daughter and heiress of Sir Hugh Williams, of Marle, Bart. Of the daughters, Juliana married Chaworth, sixth Earl of Meath, Anne married Samuel



Hobson, Esq., and her eventual heiress married Jeffrey Prendergast, Esq., and Elizabeth married, first, Sir John Dixon Hamon, Bart., and secondly Chas. Smyth, Esq., M.P., son of the then Bishop of Limerick. She eventually inherited the Galway estates. But though this branch of the family is extinct in the male line, the elder branch still flourishes; and General Charles O'N. Prendergast, of the Scots Fusilier Guards, an officer who proved at Salamanca and Vittoria that he was a worthy scion of this time-honoured tree, was the late possessor of Newcastle, built by his direct ancestor six hundred and sixty years ago.



THE  
TRAGEDIE OF SIR JOHN ELAND OF ELAND.

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CHAPTER I.

IN that romantic district of the West Riding of Yorkshire formerly comprising the extensive forest of Hardwyke, stands, on a bold eminence, which is one of the bulwarks of a higher range of hills, the ancient town of Eland, or, more properly, Ealand. This denomination is Saxon, and well describes the situation of the place, meaning "land on the banks of a river." That some importance was early attached to this town is clear, from the fact of its lord having obtained a grant of a free market in the tenth year of Edward II. Immediately below the town is the lovely valley of the Calder. Taking its rise from those bleak and heathy mountains which separate the counties of Lancaster and York, this beautiful stream flows through a series of picturesque vales, till passing under the arches of Wakefield-bridge, so well known in history, it hastens to join its waters with the majestic Humber. A little to the westward of the town, where the hill declines almost perpendicularly into the vale, a bold rock jutting out abruptly from the surface, and almost overhanging the river below, affords one of the most beautiful specimens of purely English



scenery that the eye ever rested upon. Amid verdant meads and hanging woods, the stream glides swiftly, though calmly along, here displaying a broad, bold reach, there narrow, and deep, and rapid, sweeping round some dark nook, half hid beneath rocks and overhanging foliage; again bending in graceful curves, till it reflects the arches of Eland Bridge, and then dashes over the rude and massive weir which arrests its waters for the use of "Ealand Miln," a site coeval with the Conquest. Opposite to the town, and on the northern bank of the river, the land again rises into lofty slopes, and a large wood skirting the level margin of the meadows, stretches far to the westward, exhibiting here and there the grey and tufted front of many an overhanging rock. On a fair and sunny opening of this wood stands the very ancient and timber-built mansion of Eland Hall, its lawn sloping towards the river, and adorned with a few decayed oaks of large dimensions. It is the very spot in all the vale that one would have chosen for the manorial house. The view from this lawn is peculiar and beautiful. Opposite, and connected by the bridge (a modern erection), stands the town, perched on its eminence like some of the walled cities of foreign lands. The square tower of its church stands out boldly pre-eminent, and many old and gabled buildings are seen to cluster closely round it. Somewhat to the left is the broad weir, thrown transversely across the stream, at the end of which, on the opposite bank, is the mill, with its usual range of out-buildings. A century ago, or probably at a less period, there was no bridge, and the only mode of communication between the Manor House and the town was by a range of stepping-stones below the weir, the river in that part, though broad, being shallow, in consequence of the supply drained off for the purposes



of the mill. Passing by this building, a winding path up the steep ascent led to the church and the town.

The description of the spot is thus particular, as it will throw considerable light on the events about to be related. This romantic locality was, in the fourteenth century, the scene of a most lamentable feud, strangely indicative of the unsettled state of society in those days, and it is the more interesting, as the scene, in most of its details, may be plainly and distinctly traced at the present time. There still stands the Hall, embosomed in its own woods—there the oak, coeval with the tradition itself—the mill, though rebuilt, occupies the same site—Aneley wood, the final scene of the tragedy, still stretches up the higher grounds above the town, and the descendants of the Elands, by the female line, still hold possession of the Manor. There is an old ballad still extant, which recounts the particulars of these stirring events, and is entitled “*Historie of Sir John Eland of Eland, and his Antagonistes.*” This curious document, from which are ample quotations in the following pages, was probably composed some time after the facts it records, but is evidently very ancient. That learned and judicious antiquary, the Rev. John Watson, is of opinion, that the said ballad was written for the use of the minstrels, and was sung or recited at the entertainments of the gentry of those parts; and Brady, in his *History of the Reign of King Stephen*, p. 281, says that this summary mode of executing private revenge was imported by the Normans into England. The family of Eland was of great antiquity, and had large possessions in the West Riding of Yorkshire, as also in the townships of Spotland and Whiteworthe, in Lancashire. They were liberal benefactors to the great abbey at Whalley. Sir William de Eland was constable of Nottingham Castle,



and was the same who betrayed Earl Mortimer, by showing the secret passage in the rock. In the early part of the fourteenth century, Sir John was the representative of this powerful family, and he resided at Eland Hall, the seat of his ancestors. In those lawless days, "might was right," and in a district so remote from the seat of government, it may fairly be presumed that each powerful proprietor "did that which was good in his own eyes," unchecked by anything but the sense of that spirit of private vengeance which often pursued their misdeeds. Spoliation of property, under any pretence, plausible or not, the tyranny of the strong over the weak, family feuds on the most trivial grounds, and that ambition which would gain its ends by trampling on the fortunes of others—these were the prevailing errors of the period of which we speak. And so also sings the ancient ballad to which we have alluded :—

"For when men live in worldlie wealth,  
Full few can have that grace  
Long in the same to keep themselves  
Contented with their place.

"The squire must needs become a knight,  
The knight a lord must be,  
Thus shall you see no worldlie wight  
Content with his degree."

Tradition hands down that this Sir John de Eland was a stern, ambitious man, ever at feud with his neighbours, and as implacable in his revenge as he was altogether reckless in the means of attaining it. It appears that one Exley,\* an adjoining proprietor, had killed the

\* The house where this Exley probably dwelt is still standing in the village of the same name. It is a curious specimen of the style where security sets at defiance convenience. It consists of an inner court with a ponderous gateway.



nephew of Sir John in a fray, and flying from his vengeance, was received and sheltered by Sir Robert Beaumont, of Crossland Hall. By the intervention of friends, however, compensation, as usual in those days, was accepted, and all might have been well, had not one Lockwood, of Lockwood, renewed the strife, and involved also Sir Hugh Quarmby, another neighbouring gentleman, in the quarrel.

Sir John was not a man to be thus provoked with impunity; he considered his agreement cancelled, and terrible were the effects of his wrath—

“He raised the countrie round about,  
His friends and tenants all,  
And for his purpose picked out  
Stout sturdie men and tall.

“To Quarmby Hall they came by night  
And there the lord they slew,  
At that time Hugh of Quarmby hight,  
Before the countrie knew.

“To Lockwood then the selfe-same night,  
They came, and there they slew  
Lockwood of Lockwood, that wily knight  
That stirred the strife anew.”

“And yet,” as saith the tradition, “not sated with these foul slaughters, they go craftily to Crossland Hall, there hoping verily to play the same murderous game as at Quarmby and Lockwood. But Sir Robert Beaumont was a brave man and wary. His hall was ‘watered well about,’ and they found to their great discomfiture that the drawbridge was up, and no forcible entrance was to be made therein. Accordingly with evil intent they hid themselves as best they might, and waited till the first crimson blush of morning peeped cheerily over the hill. It was at this hour of early dawn, when every



heart should be lifted up to the great Source of Light and Life, that these cruel men, with their hands already stained with the blood of two brave knights, peeped forth and saw a servant wench (little witting what was in store for her master's house) letting down the draw-bridge. She looked about warily, but seeing no man, tripped lightly over the moat, and hurried to drive the kine to the mistall,\* which were feeding in the pastures close bye. She sang a merry stave, and kenned no danger was at hand—but a sudden shriek rends the air—turning, she sees armed men crossing the bridge in haste; they gain the open porch and next the hall, and with a savage shout make their way to the brave knight's chamber. Sir Robert Beaumont was not a man to quail or flee, and seizing such weapon as was at hand, he met them at his door, and made a right good fight, so that at first they were astonished, and began to retreat into the hall. And his trusty servants too, that dwelt beneath his roof, soon gathered together, and a bloody combat it was like to be; but numbers soon prevailed—the serving men were killed, and the knight was driven back into his chamber, where his faire ladye hanging upon him, besought for his life, and placed her precious bodye so as to shield her bleeding lord. But all in vain, for faint with loss of blood, they bound his arms, and heedless of the cries and shrieks of his terrified ladye, drew him into his own hall, and there cut off his head.

“See here in what uncertaintie  
This wretched world is led:  
At night in his prosperitie,  
At morning slaine and dead.

“And so after this wicked deed they bethought to

\* The usual name in that district for the cow-house or milk-stall.



regale themselves. And the cloth was spread, and the meat was brought, and the cellar furnished abundance of good wine, and that stern knight, Sir John Eland, sitting at the head of the table on the dais, sent for the two sons of the slain Sir Robert, and when they came ordered them to eat and drink with them. The younger, who was of a mild and gentle nature, overcome with fear, did as he was bidden; but Adam, the elder, looking angrily at his brother, sturdily refused to eat or drink with the slayers of his father.

“ ‘ See how this boy,’ said Eland, ‘ see  
His father’s death can take,  
If any be it will be he,  
That will revengement take.’ ”

The knight however resolved to forestall this, and he sought opportunity to cut them off stealthily when a fit occasion did present itself. Meanwhile news being carried by a messenger, of Sir John’s determination to attack the family at Crossland Hall, the Townleys of Townley, and the Breretons of Brereton, took to horse, and hastened with their retainers to the succour of Sir Robert Beaumont; but on reaching Marsden, on the borders of the counties, another messenger informed them of his sad end; and they, fearing that their force would be of little avail against the cruel slayer of their friend, returned sorrowfully home. But Lady Beaumont stealing away in the dead of the night from Crossland Hall, in company with her children, committed herself unto the protection of these her friends, and after sojourning some time at Townley, took up her residence at Brereton, in Cheshire, as being most remote from her deadly foe; others too, equally enemies of the bloody knight, resorted thither—



“Lacie and Lockwood were with them  
Brought up at Brereton Green,  
And Quarmbye kinsman unto them,  
At home must not be seen.

All these, as yet boys, were entertained at Brereton and Townley, and were brought up by Lady Beaumont with a continual sense of the wrong inflicted by the knight of Eland upon their father.

“The feats of fence they practised  
To wield their weapons well,  
Till fifteen years are finished,  
And then it so befell.”

## CHAPTER II.

“YEARS passed by, and still the young brood of Sir John Eland’s enemies abode at Brereton Hall. Of these, the boldest, most froward and reckless, was young Lockwood of Lockwood, the son of him who had been so cruelly slain on that fatal night. As his father stirred up anew the old feud between the fierce knight of Eland and Exley, and drew Sir Robert Beaumont and his neighbour Quarmbye into the quarrel, so he, with like perseverance in evil, and full of deadly hatred, never ceased to remind his companions of their injuries, and to urge them to take revenge. The gentle Lady Beaumont, spirit-broken by her misfortunes, and fearful of coming evils, would fain have given other counsel, and bade the young men wait till the death of the powerful knight, or the offices of friends might compose these differences, and allow them to return to their own estates in peace. But young men aye think themselves wiser than their elders, and would rather buy their experience, and hazard a draught themselves at the bitter cup of



human woe. Hugh Quarmby entered heart and soul into Lockwood's devices. He, too, was a bold and resolute youth, the king of wrestlers, skilful at the bow, and strong as Hercules. Adam Beaumont was not a whit behind the other two in skill and bravery; but he was of a nobler mind, and kindlier heart, and, bating the cruel murder of his father, would have inclined to better courses. He thought it shame to stay behind when his companions were engaged; and, though he loved his mother well, her words of peace fell idly on his ear, and he was falsely persuaded that honour compelled him to avenge one crime by the commission of another. To these were also joined one Lacy or Lacie, as the ballad hath already taught us. He was of the ancient stock of the Lacies of Cromwellbotham\* Hall; his lands joined the manor of Eland, and though a kinsman, he too had fled, having had some dispute with the fierce knight who lived there. These four, having one common cause, held together, firmly linked for good or evil; they spent their days in feats of arms, and oft, at midnight, were planning how they might best accomplish their purpose; revenge themselves upon their enemy, and return to the homes of their childhood. It was, they knew, no easy matter, for Sir John Eland was as wily as he was bold. Quarmby at length grew impatient, and he said gloomily to his friends, that one must go into the country, and learn how matters stood; who this should be, the lot must tell. It fell on Adam Beaumont; but Quarmby, who loved the youth right well, and knew that his mother would oppose such a risk, at once said he would take his place, for all his men at Quarmby were leal and true, and, if needs be, they would muster strong in his defence.

\* Cromwellbotham means the "foot of the winding spring."



“Hugh Quarmby went, and was absent certain days, so that his friends wot not what had happened, but feared he might have fallen into the toils of that fierce knight; but Lockwood was moody and sad, and said bitterly that Quarmby intended ‘to bring down the quarry himself,’ meaning thereby that he would seek to avenge his quarrel with a single hand. At length Quarmby was seen again at Brereton, and with him two men, hight Haigh and Dawson, retainers of his house, who were witnesses of his father’s death, and eager to join and aid in this dark conspiracy. With them was nightly much consultation, and it was at length agreed that they should return to Quarmby, and seek out a fitting time and opportunity for executing their ‘deed of vengeance.’” So far the tradition. We gather from other sources that Sir John Eland was sheriff that year, and that it was his custom to hear and determine matters appertaining to his office, at various places within his jurisdiction. It so happened that on a certain day he gave out he should “keep the turn” at Brighthouse, which is a village situated on the Calder, about three miles from Eland Hall, and it was conjectured that he would return home from thence. Dawson and Haigh lost no time in apprising Quarmby of this fact, and accordingly they received orders to gather together such of the retainers of the families as they could rely upon, and to meet them the previous night in Strangstright Wood, which is on the left bank of the river. Here they accordingly met, and before break of day, passing singly over the river, and at different places, made their way to Cromwellbotham Wood, through which the road ran from Brighthouse to Eland Hall. Being near Lacy’s house, they rested and refreshed themselves there for a few hours in an outbuilding, and then took their station



at a spot whence they could command the road. The place was well suited to the deed. Lofty banks, covered with oaks, and patches of underwood, closely hemmed in the glen, while grey jutting rocks of sandstone, protruding their bold fronts, or raising their massive pinnacles aloft, still further increased the gloom and horror of the place. A small, but noisy brook fretted in the bottom, amid piles of disjointed rock, and close to this the road was seen to wind, sometimes on its very margin, sometimes many yards above, where the smooth front of the cliff, protruding to the water's edge, forced the road over the steep ascent. For so dark a purpose, a fitter place could not be conceived. The men occupying each side of the glen, easily concealed themselves in the fissures of the rocks, behind, or in the hollows of the ancient and decayed oaks, or even among their branches; and it is said that many an inhabitant of Eland Manor, retainers of its lord, passed through Cromwellbotham Wood that day without seeing or suspecting anything amiss.

“Adam of Beaumont there was laid,  
And Lacie with him also;  
And Liegemen who were not afraid  
To fight against the foe.

“And Lockwood, too, so eager was,  
That close by the road he stood;  
And Quarmby stout, who quailed not,  
To work this deed of blood.

“The day was far spent,” says the tradition, “when Adam Beaumont, from his seat on a high cliff, saw a distant company wind round the hill, and, crossing the river, take the road towards Cromwellbotham Wood. Giving the signal, he hastened down, and planting himself athwart the road, awaited the arrival of the fierce



knight, who, little wotting what was prepared for him, had ridden forward apart from his company.

“From the Lane End then Eland came,  
And spied these gentlemen ;  
Sore wondered he who they could be,  
And val'd his bonnet then.

“Adam Beaumont was the first to speak, rudely seizing the bridle of Sir John Eland's horse, and throwing him back upon his haunches.

“Thy court'sy 'vails thee not, Sir Knight,  
Thou slew my father dear ;  
Sometime Sir Robert Beaumont hight,  
And slain thou shalt be here.

“To strike at him still did they strive,  
But Eland still withstood ;  
With might and main to save his life,  
But still they shed his blood.

“It was a valiant defence that bold knight made, for, throwing himself off his horse when Adam Beaumont seized the reins, he drew his short sword, and laid about him with right good will. ‘False loon art thou, and cowardly traytor,’ shouted he to Quarmby, who had already wounded him sore, ‘had I had thee but single-handed, or even with Beaumont only to back thee, I would send ye both to rot with your fathers.’ ‘How many swords hadst thou, false knight, to back thee when thou camest on our kin, and, like a craven fox, slew them in the night?’ quoth Quarmby. As soon as Sir John was slain outright, and his bloody corse lay in the road, pierced with many wounds, besmeared too, with dust and dirt, for in his death-throes he had struggled on the ground with Lockwood, whose foot had slipped in the dreadful fray, the party quickly dispersed, each taking to the deep shades of the rocks



and woods, and making the best of his way to a place where, by agreement, they were to meet again that night. And the retinue of the proud sheriff, who had seen him only that self-same day in the seat of power, and all the vigour of his manly strength, now found him upon the bare road a stiffened corse, and conveyed him, on a bier made hastily of oak boughs, to Eland Hall. And all his friends and servants resorted thither, and greatly bemoaned him; for, though relentless and fierce to his foes, he was ever generous and kind to those who lived under him, and shewed himself at all times a steady and bounteous friend to our Holy Church, as the Monkes of Whalley can testify right well.

“ They tolled the bell, and the mass was said,  
And the lady sorely wept her lord ;  
‘ But, mother,’ the young heir questioned,  
‘ When may I draw my father’s sword ?’

“ ‘ Forbear, my child,’ the mother said,  
‘ That sword hath brought us ill ;  
Four noble heads are now laid low,  
More blood we may not spill.’

“ On the sad news of the sheriff’s death, all the country was speedily up, and many marvelled who the slayers might be, and the friends of the late Sir John Eland made for many days diligent search for the murderers, and would gladly have wreaked their vengeance upon them. But Beaumont and his company had hastily fled, and passing over into Lancashire, had crossed the dangerous sands in Morecumbe Bay, and hid themselves among the dark Fells of Furness, where Beaumont had friends. Here, being in security, they openly ‘boasted of their misdeeds,’ and how that they had avenged the death of their fathers. And, not even now satisfied with what they had done, they plotted more mischief,



and they had spies to inform them of all that passed, and they laid their plans the more openly, inasmuch as that fearful knight, Sir John, was now quiet and harmless in his grave.

“Thus sin to sin does always lead,  
As sure as day to night;  
If once the hand is dipped in blood,  
The heart is hardened quite.

“The ladye of Eland Hall, however, lived a life so quiet, and surrounded herself and her family with so many faithful dependents of her house, that years passed on, and, as Beaumont and his friends never appeared in the country, it was thought that the feud was now at an end, and that nothing further need be feared. The young knight grew up brave and good, and he lived aye in his father’s halls, and among his father’s kin, and he, too, was a friend to Holy Church, and demeaned himself in all respects as a good and devout member thereof. In his days the Town of Eland did greatly increase; he obtained from the king many privileges and immunities, notwithstanding his youth, and he gave and confirmed to the church of Eland for ever, all that close of meadow land called Langstrakes, together with the croft adjoining thereto, and the messuage which was anciently built thereon.”

### CHAPTER III.

“‘VENGEANCE is mine, I will repay,’ saith the Lord. Had these vengeful conspirators taken to heart and to practice this saying of Holy Writ, how much evil, misery, and sin, would have been avoided? But men blind their eyes to the truth, when their bad passions are paramount. In our last chapter we left Adam Beaumont, and his



fierce and relentless company, among the dark Fells of Furness, where the bleak moors and savage rocks were in becoming sympathy with their cruel deeds, and yet more cruel designs. For, not satisfied with the blood of their powerful and wicked foe, they thirsted even more for the blood of his good and knightly son, who was now living in fancied peace and security in Eland Hall, together with his loving wife and darling babes. So many long years had now passed away, that much of the former caution was laid aside, and, occasionally, the young knight and his lady would venture abroad unarmed and unprotected. Quarmby and Beaumont, by means of their spies, soon heard of this, and all the ancient hate returned, and also, that fearful thirst for blood, which had already brought so much woe to both sides. They accordingly laid their plans, and, leaving that savage wilderness, in which they had so long taken refuge, they descended once more like a black cloud charged with the thunderbolt, into the fertile valley, where peaceful Calder winds her beauteous course.

“ Adam of Beaumont then truly,  
Lacie and Lockwood eke,  
And Quarmbye came to their countrie,  
Their purpose for to seek.

“ As if their cruel hearts were hardened, and their memory and their conscience seared, they did not scruple to repair again to their haunt in Cromwellbotham Wood, and to lie concealed in that very glen where they had whilom shed the blood of that fierce and puissant knight, Sir John de Eland. And here, receiving food and sustenance from Lacie's house, close by, they lay hid till the eve of Palm Sunday, having spies to keep a close watch upon the family at Eland Hall, and their movements. Upon obtaining, therefore, more certain infor-



mation on this holy eve (sad time chosen for such unholy purpose), they stole from their hiding-places, and 'it being mirke midnight' made their way to Eland Miln,\* which, as before mentioned, lay on the further bank of the Calder stream, just below the Hill on which the town stood, and a short walk from the old hall, which was on the other bank, somewhat higher up. Stealthily forcing their way into the miln, they there did hide themselves till the early dawn tinged the hills, and the cock crew his shrill clarion. Little did the miller guess that he had such unwelcome company so near, and he was up betimes, and charged his wife to go into the miln, and bring some meal from the sacks therein. But, before she could take the moutre, or even she touched a sack, she was seized, and bound, both hand and foot, and her mouth was gagged, so that she lay there as still and quiet as the sacks themselves. Now, it so befell, that the miller, being, if not the better, yet the stronger half, and having his wife in due and proper subjection, could not brook this delay, but, as his custom was when things went wrong, he took his cudgel, determined to chastise her for her delay. But little did he wot what was to befall. As he entered the miln, he was soon felled with his own cudgel, and, being also bound fast and gagged, he was laid close by the side of his loving wife. But while these things were enacting, we will return for a while, to take a glimpse within the walls of Eland Hall. Here the young knight and his fair lady† were living in sweet security, loving and beloved, right dear to all their people, and especially honoured, and cheerfully obeyed, by all their loyal lieges in the good

\* Mill.

† She was a daughter of Gilbert de Umfraville.



town of Eland. Under this, their good lord, they lived in peace and plenty, and none could say that he had ever been turned away from the Hall, without tasting well and heartily of the hospitable cheer therein. And as he was a kind lord and master, so was he a right loyal knight, and to Holy Church, as we have before seen, he was a great benefactor, as the parson of Eland could well testify, and the good monks of Whalley Abbey have fully set forth in their Coucher book. It was on this eve of Palm Sunday that, while his relentless foes were skulking in the dark hiding-places of Cromwellbotham Wood, that this good knight retired to rest with his fair wife, and their lovely babes. There was a storm without; the casements rattled; many a gust descended the wide open chimney, and roared in the old oaks that sheltered that ancient mansion. Shrieks seemed to mingle with the blast, and a hollow moaning ever and anon filled up the pauses of the storm. At length the knight betook himself to sleep, but a fearful dream disturbed his rest. He fancied that the doors opened and shut violently; the storm raged more and more, and faces of hostile men peeped in upon him, now from the open door, now through the casements, till at length, armed men, with sword in hand, surrounded the bed, grinning horribly, and threatening to slay him and those so dear to him. Valiant to the core, the knight started from his bed to grapple with his foes, and with a shout of defiance, flung himself upon the floor, where waking, he found it was all—a dream! He opened the casement; the storm was hushed: not a cloud rode through the sky: the moon gleamed brightly on the passing waters of the river, and tipped with silver the branches of the huge oaks, throwing their dark shadows athwart the grassy glade.



“The knight again retired to rest, but rising early in the morning was still disturbed in mind, and an uneasiness that he could not quell dwelt upon his spirit. Perceiving that all was not well with her lord, his fair lady tenderly besought him to reveal that which had thus ruffled him, and he told her of the dream that he had dreamed, and of the storm, and of the sudden ceasing of it when he looked forth from the casement. And he added, that he feared much that some evil accident was about to befall either him or his. The lady mused for awhile, and then bade her lord take courage, for said she, it is the morn of Palm Sunday, and to church we must go, as is our wont, and surely no evil can betide good Christians on such a holy day, and going forth, too, for so holy a purpose. The knight wist not what to reply, but being thus persuaded, prepared to keep his church as was ever his wont; and as the sweet bells threw their merry echoes down the river, he left the Hall with his fair lady by his side, and his young son and heir closely following with several of his household. They thus arrived at the river’s bank, where a long weir was carried across transversely to conduct the waters to the large wheel of the miln. Below this weir there was a ford, over which was a passage by large stepping-stones, which road, leading round the back of the miln, conducted the passenger up the hill to the church, and also the town. Scarcely had the knight and his lady reached the river’s brink, when a sad and fearful sight met their eyes. For thus saith the ballad:—

“The drought had made the waters small,  
The stakes appeared dry,  
The knight, his wife, and servants,  
Came down the dam thereby.



“ When Adam Beaumont this beheld,  
Forth of the miln came he,  
His bow in hand with him he held,  
And shot at him sharply.

“ He hit the knight on the breast-plate,  
Whereupon the bolt did glide,  
William of Lockwood, wroth thereat,  
Said—‘ Cousin, you shoot wide.’

“ Himself did shoot, and hit the knight,  
Who nought was hurt at this,  
Whereat the knight had great delight,  
And said to them—‘ I wis

“ ‘ If that my father had been clad,  
With armour such certaine,  
Your wicked hands escaped he had,  
And had not so been slane.

“ ‘ Oh ! Eland Town, alack,’ said he,  
‘ If thou but knew of this,  
These foes of mine, full fast would flee,  
And of their purpose miss.’

“ William of Lockwood was adread  
The town would rise indeed,  
He shot the knight quite through the head,  
And slew him thus with speed.

“ His son and heir was wounded there,  
But dead he did not fall,  
Into the house conveyed he was,  
And died in Eland Hall.”

“ Thus far did these vengeful men proceed in this  
direful tragedie, but if they thought to escape from the  
second misdeed as they did from the first, they counted  
their chances ill. The wild beast may pursue his prey  
into the very net in which he may be taken withal.



“The Lord’s servants throughout the town,  
Had cried with might and main—  
‘Up, gentle Yeoman, make your bown,  
This day your Lord is slain.’

“And right speedily, and with good heart, did these loving liegemen sally forth, and they hurried to the miln and guarded the main road, perchance the murderers might pass that way. And seeing the toils in which they were well-nigh beset, Beaumont and his party looked around and had short time to consider what to do. To loiter there was certain death.

“By Whittle Lane they took their flight,  
And to the old Earth Gate,  
They took the wood, as well they might,  
And spied a private gate.

“Themselves coming craftily,  
To Anneley Wood that way,  
The men of Eland manfully  
Pursued them that day.

“Whittle, and Smith, and Rimmington,  
Bury, with many more,  
As brim as boars they made them bown  
Their lord’s enemies to slo’.

“All sorts of men shewed their good will—  
Some bows and shafts did bear,  
Some brought forth clubs, and rusty bills,  
That saw no sun that year.”

Like beasts at bay, Beaumont, and Quarmby, and Lockwood, ere they gained Anneley Wood, turned round upon their pursuers, and fought like men in desperate case. The Eland men pressed upon them till their shafts being all spent, and fearing to come to a close fight with such odds against them, they thought to make good their retreat into the thick copse of Anneley Wood.



But Quarmby, who was in truth the hardiest of them, and one who had never ceased stirring up the less deadly vengeance of his companions, refused "to turn his face," and was soon mortally wounded by his foes. And now was shown a brave spirit that would have well suited a better cause, and shows how noble minds may be turned aside by pursuing evil passions.

"Lockwood he bare him on his back,  
And hid him in Anneley Wood,  
To whom his purse he did betake  
Of gold and silver good.

"Give place with speed, and fare ye well,  
Night shield you from mischief,  
If that it otherwise befall,  
It would be my great grief."

Leaving Quarmby only when the breath was out of his body, the others well knowing every nook and corner of the huge wood, avoided the deadly shafts of their foes for the nonce, but this second deed of blood was execrated by all men, and a wretched fate overtook, at the last, both Beaumont and Lockwood.

"But as for Beaumont and the rest,  
They were undone utterlie,  
Thus simple virtue is the best,  
And chief felicitie."

Adam Beaumont, deprived of his lands, after lurking in great danger of being seized and punished, made his escape into foreign parts, became a Knight of Rhodes, and after long and greatly distinguishing himself, was killed fighting against the Turks. Lockwood's fate was romantic, and yet more sad. By this last double murder of the Knight of Eland and his son, the Manor of Eland and all the broad lands became the in-



heritance of the sole surviving child and daughter, Isabel, who being placed under the guardianship of Sir John Saville, of Tankersley, afterwards became his wife, and founded the great and puissant house of Saville, now represented by the Earls of Scarborough, who still hold the manor. The advice given by the bard to this Saville, who married the heiress, will conclude this sad and fatal tragedie of Sir John Eland of Eland.

“ Learn, Saville, here I you beseech,  
That in prosperitie,  
You be not proud, but mild and meek,  
And dwell in charitie.

“ For by such means your elders came  
To knightly dignitie,  
But Eland he forsook the same,  
And came to miserie.”

END OF VOL. I.



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